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Waiting for the Signal

Henry O. Morris

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B. B. Hampton Allston
Oct. 1903

Lin Robinson
4 Westford St
Allston. Mass
U.S.A.

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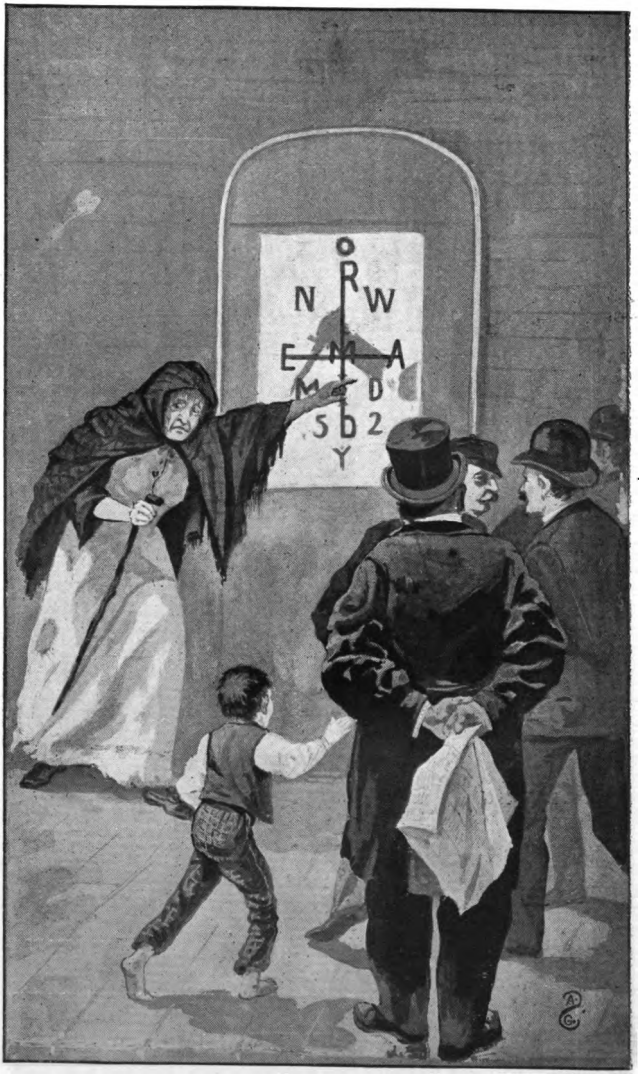

"'The devil fiddles for his imps to dance.'" *P. 268.*

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WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL

A Novel

BY

HENRY O. MORRIS

"It is not kings, nor aristocrats, nor land-owners, nor capitalists, that really enslave the people. It is their own ignorance."—*Henry George.*

CHICAGO:
THE SCHULTE PUBLISHING CO.

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For him who cudgels Usury and Greed
Abuse is certain and reward is slow.

PREFACE.

SOME writers take advantage of the caption "*Preface*" to write an apology for that which follows. It has always seemed to me that this savors of cowardice. I therefore launch my ship without worry as to its destination or as to its course. Nor do I care whether the sea on which it floats is smooth or troubled. It may meet with friends who will signal "*Bon voyage;*" it will surely meet enemies who will salute it with broadsides of abuse. If it should prove to be a factor in arousing the dormant patriotism of a goodly number of our people, I shall be more than content; for only through such an awakening may we hope for the emancipation of the masses from the present rule of an arrogant and vicious plutocracy.

It is said by many of our latter-day philanthropists, including that wise and thrifty Bostonian, Edward Atkinson, that the primary need of the people, and a balm for all their ills, is a proper conception of the theory and practice of economy; meaning, if one may be permitted to judge after reading the printed essays of Mr. Atkinson and others of like ilk, a proper conception of the theory and practice of *existing* in the face of the conditions now confronting us.

Theophile Gautier remarks: "It is truly said that

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it is possible to live on a shilling a day. But to prevent one's self from dying is not living; and I do not see in what respect a town organized after the utilitarian fashion would be more agreeable to dwell in than the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise."

I can imagine how delighted the Atkinsonian school of theorists must have been with the character of Col. Mulberry Sellers and his diet of raw turnips; and yet I doubt if their enthusiasm could incite them to adopt as a steady ration that really toothsome vegetable.

Perhaps, after all, the Boston people are right, and the gnawing pains in the bowels of laborers are caused by indigestion, the result of extravagant living, and are not "hunger pains." I once knew a man to actually spend for daily subsistence for himself and family *one hundred cents*—his entire daily wage. Such awful extravagance, says Atkinson, is the cause of poverty. Imagine John D. Rockefeller spending a day's income for food!

It is not out of place for me to here remark, however, that in my ignorance and short-sightedness I incline more to the teachings of Gautier than to those of Atkinson. Perhaps I have an epicurean streak in my composition, inherited from ancestors who never heard of economy; and it is because of this weakness that in this volume I dwell on the urgent necessity of laws of government which will so equalize the opportunities of this old world that the whole people may be well fed, well clothed and well housed—that it may be possible to walk five squares, or five miles, in any city, without seeing those made in God's image gleaning the gutters for scraps of food, as I have seen in

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this year of our Lord and of McKinley prosperity, 1898, under the spire of Holy Trinity, at the head of Wall street.

Over one hundred years ago, by the power of the sword, our forefathers established what at that period was a model government—a government which in truth assured equal privileges to all. If conditions since that eventful time had not changed, the rules of government established by our ancestors would prove equal to the present emergency. But conditions have changed. Steam has come, electricity has come, and labor-saving machinery has come. George Washington never heard the whistle of a locomotive, nor did he ever read in a daily paper a telegram reciting that "Standard Oil" had watered its stock another fifty millions of dollars. Alexander Hamilton never heard of a Wall street juggler. Robert Morris never heard of a John Sherman and his peculiar routine of financiering. Neither did the Continental Congress contain a Dingley, a Thomas B. Reed or a Mark Hanna.

The electric telegraph, the locomotive and the thousands of mechanical inventions which have come into use during the last quarter of this century have given dishonest men the opportunity to combine and associate themselves together into vast soulless corporations, or "trusts," which the laws based on the present Constitution are apparently powerless to control; while the same period of time has witnessed the graduation in the school of knavery and greed of a sordid horde of partisan politicians.

Hence the necessity of a new Constitution under which laws may be enacted that shall be a bar to the continuation of the present evils, and under which the

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corrupt politician, when disposed to rob his country or its citizens, would be compelled to take the personal risk of a highwayman.

The book is written—it is submitted to the discriminating public without apology.

THE AUTHOR.

February 19, 1898.

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PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

The wide circulation of the first and second editions of "Waiting for the Signal" has caused me to be deluged with letters from all parts of the United States, and certain sections of Europe, asking if I know when the revolution described would begin.

To these inquiries I have answered "No;" and added that, were I possessed of the knowledge of the exact day and hour when the trouble was to commence, under no circumstances would I reveal it.

The revolution is sure to come—it is on the way.—I leave the reader to guess when the storm will burst.

HENRY O. MORRIS.

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"Go to now, ye rich man, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten.

"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

"Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

"Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter.

"Ye have condemned and killed the just; and he doth not resist you."—James 5:1-6.

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WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

CHAPTER I.

A CHAMPION OF THE LOWLY.

IN the days of the early fifties the fastest vessels afloat were the famous clipper ships. Designed by the most celebrated ship-builders of that time, they were models of grace and beauty, and sailed generally between New York and California, via Cape Horn. Too soon to suit the genuine old-time sailor, they were gradually replaced by the steamships, but in their day they were regarded with deep love and veneration. Every member of the crew, from skipper to cabin boy, was proud of his position, and great was the rivalry as to which of these famous hulls could most quickly cover the long leagues of brine between New York and San Francisco. Even when steam began to crowd sailing vessels out of service, the sturdy old salts were loth to yield to the supremacy of the "tea kettles," as they contemptuously styled the steamships.

In the year 1857 John Stearns was captain of the clipper *Red Jacket*, a ship built in 1853 in the yards of George Thomas, of Rockland, Me., and launched the same year. Mr. Stearns had formerly commanded the *Samuel Russell*, belonging to the China trade, and it was during his last voyage as master of this vessel he so distinguished himself for bravery and able sea-

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manship that on his arrival, March 7, 1857, with the *Russell* and her valuable cargo, he was handsomely rewarded. The papers of the following day contained accounts of the presentation to him and his officers, by the owners and underwriters, of a purse of $1,500, for their self-sacrificing and untiring efforts in saving, and bringing safely to port, the said vessel, after it had been stripped of its spars in a fearful monsoon in the China seas.

For over two months after his arrival Captain Stearns lay ill from the effects of exposure endured during this voyage; and it was with some misgivings as to his health that he accepted the position of captain of the *Red Jacket*, then in the California trade. On his first voyage with this ship his health again became precarious, as the result of weary vigils, exposure and anxiety among the ice bergs off Cape Horn. Arriving in New York after the return voyage, he resolved to quit the salt seas for the unsalted waters of the inland, where long voyages were impossible, and removed to Detroit. At this time he was still a young man, being but thirty-two years of age. For years he followed the fortunes of a lake sailor, being master of one of the finest boats then on the lakes.

It was in Detroit that he first met sweet Minnie Price, and after a courtship of about four years they were married. As the result of this union, there was born to Captain Stearns and his loving wife a son, who, in due time, was christened Wesley, after his mother's father. Wesley made his debut in this world on the 14th day of October, 1870. He was a likely child, and grew and thrived rapidly. About a year after his birth his parents removed to the city of Cleveland,

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from which port John Stearns still followed his vocation.

As the years passed on Wesley developed into a sturdy lad, brimful of vitality and overflowing with good nature. He inherited from his father a strong frame, muscles and an iron will; and from his mother the two dominant traits in her character, thoughtfulness and kindness.

Both parents decided that Wesley should not be encouraged to adopt the arduous vocation of a seaman, and therefore gave the growing boy every possible advantage in the way of schooling. It was their intention to send him to college, but fate ordained otherwise. And perhaps it was just as well.

At this period the sailors of the great lakes organized a society called the Seamen's Union. The necessity which called this union into existence was the constantly increasing brutality and selfishness of the vessel-owners, who had formed combinations to decrease the supply of food and reduce wages. Captain Stearns had long been an observer of the cruelty and injustice of the owners to poor Jack Tar. His indignation almost overmastered him as he noticed the petty economies practiced by the rich owners in victualing their vessels, sometimes carried to such an extent that the food was unfit for human use. Not satisfied with half starving their crews, they cut down the number of hands employed, and made sweeping reductions in the pay of those remaining. All this, notwithstanding the fact that the profits of the traffic were constantly increasing. There was absolutely no excuse save avarice and lust for gold.

In self-defense the seamen organized the union.

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Captain Stearns became a charter member, and his voice was often heard in the lodge-room and in council. Sailing masters were not included in the harsh treatment accorded the common sailor, and Captain Stearns, in joining the organization, was not actuated by necessity, but by a generous desire to assist in bringing about needed reforms in the treatment of the sailors.

At various times he was a member of committees appointed to confer with the ship-owners, to the end that the abuses described be stopped, or at least ameliorated. These committees did little good. The big vessel-owners made many promises, it is true, but these were always broken.

The cruelties continued; the food furnished became still worse, and, to cap the climax, a notorious ex-prize fighter and all around tough named Rumsey was raised from the filthy slums of the city and made local shipping clerk of the vessel-owners' association.

This person scoured the country for men not members of the Seamen's Union, and for a petty wage did all the unclean work of his position. As a fighter he had been a failure, being endowed with enough animal brutishness, but lacking courage. In the prize-fighting society of the time he was known as a "quitter." It was this agent of the syndicate of vessel-owners who early took a dislike to manly, honest John Stearns.

The most active spirit in the movement against the Seamen's Union was M. A. Hanna, better known as Mark Hanna. It was this man and his brother, H. M. Hanna, who began the war which resulted in the destruction of the union and the loss of many lives. It

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was this man and his brother who hired Rumsey, who, in his turn, hired those legalized assassins, the Pinkertons, to shoot down the poor sailors.

The plans carried out by the Hannas and their hireling worked well. The sailors were still further starved, bullied and mistreated, until in sheer desperation they turned on their oppressors, giving them an excuse to employ murderers and cut throats under the guise of preserving the peace.

All the world knows the result. The riots began; the militia were called out; they, not relishing the bloody work expected of them, gave way to the Pinkertons and hired deputies. These took pleasure in the job; they fairly reveled in the opportunity to indulge to the utmost their lust for blood, shooting down defenseless men under sanction of law. Ever since those terrible days has the name of Pinkerton been a stench.

Surely there can be no worse crime in the sight of God than for men to take up arms against their fellow men, not to uphold principle, not to uphold law, but for the sake of the paltry wages paid by the oppressors of humanity.

When the strike began, Rumsey sent for John Stearns, and attempted to bribe him to betray his comrades into the hands of the Pinkertons. Stearns' eyes flashed fire as he said:

"Mr. Rumsey, the gold of Mark Hanna has no attraction for me. I am only a sailor, and not versed in the ways of landsmen such as you. My sympathies go out to the wronged men, and I have cast my lot with theirs; I will not betray them. If Mr. Hanna will call a meeting, and arbitrate our differences, all

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trouble can be avoided. I will meet your offer of bribery with an appeal to you to induce Mr. Hanna to agree to arbitration, promising you that I will use my influence with the sailors to meet your terms half way. Will you do it?"

"Not much," replied Rumsey; "we are too well pleased to get a chance to show our power. Arbitrate! Humph! I call that rich. I will give you thirty minutes to call your men away from our docks, or the Pinkertons will force them off."

"I will try to do this," said Mr. Stearns, his soul revolting from the prospect of bloodshed. "I will do my best to have the men disperse peaceably, for they are unarmed and no match for armed men. Give me an hour."

"Well, Stearns, if you think you can do it, go ahead, but if the loafers are found on our property in an hour from now, we will shoot them down like rats."

"I will do my best," replied John Stearns, and he left on his mission of peace.

When he had gone, Mr. Hanna came out of an inner room, where he had overheard the conversation, and, addressing a beetle-browed stranger, the captain of the Pinkertons, who was sitting in the office, said:

"Dawkins, you saw that fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Dawkins, he is a ring-leader, and if something should happen to him, I should not grieve. All this stuff of inducing them to leave the docks don't go with me. The mutinous dogs deserve a lesson; the law is on my side. Make a good day's work of it, Dawkins, and I will double the pay for all of you."

"Yes, Dawkins, do 'em up in good style," added

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Dawkins and his men returned to the office to receive their wages and the compliments of the group of ship-owners assembled there. The reporters were there also, and the chief of the Pinkertons grew eloquent as he described with great gusto the bravery of himself and his riflemen in overcoming the ferocious sailors. The reporters carefully jotted down his story, carelessly omitting, however, the embellishments of oaths and vulgarity with which he ornamented his description of the "riot."

After receiving his pay, and drinking a quart or two of iced Pommery Sec, the chief departed.

An eminent and forcible writer and editor, far removed from the influences of the cultured East, where dwell the rich and mighty, has pictured the life of the main instigator of this horrible affair in these words:

"If all the suffering and heartache, if all the crime born of need, and all the despair begotten of his insatiate greed, were used to form another hell, the Prince of Darkness would stand appalled. If all the blood and tears he has caused to flow could be collected in one pool, his navy might ride at anchor there, while his half-starved seamen manned the yards."

The scene now changes from the congregation of fashionably dressed millionaires gathered in the shipping office, where these favored sons of Fortune drown the last remaining spark of their consciences in brimming beakers of champagne, to a neat cottage, formerly the home of Captain Stearns. In a darkened room of the cottage there is a coffin containing all that remains of the sea captain. Loving friends have brought their tributes to the dead, and such consolation to the living as human sympathy can give.

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When one of our loved ones has lain ill for many weary weeks or months, with every nerve tingling with pain; when the quiet old family doctor has taken us to one side and told us "there is no longer hope," and after he has told us this, and the fountain in our anxious hearts has burst forth in one mighty, rushing river of tears, then do we grow calm; nay, we grow almost resigned. We feel it were better that the dear one we love so well should enter into the new life at once, than that he should lie there on his feverish bed, so racked and tortured; and when the end comes at last, and we have seen on the face of the sufferer the look of agony change in a moment to an expression of relief, and we know that the dark angel of death has come and gone, leaving with us only the temple wherein once lived the soul—then death is to us, in spite of the feeling of relief, terrible; so terrible that we never permit our imagination to dwell on its taking our darlings.

But when a loved one who has left us in the morning, full of life and strength and hope, is at midday brought home cold in death, with the cruel signs of violence on the dead face, and the clothing saturated with the red life-blood, which still oozes from the ragged little tell tale hole made by the leaden bullet, it is then that death is awful.

We see the dead-wagon turning the corner, and vaguely wonder where it can be going; our hearts soften with pity toward those whose loved one it bears, and then we turn again to our household duties, or our reading, until we become all at once aware that the rumbling noise has ceased at our door, and that strange men have alighted and are in the act of open-

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ing the rear gate of the vehicle. A creepy chill strikes to the marrow of our bones. Something grips the heart until for a moment it stops beating. We grasp the table to keep from falling. We catch a glimpse of a white face in the mirror, Then—"Oh, it must be that the driver has mistaken the house"—we must stop him—we fly to the door to tell him of his error—we open it—why, the men are coming up our steps—surely it cannot be. "You are mistaken, gentlemen. This is not the house—see, I will prove it. Uncover the face!" "Oh, God in Heaven!—John! John! speak to me—you are not dead—No! No! Why, you only left me three hours ago—you kissed me good-by—you are not dead, John, my husband—open those eyes, those lips, and tell me I am mad or dreaming." And then we know no more. A merciful God has snapped the strings of consciousness, and for a time we are as the clay that was just lifted across the threshold.

Mrs. Stearns had been for some time in a very nervous frame of mind, and when the body of her murdered husband was first brought home the shock proved too much. Her overburdened brain and nerves gave way, and she fell fainting to the floor. The poor woman did not recover from this swoon for over an hour, and then immediately relapsed into a stupor, the beginning of a long siege of brain fever. When the bereaved woman next became conscious, the remains of Captain Stearns had been for nearly a month lying beneath six feet of earth—the final earthly heritage of us all. Her recovery was slow, and had it not been that she felt she must live for Wesley, her only son, it is probable that she would never have been able to pass the fever's crisis.

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Wesley was at this time fourteen years of age, and he found himself compelled by circumstances to leave school at once and enter the arena of life's duties in earnest. Captain Stearns had left a little money in the bank, and the cottage was clear of debt. So the widow, aided by her son's efforts, was able, by practicing close economy, to keep the wolf from the door.

Wesley had always been of a studious nature, and, being well advanced in his studies at the time of his father's death, began soon thereafter attending the night sessions of a business college, where he acquired proficiency in stenography, typewriting, and bookkeeping.

One of the reporters who visited the house during the dark days of its trouble became much attached to Wesley, and in his spare moments taught him the mysteries of rapid shorthand reporting and of other kinds of newspaper work. This reporter, John McDermott, was a young man of twenty-seven. His intimate friends called him Jack. In temperament he was exactly the opposite of Wesley, being tall and slender, with sallow complexion, dark hair, and snapping black eyes; while Wesley was very fair as to complexion, with brown hair and blue eyes. He was also the opposite of McDermott in every other way. Wesley was sympathetic, optimistic, and impulsive. McDermott seemed by contrast somewhat cold-hearted, pessimistic and methodical. In reality his was not a cold nature, but much brushing against the rougher side of life had hardened his sensibilities. It was but natural that Wesley should make of John McDermott his hero, his ideal of a man, and that he should decide to follow the

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same profession as his friend and learn to become a newspaper correspondent and reporter.

McDermott was a bachelor, "with no relatives to speak of," as he put it, and so, on Welsey's pressing invitation, he became one of the little family circle of the Stearns household. Mrs. Stearns was well pleased with him, and her motherly heart went out to the lonely young man who seemed to take so much interest in her son and his studies.

Time passed on, Wesley alternately working by day and studying by night, until one day McDermott received an offer to go to Chicago as traveling correspondent of one of the great newspapers of that city. This offer he decided to accept, and within a few days had his belongings packed, ready for departure. Wesley was heart-broken over the parting, but was comforted by McDermott's promise to secure him also a position in Chicago as soon as he could find a vacancy that he felt Wesley competent to fill. His last words of advice to Wesley were to continue to study and prepare himself for his chosen vocation.

This advice Wesley followed to the letter, and finally secured employment on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Here he worked for nearly six years, learning nearly every detail of the printer's trade, being sometimes a compositor, sometimes a proof-reader; then, again, a reporter. All this time he corresponded regularly with McDermott, and occasionally McDermott would run over to Cleveland and spend a week or so visiting with him.

On one of his visits McDermott advised Wesley to come to Chicago, assuring him of a better position on the *Biograph*. About this time Mrs. Stearns' health

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began to fail slightly, and, as she had a host of relatives living in and around Boston, she was persuaded by Wesley to remove to that city with a view of remaining for a couple of years. The house in Cleveland was rented furnished to a family of their acquaintance, and after seeing his mother safely started on her journey Wesley accompanied McDermott to Chicago, where he entered the office of the *Biograph* as one of its numerous staff of reporters.

The *Biograph* was a fearless newspaper, and very active along the lines of reform; but the editor, Mr. Adam Short, was hampered somewhat because its policy was dictated by a board of directors among whom were many rich men who doubted the advisability of the paper becoming too "radical." No extreme clash of differences of opinion ever occurred, however, as the owners were well satisfied with the progress the paper made under the able generalship of its editor and manager, and when the presidential campaign of 1896 began they agreed to leave the political policy of the paper for Mr. Short to decide. When he announced that policy to be the upholding of the platform formulated by the Chicago convention, and its candidate, William Jennings Bryan, some of them were very much disappointed.

Not so our two reporters; they were ardent admirers of Bryan and the principles he advocated. During the exciting campaign both rendered Mr. Short such valuable service that he came to look upon them as his two best men. When the battle was over, and the cause of humanity was lost, Mr. Short outlined to them his plans for the future.

It was now nearly five years since Wesley had left

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Cleveland. During this time his mother had visited him several times, and it is needless to say, that she was very proud of her son's rapid advancement and very grateful to McDermott and Mr. Short for the interest they took in his career.

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CHAPTER II.

THE EDITOR OF THE "BIOGRAPH."

MR. ADAM SHORT is known to all Americans as an editor of the old school—the school which trained editorial writers to express their honest convictions on the topics of the day. It gave to the world a Horace Greeley, who fearlessly declared his opinions on all subjects, as well as an Adam Short, who, as did Mr. Greeley, believed in the truth of every word he penned.

Nowadays, the personal convictions of the average editor count for nothing; he is merely a hireling employed to do his master's bidding, to write willful lies and call them truths, to stultify his manhood, prostitute his intellect, and frame editorials clothed in good grammatical construction, containing not his ideas, but the ideas of the managers of his paper. And the managers, in their turn, sell the "policy" of the paper to the highest bidder.

Mr. Short was a mild-appearing man a little below medium height, and his age was between fifty and sixty years. He was careless as to dress, and at times very absent minded. A stubby iron-gray beard covered his face, and from under overhanging brows twinkled a pair of bright blue eyes. His nose was large and prominent, and, together with the firm, square chin, gave a strength and character to his countenance. At the time this story opens, he had been a widower many years. Death had also claimed his only child, a daughter, who had been taken from him just

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as she was verging into womanhood. These sorrows had done much toward deepening the lines in his face, and whitening his hair and beard, but as the lines deepened, and the hairs whitened, his love and sympathy for his fellow men had increased from day to day.

At the end of the presidential campaign of 1896, when by the aid of money, coercion, and the false promises of the "advance agent of prosperity," the reform forces were defeated, Mr. Short was sadly disappointed; for he felt at first there should have been sufficient voters in this broad land to overthrow wrong and establish right; but, as he pondered long and deeply over the result, he became convinced that it was too soon to expect a country the size of ours to so quickly awake to its dangers, and after only one brief campaign politically demolish its enemies at the ballot box. He was convinced as he considered the verdict that its rendering had been brought about, first, by the subsidizing of the metropolitan press; second, by the corrupt use of millions of dollars subscribed by bankers, trusts, insurance companies, and other large corporations of foreign and domestic origin; third, by the false-promises and appeals to party prejudice of the Republican candidate himself; fourth, by open intimidation practiced by large employers of labor; and fifth, and chiefly, by the lack of knowledge and education, on financial and political lines, of the great masses of our business men, farmers and laborers.

Fully convincing himself that these deductions were correct, he decided to devote the pages of his paper, the *Biograph*, to the exposure of the moneyed combinations, and to the further education of the people on financial and reform questions. He knew that as the

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entire plutocratic press, both Democratic and Republican, was under the control of the money power, the education the people received from that source was not enlightenment, and that on all questions of public good these papers deceived their readers.

So Mr. Short decided to use the *Biograph* as a missionary, exposing the schemes of the plutocrats and explaining the mysteries of finance and government, to the end that when the next election came around, in 1900, the people as a whole would have at least a primary education on the money question, the labor question, and the true relation of reforms to the honor and peace of our land.

To think was to act, with Mr. Short, and before the yells of exulting partisans had died away on the streets of Chicago he was in consultation with the principal owners of the *Biograph*. Three of the directors were almost as ardent reformers as Mr. Short himself, and they were enthusiastic over his plans. One, a banker, opposed it bitterly; another, a merchant, was afraid that further agitation of the silver question and other reforms was unwise. Of course he was a "strong believer in free coinage," but as a prudent, careful man of business, he feared that the further discussion of political issues, and especially of finance, would "hurt business." He "hoped the President and Congress would do something for silver;" but under the approving eye of the banker, he expressed his dissent to the editor's propositions and sat down. One of the directors then arose, and said boldly:

"Gentlemen, I am what is termed a 'gold bug,' yet I may be wrong. Sometimes I feel that I am. Something seems to whisper to me to that effect. I fear I

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may not be a big enough fish in the financial ocean to hold my own; that when the sharks get through swallowing the little fish, they may gobble me up. I see every big millionaire in the country is for gold; every trust, every loan agent, every Shylock in the entire world upholds the gold standard. I fear that while I am almost a millionaire I am 'outclassed,' as the race horse men say; and also I may be entirely wrong in my theories. If so, I am one who is willing to learn. I vote *yes.*"

At this the banker looked black, and the business man vacantly uneasy, but the others appeared interested, and listened earnestly.

Mr. Amos Goodman, one of the directors, and a cold, calculating sort of individual, then arose:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am going to vote yes, for I have reasoned it out that this paper will make more money as an advocate of free silver and the needs of the people than by taking the opposite course. It will be abused, ridiculed and hated by all the rich men in Chicago and elsewhere; but *they* will buy the paper, as well as thousands of those who believe in its views; then advertisers will come to us, and our paper will make dollars where it now makes cents."

Here was an argument that was a clincher, and one that every weak-kneed man in the room could understand; so, from the time Mr. Amos Goodman sat down no vote was recorded in the negative, and by a decisive majority the views of Mr. Short were upheld.

The editor thanked the directors and promised them the best paper in Chicago; whereupon they solemnly arose and departed.

When Mr. Short was left alone, he indulged in some

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very boyish pranks, in the midst of which he was surprised by Jack McDermott and Wesley Stearns, who were greatly astonished at the antics of the hitherto staid and dignified editor.

On observing his audience Mr. Short ceased his efforts to kick the chandelier, and, at once recovering his dignity, asked the visitors to be seated.

"Hope we did not interfere with the progress of your exercises," said McDermott sedately, as he dropped into a chair beside Wesley, who had already seated himself.

"Now, gentlemen, don't chaff an old man because he happened to see fit to act the boy again," replied Mr. Short, a trifle disconcerted. "If you knew how pleased I am over the result of the meeting of the *Biograph* directors, you would excuse anything I might say or do." And then he related the occurrences of the directors' meeting.

McDermott and Wesley were as much pleased as Mr. Short, and their eyes shone with excitement as they expressed their warm congratulations to the veteran editor.

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CHAPTER III.

"THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT."

SINCE coming to Chicago Wesley had grown from youth to manhood, yet he still retained his boyish impulsiveness and enthusiasm. Come storm or come sunshine, it must needs have been something extraordinary to diminish the ardor of his optimism and the good nature which habitually shone from his clear blue eyes.

McDermott was still the quiet, keen, alert reporter. In contrast with Wesley, he was extremely fastidious as to dress and outward appearance. Nothing escaped the scrutiny of his snapping black eyes, and while serious, and at times even morose in his manner, he yet retained a lively sense of humor, which he nevertheless well knew how to restrain, his smoothly shaven, dark and sallow face seldom relaxing in the presence of the ridiculous. At times, usually when alone with Wesley in the seclusion of their apartment, he would give way to laughter over some of Wesley's jokes, quickly relapsing into his usual taciturnity.

Reaching their room after their interview with Mr. Short, the two reporters wrote a few letters to distant friends. Wesley wrote, among others, a long letter to his mother, expressing to her his great satisfaction at being able to aid in the deliverance of human slaves from corporate greed, and expressing his thankfulness that it was his daily duty to assist in this great work.

After mailing their letters, Wesley and McDermott

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called on Mr. Short. That gentleman received them cordially, and told them the first work he wished Wesley to do was to report the sermon to be delivered the next Sunday at one of the fashionable churches by the Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver, Colo., who, while in the city, on his way home from an Eastern trip, had been induced to stop over in Chicago and preach one of his characteristic sermons. McDermott was assigned to report a lecture to be given that night at the Auditorium, by the Hon. John C. Trueheart, his subject being "The Modern Tory and his Relation to this Government."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Short, "the duties you are about to commence upon will call you to lecture halls, churches, and all kinds of public entertainments, and in addition they will involve your attendance upon meetings of syndicates, corporations, and secret political caucuses. The cause of humanity, and the welfare of our country, demand that the public be given all possible information of such gatherings. I am well aware that in gathering news not intended for the ears of the people, we will subject ourselves to abuse and criticism; but the end justifies the means, and your instructions are to enter the camp of the enemy as well as to perform your duties here. You are not required to bring to me the details of the private business of any person; such information, if received, I would destroy. It is not the province of a great newspaper to invade the sanctity or privacy of the counting-room or home. Neither do I desire sensational stories of questionable truthfulness, even when they are of a public or political nature; but I do want, and will have, honest, truthful reports of all new political schemes;

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the facts pertaining to party organizations; new party formations, and full information of the doings of the vampires who know no party, respect no creed, and who thrive and fatten on the miseries of the people. Handle them without gloves, but do not write a word of untruth, for only by truth can our cause be won. The policy of the *Biograph* is not to be Republican, Democratic or Populistic in a partisan sense, but one of warfare on all enemies of public morality and commercial prosperity."

When Wesley and McDermott left the *Biograph* building they found the weather had changed suddenly from mild, bright sunshine to chilling mist. Only a resident of Chicago can understand how quickly such changes occur. A raw, cold air came off the lake, but made no headway in dispelling the dense, smoky fog. It was barely past midday, yet the gas-lamps and electric lights blazed as if it were evening, the streets, with the tall buildings on either side, looking as dark as Rocky Mountain cañons, and out of the murky, chilly atmosphere came the incessant clang of the gongs on the cable cars, and the general clatter and confusion of the city streets.

Buttoning their overcoats closely, the two friends elbowed their way through the crowded thoroughfares. Coming out on State street, they encountered a procession of men and boys, each carrying a hoe, rake or shovel. This was an unusual sight even for Chicago, and nearly all the passers-by turned to look after the poor creatures, a squad of the unemployed who had been at work cleaning the streets in order to earn the right to lie down on the stone floors of a station-house at night. The practiced eye could pick out only here and

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there a typical "bum," the majority looking like farmer lads, clerks and mechanics.

"Faith!" said the big policeman on the corner, "they're not tin per cint of thim hoboes; they're out of work, poor divils, and this town be jist alive wid 'em. Sure, thim's doctors, lawyers, clerks, hod-carriers, and the Lord knows what ilse, along wid 'em. I have been on the foorce for twelve years, and I niver seen whole armies of 'em before. I belave the times are out of j'int, begorra. Sergeant Flannigan tould me lasht night there was over thirty thousand of 'em in Chicago. Thieves? Not by a d—n sight. A thief don't come down to the likes of that; he knows too d—n well how to do betther. They drift from God knows where. In summer time, they slape in box cars, parks, and sich; but now they swarm to the police stations, and there yez are."

As the procession filed over the crossing, a carriage containing two well-dressed ladies came rapidly toward them. The smart coachman attempted to force his way through the ranks and would have done so, had not our blue-coated Irishman caught the horses' heads.

"Drive on, John," commanded one of the ladies.

"Not till I tells yez, me buck of a brass-buttoned monkey. If ye raise that whip, me lad, I'll run yez in, and your hoigh-moinded passengers can go home in some less aristocratic rig. Aisy now! These poor min have jist as much right to the sthreet as any wan. Pass on, b'ys. Pass on, I say. Now walk your horses over the crossin', and nixt time yez try to ride down poor divils on the sthreet, be sure No. 99 ain't around."

Quite a crowd had gathered to enjoy the sight, and very little sympathy was wasted on the occupants of

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the carriage, for Chicago is after all an American city, and displays of snobbery are not relished by Americans.

"Mike, you're a hero; you served them right," said Wesley to No. 99. "The *Biograph* will see that you get complimented. For," he added, speaking now to McDermott, "officers are too prone to be obsequious to the rich. Mike Flynn is an exception—all honor to his warm Irish heart!"

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CHAPTER IV.

A DEPARTMENT-STORE MAGNATE.

THE next morning Wesley and McDermott talked over the new plans of Mr. Short. After listening awhile to Wesley's ideas McDermott slowly leaned back in his chair, reached for his pipe, filled it, struck a match, set the pipe going, and humorously eyed his chum. Breaking out into an odd laugh, he said:

"Well! of all the queer assignments I ever had, this is the queerest. I have been for years investigating and reporting murders, suicides, fires, embezzlements, and now—"

"You are assigned to investigate and report on the causes which induce weak humanity to commit crime," interrupted Wesley.

"Are we to report on these facts as we find them? Do you understand that to be Mr. Short's instruction?"

"Yes, facts are what Mr. Short wants, and such facts, too, as will puzzle the other fellows to combat."

"Well, I will join you. But let us go to breakfast. We will go to-day to Siegel & Cooper's restaurant. By the way, speaking of Siegel & Cooper brings to mind 'department stores.' Have you ever pondered on that subject—big department stores in general, and why they are one of the evils of modern commerce?"

"No, I have not. I don't quite catch your drift. Are they an evil? If so, just let us impale them collectively on the points of our spears—I mean pencils. But, joking aside, do explain."

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When the friends were seated at a table in a quiet corner of the basement of the big store, Jack said:

"Did you ever live in the 'City of Brotherly Love,' Wesley?—in the quiet city of Philadelphia?"

"No, Jack, I never did, but I have heard all about it —its cleanliness, its Broad Street, its quaintness, its public buildings, and its—"

"John Wanamaker," broke in McDermott.

"Yes, I have heard of him, too, and his Sunday school."

"Yes, his Sunday school, and his day school also, meaning his big department store on Chestnut street. I once had a friend," continued McDermott, "who was one of the employes of this saintly merchant, and I learned from him many of the ways of this great and good man, whom the ungodly among the Philadelphians are pleased to call 'Holy John.'"

"Why, Jack! you surprise me. He surely is a good man—every one says so."

"You mean you have read about his goodness and his piety in the newspapers. Now, own up, Wesley; you never heard any man, not of his stripe, who really knew him, speak well of him—did you?"

"No, I guess not—I must have read about him, come to think of it."

"I thought so," assented McDermott. "Ah! here comes the breakfast. Now, listen. Two lumps of sugar? Oh, confound it, the ideas are crowding. Listen to the subjects this breakfast brings to mind. There is the coffee—coffee trust; sugar—sugar trust; mutton chops—meat trust."

"Oh, bother the trusts! Tell me your story; don't lose your text, Jack."

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"All right, old fellow. The trusts will keep for another meal, and for many a one to come; so here goes for the Wanamaker stories. What my friend told me I will tell you as nearly as I can remember it. Let me set out with the death of one of the clerks in the carpet department. This clerk was a consumptive, and one day while at work in his department he was seized with a sudden hemorrhage, and died almost immediately. Mr. Wanamaker was sent for, and at once gave orders for the body to be placed behind the stacks of merchandise in the room, and to refuse permission to his friends to take it away until after closing hours in the evening, as he feared that the earlier removal of the dead body might disturb business. He held that the death of a clerk while at his post of duty must under no circumstances be permitted to check the flow of the dollars. Neither would he allow any visits by undertakers or friends, for the same reason. 'It might disturb business.' All day long the corpse lay hidden behind rolls of carpet, and not until the great establishment was closed for the night was it removed to the home of his family."

"How very inconsiderate of his employer's interests was this young man to die during business hours," remarked Wesley satirically.

"Now here is another one," McDermott went on. "You know all big department stores employ little children; it is a shame, too; they should be at school and not compelled to wreck their young lives in such places. But enough of moralizing. Here is the story: "Last Christmas, or rather, the day before Christmas, Mr. Wanamaker told all the poor little tots to 'hustle' around lively and work hard, because as soon as the

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store closed for the night he would with his own hands give to each little mite of humanity, each one of them, a choice Christmas gift. My! how bright grew the children's eyes, how earnestly they worked, rushing to and fro with bundles and cash, and running hither and thither in their childish efforts to please the good proprietor, who looked down on them so kindly as he promenaded pompously about the store. Very few of these children had ever before been remembered at Christmas, and to the larger number of them the year's crowning holiday had always come and gone without leaving a trace of a joyful note or a kindly ministration. No, indeed! Santa Claus never existed for them. But now they were surely going to get a Christmas present—if—if they only worked hard all day and until late at night. Work they did, exerting their poor, weak frames to the uttermost, as they vied with one another in their eagerness to do their full duty and please dear, kind, good Mr. Wanamaker. How curious they were as to what their gifts were going to be. A new dress? A pair of shoes? A doll? With eager expectancy, forgetting their aching limbs, the throng of children gathered in the cloak-room, for the hour of closing had come, the busy Christmas shoppers had gone and the streets were almost deserted.

"'Goodness me, will he ever come?' said one girl.

"'He has forgotten his promise,' wailed another poor child.

"'But, no; the door opened, and the great man appeared; he had not forgotten his little helpers. A kindling light shone in his eyes, for he was about to make so many hearts glad.

"'What is in that big bundle?' wondered the little

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folks, as they saw an employe hand a large, square package to Mr. Wanamaker. That it held the presents all felt sure, but it was not so very large. Some of the older ones, grown used to disappointment, began to suspect that nothing much was in store for them. Still, they tried to look hopeful.

" 'Now file out here, little dears, and get your presents,' sounded out the cheery voice of Mr. Wanamaker, and the procession filed out into the winter night, each child receiving a gift as he or she passed the door.

"Now what do you suppose it was they received? A useful and precious gift, indeed—a cheap lithographic portrait of the kind proprietor himself!"

Wesley's eyes flashed. "Jack McDermott, do you believe this wretched story?"

Jack smiled a cold, cynical smile, and answered: "Yes, Wesley, the story is true; there are hundreds of people in Philadelphia who know it to be true."

"And the newspaper reporters not know it?"

"Even if they did, do you suppose any paper printed in Philadelphia would dare to publish a story reflecting on the biggest advertiser in the city?"

"Do you know more of this man's history?" asked Wesley. "Your stories are very interesting, even if they are wretched."

"Yes, and I will tell you another one, which illustrates how easily a great house like Wanamaker's can crush out a smaller one, and the legitimate method by which it is accomplished.

"Less than two years ago, a certain shoe manufacturer in Philadelphia turned out a shoe, the leather of which, by some secret process known only to himself,

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was made impervious to water. It was a cheap shoe, too, costing at retail only three dollars, and at wholesale two dollars. Now, Mr. Wanamaker desired to get possession of the man's business, and this is how he did it. He went to the head of the shoe house and induced him to sign a contract that for one year from the date of the instrument he was to sell to him the entire output of shoes at three dollars per pair—an advance of one dollar over the former price. The shoemaker jumped at the tempting bait, signing the contract unhesitatingly. Understand me, he was to sell his entire output of shoes to Mr. Wanamaker, and to refuse to sell a single pair to any one else.

"The shoe man enlarged his factory, put more men at work, and each month turned over the finished stock to Mr. Wanamaker at three dollars per pair. Everything went on beautifully. One day the shoe manufacturer discovered that his shoes were not on sale anywhere; the smaller stores had sold out their supply, and at Mr. Wanamaker's big store they were not on sale. The shoe man could not understand it; but, as he had a good contract, he kept on making shoes, and the big department store absorbed them. When the year expired, Mr. Wanamaker did not renew his seemingly expensive contract; but he *did* advertise, and put the shoes received from this factory on the market at retail at *two dollars per pair.* His store was crowded each day with shoe-buyers, and as the manufacturer could not turn out the shoes for less than Mr. Wanamaker sold them at retail, there followed the usual sequel—the bankruptcy of the manufacturer and the absorption of his plant by Mr. Wanamaker at thirty

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cents on the dollar. Only one more small firm added to his long string of fish."

"It was a scoundrelly act," said Wesley.

"Oh, no, only a legal business transaction," said McDermott. "Why, it is estimated that over four hundred firms in Philadelphia have been wrecked by this man Wanamaker."

"It is a bad state of affairs," replied Wesley, "and I never before realized how such institutions could be made to work such injury to commerce. However, I don't suppose all department store proprietors are like Mr. Wanamaker."

"No, not all; yet the entire system is wrong, and no such establishments as Wanamaker's, Siegel & Cooper's and other such concerns can possibly exist without ruining many smaller competitors."

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CHAPTER V.

THE MODERN TORY.

AMONG the notables present at the Auditorium that evening McDermott observed Rev. Frank Gunsaulus, Senator Palmer, Ex-Governor Altgeld, Lyman J. Gage, Eugene V. Debs, George M. Pullman, and others prominent in social, business and political circles. The beautiful theater with its blazing lights, magnificent decorations, its array of black-coated men and superbly dressed women, offered certainly a sufficient inspiration to arouse the orator of the evening to his best efforts.

McDermott seated himself with the other reporters, sharpened his pencils and arranged his pads of paper.

The programme for the evening was a lecture by a distinguished Western Congressman, the Hon. John C. Trueheart. This gentleman, a fine-looking, self-possessed man, advanced to a seat near the center of the stage and let his gaze wander for a moment over the packed auditorium. His eyes lighted up with pleasure as he noticed the vast assemblage gathered to listen to him. He remained quietly seated while the gentleman on whom devolved the duty of presenting him made the introductory remarks. The chairman began:

"*Ladies and gentlemen, and citizens of Chicago:* The conditions confronting this nation at this time are very similar in many respects to those which existed in the

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colonial days of 1776. We are besieged again by the Tories, our ancient enemies. They have captured not only our outposts, but our in-posts as well. They have captured our national government, our seat of government, for I assert that the nominal head of this nation dare not affix his signature to laws unless these laws are sanctioned by Rothschild, the Bank of England, and the American Tories. He was nominated and elected with that understanding, and unless he has the courage to repudiate the men who opened their purse-strings to elect him, it is reasonable to suppose that no law inimical to these men will ever grace the statute books of this republic. The American Tory is now in control of all the vast machinery of our government. None but true and tried Tories will be placed on guard. The speaker of the evening is here to point out the dangers which threaten us from this source. I will present to you a gentleman who has made a careful study of his subject. I have the honor and pleasure to introduce the Hon. John Calhoun Trueheart."

Advancing to the footlights, the speaker of the evening bowed his acknowledgments, while a storm of applause fairly shook the great building, and when order was restored he said:

"*Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen:* I have chosen as the subject of tonight's lecture 'The Modern Tory and his Relation to this Government.' Every school boy has been taught the meaning of the word 'Tory.' I remember, when a lad, that I found an old history of the Revolutionary War, and I pored over it, and even took it to bed with me, that I might read it there. And, to procure the light to enable me to read in bed, I am afraid I was guilty of petty larceny, for I took without leave some pieces of candle from my maternal relative. In my boyhood days lamps were not in fashion in my father's farm-house, and candles, common tallow candles, were our only means of illumi-

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nation, if I may except the pitch-pine knot on the hearth. Candles were scarce, too, and books still scarcer, and if I was tempted to commit petty larceny in order to get candle-light to enable me to see to read in my garret bed my history of the Revolution, I verily believe I would have committed grand larceny to secure a duplicate of my one book, if it had been taken from me.

"In this book I read much of Tories and the doings of Tories, and to my childish mind a Tory was a combination of all the wickedness of the human family united in one person. I fear I have not recovered from my first impressions.

"There is one thing to be said in extenuation of the character of a Tory, and that is that he possesses a negative virtue, given him by the Author of our being to serve a useful purpose. Some one has said or written 'that were it not for evil men, good men could not be judged.' And so, if a Tory had never existed, the word 'patriot' would have little or no meaning for the American citizen. [Applause.]

"When the struggle for American independence began, those persons who clung to the mother country were designated by the patriots as Tories; and they did much to hinder and retard the successful termination of the Revolution, which meant not only the political, but also the financial and commercial independence of the American colonies.

"Tories were quite numerous in all the thirteen colonies, and they were constantly harassing the revolutionists, acting as spies among them and annoying them in many ways. They for the most part belonged to the wealthy classes, the large land-owners, rich merchants, and high officials under King George, and formed the aristocracy of colonial society.

"The Tories of today are those people who are proud to wear the distinctive cognomen of 'Gold Bug.' They possess all the attributes of the colonial Tories, and many more besides; they have improved, sarcastically

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speaking, on the old-fashioned Tory, and (if my audience will pardon the employment of a slang phrase) they could give the old Tories 'cards and spades,' and then beat them in servility to England. [Applause.]

"If the Tory of Revolutionary days was an aristocrat, or a would-be aristocrat, the logical conclusion to be drawn is that the rebel, the revolutionist, extolled democracy; and so he did.

"The American Revolutionary patriots, taken as a body, were identical with what we are now pleased to term the common people, the middle classes, the toilers, the masses—then as now the bone and sinew of this land.

"Ladies and gentlemen, when a country is in danger, it is not your bankers, your rich merchants, your high officials, nor your money-lenders, who come to its rescue; not your Tories—they are too conservative. It is your middle classes, your farmers, artisans, lawyers, doctors, patriots. Your moneyed classes, never!

"Such has been the history of the world, such has been the history of the United States, and such it will ever be. What! the rich scion of a rich family bare *his* breast to the leaden bullets, and walk up to the cannon's mouth, to win laurels for himself and freedom for his country? No! not he. He prefers to spend his patrimony in riotous living, in effeminate luxury, on fads, football, tennis, golf, billiards, wine and women. He is never a success even in the pursuits of peace.

"To the everlasting shame of the East be it said, that there are to be found within its limits the greater number of the present-day Tories. Yes, my friends, the gold monometallist, Tories of today, are found principally in those Eastern commonwealths; and they represent, as did their counterparts of old, the 'wealthy classes,' the Federal office-holders, the capitalists, the bankers, the plutocrats, and those claiming to be, by virtue of their possessions, 'aristocrats.' It is this class of our citizens who own and control *Harper's*

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Weekly, Harper's Magazine, The Illustrated American, Scribner's, Frank Leslie's, and hosts of other publications, and cause these periodicals to be truthful indexes to the minds of our modern Tory, while, on the other hand, it is the wage-earning and producing people, the toiling masses and the middle classes, who constitute the bulwark of our liberties and provide the means with which to resist, as did our ancestors the efforts of the Tories of their day, the encroachment of this modern Toryism. [Applause.]

"At the time of the Revolution New York was the hot-bed of Toryism, and contained more of its devotees than any two of her sister colonies. She withheld men and money from the Revolutionary cause. In those days men had not yet coined the word 'anarchist,' else you may be sure, my friends, they would have used it. Their vocabulary was limited, as regards epithets. Among the English and the English sympathizers the word 'rebel' was considered about as bad a name as they could conceive. Our modern Tory is far ahead of them.

"But, as I said before, New York withheld both men and money from the cause of Washington. While Massachusetts gave the rebel army 17,781 soldiers between the years 1775 and 1783, New York gave only 7,907 soldiers; as to financial support, Massachusetts overpaid her share $1,248,801, while New York was in arrears $2,074,846.

"On the twenty-fifth of June, 1775, a letter was received by the New York Provincial Congress, informing that body that General Washington was on his way to Cambridge, then the headquarters, and would cross the river and visit the city. At the same time a letter came announcing that the British Governor Tryon had just arrived from England, and would also visit the city. The Congress ordered a colonel to so dispose of his militia companies that they might be in a condition to receive either General Washington or Governor Tryon, whichever should first arrive, and wait on both as well as circumstances would allow.

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"This seems to you ridiculous, but our modern Tories are the equals of their deceased ancestors in every respect, even to the point of ridiculous inconsistencies.

"In the year 1788, the American Tories of New York City made counterfeit money resembling the lawful money of the young Republic, in order to seriously embarrass it and cripple its finances.

"The modern Tories of New York, in 1894, raided the United States Treasury, drained it of gold, and deceived a suspiciously complacent government into issuing bonds and increasing thereby the national debt in times of peace, reaping thereby a rich harvest for themselves.

"Particulars of how the division of profits was made have not yet been given to the public, one of the chief Tories, J. Pierpont Morgan, refusing to give the facts to the Senate committee. This is only one instance showing the bond of relationship between the Tories of 1776 and the Tories of today.

"My friends and fellow citizens, to paraphrase a well known Biblical quotation, it seems that 'the Tory always ye have with you,' for the Tory and his satellite seem to thrive, multiply and replenish the earth, not for us, my friends, but for themselves. I cite the Rockefellers, Morgans, Carnegies, Depews, Vanderbilts, Pullmans, Clevelands and their followers, apes and imitators as fair examples, living, tangible proofs of the tenacity of the species.

"They live in luxury; they want not, unless to want the whole earth can be called a want; and if so, my friends, they *are* in want, for if they dared to or could invent a suitable scheme, they would force off the earth, or to the uttermost parts of the earth, every one who desired fair play or equal opportunities for all.

"Our modern Tory and his kind have only contempt for the soldier who risked his life in preserving the nation. Of course they feel grateful to him for going to the front and fighting for their interests, but grati-

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tude is cheap. The soldier was a cheap man; his services were valued at thirteen dollars a month, payable in depreciated money.

"In 1776, the American Tories allied themselves with the Indians, and helped sack, burn and destroy the houses of American settlers, the patriots of '76, leaving behind them ruin, want and desolation, dead pioneers and ravished women. In a strictly literal sense, such pleasures are in this day and generation denied to their cultured descendants. These have improved on the old methods. There is not now the risk of personal injury such as accompanied the misdeeds of their grandsires and great-grandsires. Our modern Tories are more æsthetic; they distrust bloodshed lest by some mischance some of their own precious blue blood might be spilled. They now ally themselves with the plutocrats, and by appreciating gold, and corrupting our legislatures, they have devastated a thousand American homes where their prototypes ruined one. They do not by force overcome the virtue of our women: they simply starve them into shame.

"And yet there are in this country, aye! even in Chicago, men who will excuse their misdeeds, and there are newspapers, even ministers of the gospel, who cry: 'The king can do no wrong.' And occasionally our sly Tory will donate liberally to charity, or even endow a university with a million dollars earned by raising the price of oil by a fraction of a cent per gallon.

"The old-time Tories did all they could to hurt this government, but, oh, how puny were their efforts, compared with the gigantic power of the Tories of this age! These have increased in numbers, too. I saw hundreds of them today in Chicago; they ride in coaches drawn by prancing horses; you can hear the jingle three blocks away; they have coachmen, footmen, and livered flunkeys, imported from 'across the watah.' They wear fine clothing made in Lunnon,

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and speak with an Hinglish accent. They formerly educated their sons at Oxford; but now they seem to be satisfied with Yale, Princeton, or Harvard.

"At Yale, Princeton or Harvard these young Tories can acquire good English dialect, learn to play golf and foot-ball, to despise their birthplace, and, in short, become fully prepared to fill their little niche in any good Tory community. Such progeny as are born *non compos mentis* make good racks on which to hang the latest English style of trousers, while the bright youths are placed in the counting-rooms of their parents, there to learn the newest methods of bribing congressmen and courts, and to buy and sell bonds and stocks. For recreation they attend the horse-show with female friends, loll around the stage doors of theaters, or ride through the parks, bobbing up and down on bob-tailed horses.

"Do they travel? They cross the pond to visit their English models. Do they ever die? Yes, but not often enough for the good of America.

"England, when we were but thirteen struggling colonies with only three millions of population, could not conquer us by force of arms, even with the aid of the American Tories and the redskinned savages. There was one Benedict Arnold in those days, but now there are thousands of traitors with us beside whom the character of Benedict Arnold shines as white as the driven snow. We have American Tories disguised as 'prominent men,' but in all times and in all ages, prominent men, unless truly great and good men, have been the curse of their generation, and these men of whom I speak owe their prominence to the patronage and ballots of free Americans. Christ was crucified by prominent men. Rome and France were corrupted by prominent men. Beware, all of you who love your country, of this species of 'prominent men,' for their prominence makes them dangerous. They go clothed in deceit and hypocrisy; they pretend to love the government and the Constitution, while secretly and by

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stealth they bribe our law-makers and our judges, coerce and browbeat our voters, menace our debtors, and undermine our institutions.

"One of our prominent men, and also a prominent American Tory, is John Sherman, of Ohio. I will devote a few of my remarks to this man. If there are any Tory sympathizers in this audience they have the right to retire, but if they choose to remain, I promise them they will hear the truth as I feel it and believe it.

"John Sherman is the man who, some years after he returned from a trip to Europe, in, I think, 1867, where he was royally entertained by the Rothschilds and other 'prominent men,' engineered and secured the passage of the bill on February 12, 1873, purporting to be a revision of the coinage laws of the United States. It repealed the unit clause in the law of 1792, in these words: 'That the gold coins of the United States shall be a one-dollar piece, which, at the standard weight of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, *shall be the unit of value.*' Some facetious persons and newspapers have resented the characterizing of this act as the 'Crime of '73.' But the experiences of the country since the passage of this infamous bill are familiar to all of you, and I need not take your time in explaining what you already know so well. Its connection with the text of this evening's lecture is only to serve the purpose of an illustration, to picture the peaceful and insidious way in which our modern Tories proceeded to gain the object which their forefathers, together with the English, failed to gain in 1776, for the act of 1873 was the culmination, the successful termination of the attempted subjugation of our land in 1775 and the years immediately following.

"Concerning this man, who, I believe, with the possible exception of Grover Cleveland, is the most cordially hated man in America, I could tell you much and yet say nothing commendatory.

"I have before me an open letter, written by Robert T. Warner of Watertown, South Dakota, and addressed

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to this great latter-day Tory. I will take the liberty to read it to you, as it is in every sense a literary gem. It bears a recent date—September 11, 1896:

" '*John Sherman, Washington, D. C.:*

" 'Sir—Are you or are you not commonly called "Honest John Sherman"? If so, when and where did you get that title? How did it originate? You are reputed to be worth twenty-eight million dollars—is that true? If it is, and it is no secret and a fair question, how did you manage to accumulate that amount of wealth by your labor and by your individual effort? Your salary as a Senator of the United States, I understand, is $5,000 a year. How many years at $5,000 a year did it take you to accumulate those $28,000,000? I understand that in the year 1867, at the time there was an international monetary conference in Paris, in which the United States was represented by Mr. Ruggles, you were present, and assisted Mr. Ruggles and the representatives of the British government in getting said conference to declare for the gold standard. Further, that *before* you attended said conference, you visited Nathan Mayer Rothschild in London, and also conferred with the Governor of the Bank of England. Did that visit of yours have any relation to the subsequent action of said monetary conference? You afterward returned to the United States, and in the following year (1868) you introduced a bill in Congress to demonetize silver, and you followed up that attempt in each succeeding year until, in 1873, you succeeded in demonetizing the silver dollar of our coinage without getting caught at it.

" 'Has your action in demonetizing silver any relation to, or connection with, your visit in London in 1867? If so, what consideration was there at any time, before or since, moving from said Nathan Mayer Rothschild, or the Bank of England, to you, as compensation for your services rendered in the work of causing silver to be demonetized in this country?

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"'It has been said that "open confession is good for the soul."

"'How much cash did you receive from the Jews of Lombard Street, or from any source, for your services in procuring the demonetization of silver?

"'Do you know that "the wages of sin is death"? Why is it that you prefer to commit treason against your country and damn your own soul by receiving blood money from its enemies, rather than live the life of an upright American citizen, and serve the American people honorably and profitably, as you ought to do if you were so disposed? Would not the consciousness of a life spent in the service of your country be a greater satisfaction to you, in your old age, than that of having spent the best years of your life in the service of your country's enemies?

"'You must be aware that you have been honored and trusted by your countrymen as few Americans have been honored and trusted. Now in your sphere you stand pre-eminent. The treasons of Benedict Arnold and Jefferson Davis pale into insignificance besides yours. Your grand larceny of the people's money, in perpetrating the English gold standard upon them by means of the mint act of 1873, by fraud and stealth, has no parallel in the annals of crime. You have discounted the exploits of Claude Duval and Jesse James. You are also the most colossal liar of the nineteenth century. Your infamy is complete; why seek to damn yourself more completely or effectually by repeating all the lies you have invented or published during the past twenty years, besides coining new ones, as you did in your late speech in Columbus?

"'It is too late now for you to make a defense. You are already convicted of the crime of 1873, before the bar of the intelligent people of the United States. Your only hope now is in the pardoning power. [Applause.]

"'Now, "Honest John," you are getting old, you are falling into the "sere and yellow leaf." Why not

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abandon your lust of power and greed of gain? Why not now do "works meet for repentance"? Why not "turn from your evil ways, and seek salvation and free pardon, through our Lord Jesus Christ"? In the name of the American people, I warn you to "flee from the wrath to come." For the unprofitable servant of the people shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"'ROBERT T. WARNER.'

"Why does the modern Tory stand for gold monometallism? In the words of an old man, a well known American soldier, 'the reason why the Tories, all the Tories past and present, consort with the money power is, that there has been a conspiracy to that end.' When silver was at a premium over gold, it was suddenly and by stealth debased. Who did it? The great American Tories. Why was it done? There lives no human being who can answer, other than it was the first step to contract the volume of money, to be followed later by other contractions, till gold should be absolute.

"It took the people years to get this scheme through their heads; some do not understand it yet. As my old soldier friend says: 'It was the prologue to the play now on the boards.' If the owners of gold can draw the money into their hands, they have the earth, its fullness and its fatness, in their grip. They can dictate not only prices but terms of existence; they can destroy commerce, prostrate business, and imperil the very flag our forefathers gave us.

"Silver, the money of the Constitution, has been demonetized in order that our Tories and English creditors shall receive their pay in gold—yellow, shining gold. But I hear you say: 'We do not pay our debts in gold; we only pay our debit balances in gold; and as these balances are small, what difference can it make whether we use silver or gold?'

"My friends, the debts of this country to European creditors are paid, it is true, largely by our shipments, our exports of merchandise, our corn, cotton, hides,

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and other staples, but do you not see, is it not plain to you, that every pound of merchandise, every bushel of wheat or corn, or bale of cotton, that goes out to Europe, to England, has its value, its debt-paying power, measured by gold? Yes! my fellow citizens, its value is measured by the highest, the costliest standard human ingenuity and dishonest greed can fix.

"For every thousand dollars of foreign obligations owing by us, are we not compelled to part each year with more and more of our products?

"Now what would you think of a business man who should incur a debt to another business man, and then, before his debt became due, join with his fellow business man in doubling his debt? Would you not think such a man insane? Would you have him for a partner? Yet this is exactly the meaning of the gold standard, and the way it operates.

"This of course enriches England and all creditors. These Tories thus are making a conquest of us, and by peaceful methods will, if permitted, compel us to forever pay tribute to England; for debts cannot be discharged if the standard which values the debts is constantly becoming more valuable.

"If the influence of the Tories over this government be not removed, then in a few years more we must be as England is now. James G. Blaine has described the population of that country as 'dominating lords, or peasants without shillings'—a country which breeds only princes and paupers. And, oh pity! oh shame! there are Americans native born, who believe English institutions are better than our own.

"I say no! a thousand times no! Better America, badly governed as she may be, as she is, than England with her government by princes of the blood.

"Here every man is a sovereign. As yet our English-loving Tory friends have not corrupted our Congress to the extent of inducing it to alter our glorious Constitution, although corrupt judges garble its meaning.

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"We are not slaves, even though by wicked laws we are made as poor as savages. We are American men and women. I believe in the end we will put to flight these modern Tories, as Washington scattered their kind over one hundred years ago. It was an interval of eight years from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, and it is a longer interval from 1873 to 1900, but the power of education is wonderful, and the logic of events powerful.

"It is said that 'history repeats itself,' and I believe it. All over our fair land, even in poor Tory-ridden New York, are to be found thousands of men and women as loyal to American institutions as were those in the early days of this nation's history, and their numbers are increasing; for education is at work among the poor, benighted brethren of the East and Northeast.

"The principles for which Washington fought were brought to a triumphal crisis by the representatives of the same forces which are today so full of vitality—I mean the forces of the common people. Not the petted darlings of effete modern society, but the producers of wealth, the middle, the intelligent classes, the supporters of this nation. Call it masses against classes, if you will—call it right against wrong, if you choose, but these monometallic, gold-loving, gold-worshiping, gold-hoarding financial magnates will soon be forced by an indignant majority to forego the plundering of the United States of America, and be accorded by a grateful people the privilege of embarking on some palatial ocean greyhound bound for 'dear old England,' while those they leave behind can repeat ecstatically:

> 'True patriots they, for, be it understood,
> They left their country for their country's good.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you."

During the delivery of this address the audience was a study. Some applauded, some cheered, a few

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hissed, others withdrew from the building. Mr. Yerkes left very early; ditto Mr. Marshall Field and others of the aristocracy of Chicago. Eugene Debs sat silent but attentive, except when moved by some of the passionate utterances of the orator; then he joined in the applause. Governor Altgeld also listened attentively, his eyes shining with patriotic enthusiasm.

To the masses of the audience the lecture was a revelation. They had never before comprehended the full extent of American Toryism, and they left the theater looking very thoughtful. One pompous would-be English-appearing gentleman was very indignant, and said:

"For a public lecturer to attack respectable people and modern society as he did is an outrage, and if I had my say, the rascal would be jailed for treason."

"Since when has it become a crime for a speaker, in public or private, to speak the truth?" asked McDermott of this person.

"Oh, I have no doubt, sir, that all the riff-raff, the paupers and bankrupts of Chicago will readily believe the rantings of this man, but I, sir—(here's my card)—will see that the newspapers of which I happen to know the owners will skin him alive. The idea of thinking we have time in this rushing, busy age for the slush he calls patriotism. Why, he is an anarchist, a Populist, a Bryanite, no doubt."

"No doubt," echoed McDermott, and turned his steps toward the *Biograph* office. Stopping on the corner, he read the name on the card handed him: J. Lawrence Laughlin, Chicago University.

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CHAPTER VI.

JACK MCDERMOTT'S STORY.

THANKS to McDermott's ready and accurate pencil, Sunday morning's *Biograph* had a full report of the lecture. The other large dailies gave only a garbled synopsis, and their editorial writers scored it savagely. The following was double-leaded in the *Daily Inter-Ocean:*

"That such a man was elected to Congress is a mistake which party leaders should guard against in future. He is a vapid, rattle-pated anarchist, a foul-mouthed advocate of hellish doctrines and of war on our established laws. He is evidently a puppet in the blood-imbrued hands of Altgeld the anarchist and Debs the revolutionist, and he proves himself to be a willing one. The lecture was a tirade, a mouthing of nothingness, an insult to a Chicago audience, an insult to our worthy English friends and to their American admirers. In Europe the author of such a harangue would be thrown in a dungeon."

"And this is American journalism," commented McDermott. "Old Smith of the *Inter-Ocean* certainly doesn't need a dictionary of epithets."

On their way to breakfast Wesley and Jack bought a copy of each of the other dailies. Seating themselves at their favorite table, they hurriedly gave their order and at once took up the papers. They found them all alike in the tone of their reports of the lecture. Looking up, Wesley saw that Jack gave a start; evidently

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something in the paper had caused it, and the young man's curiosity was immediately aroused.

"What have you struck, Jack—bad news?"

No immediate answer coming, Wesley applied himself energetically to his steak, leaving Jack absorbed in the contents of the newspaper. Finally Jack laid down the paper and said:

"Wesley, were you ever in love?"

"Hundreds of times; why, I'm in love now."

"You don't know what love is, Wesley, if you are able to divide your affection by two, to say nothing of one hundred. I was in love *once*"

"You in love! I can hardly imagine it. When? where? how? Tell me all about it. I was joking about myself. I have never been in love. Of course I always admire pretty girls. I have seen one now every day for a week on La Salle street. She must be a stenographer for some lawyer, I think; I meet her every day as I am heading for the den, and truly, old man, I think I could fall in love with her if I had half a chance. She is one of your regal kind of girls, and her eyes, why, they just look right through a fellow. Yes! I guess I am in love. I wish I could get acquainted with her."

"Drop her, Wesley. Keep at your work. Don't fall in love; it will ruin your chances in life."

"I don't believe I ever will get a chance to meet her," sighed Wesley. "Jack, she has the prettiest foot and ankle: I dream about 'em. But say, what was in the paper? You looked as glum as a hungry Indian when I noticed you."

"You inquisitive youth! I don't suppose it is possible to have any secrets from you, so when we get to

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the room, if you keep quiet now, I will tell you a story of my life. I never did tell you much about myself, did I?"

"No, you never said much—Oh, Jack! Jack! there she is now. Isn't she a—a—"

Here he stopped and sat still, a helpless, blushing young idiot, while the object of his admiration, who had just entered the dining-room, seated herself at a table near by. Jack took his eyes from his paper as Wesley spoke, and saw not only one female, as Wesley did, but two; one young, dainty and sweet as spring flowers, with a pair of great, dark, soulful eyes, and the other, a rather prim but benevolent-looking person, evidently a maiden lady of forty years, with decided opinions, and one who fully realized the attention likely to be bestowed on her young charge.

Slowly the young lady drew off her gloves, and as she did so she let her eyes wander over the room. A slight look of recognition came into them when they met those of the young reporter, and as Wesley also gave a hasty glance of like nature, a slight blush rose to her cheeks, while, as for Wesley, his took on the color of a boiled lobster.

"The young scoundrel," said Jack to himself as he observed what was going on. "I must break this thing up. I wish I could let the old lady know—she'd fix 'em."

Just then the waiter bustled up to the ladies, and the mild little flirtation was over.

"What do you think of her, Jack?" pleaded Wesley. "Did you ever see her before?"

"Yes, my love-sick youth, I have," answered McDermott.

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"Who is she, Jack? Introduce me, won't you?"

"I don't know her well enough for that. I only know she was a stenographer in Rand-McNally's map publishing house, and the lady with her is her aunt. I happened to meet the aunt in a professional capacity once. The girl's name is Dorothy Clark. Her father at one time, about five years ago, you have heard him spoken of often, was a publisher on Dearborn street, but he became financially involved, and took it so seriously to heart that he died soon after and left this girl an orphan. I believe there was a little money left, not much, as I am told, but enough to help eke out a fair living. The young lady is rather independent, and insisted on learning stenography and adding some earnings to her income. She and her aunt, Miss Susan Thackery, make their home together in Evanston, and on week days I am never surprised to see them down town; but today, being Sunday, I am astonished to see them in the city. I tell you, Wesley, she is a charming girl, and just as good as she is beautiful. Mr. Short, our employer, is her guardian, and the legal custodian of her little income."

Wesley became intensely excited. "Why, Jack, it is providential. I meet her; I notice her; she notices me—"

"I don't believe it," growled McDermott.

"Then it turns out that you know her. It is strange, anyway, but it's luck, Jack, just my glorious luck."

"She comes down to the office sometimes to see Mr. Short," McDermott went on, "and it may be that through him you may some day receive an introduction."

The ladies were still seated when the friends rose to

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leave. Wesley wished to wait a little, evidently anxious for another glance from those wonderful eyes, but McDermott would not tarry, and with a sigh of resignation Wesley followed him out.

When they had reached their rooms, and prepared themselves for a comfortable lounge, Wesley diplomatically led Jack up to the subject of his own love story, and finally McDermott began:

"When I was a young man, long before I knew you, I had a serious attack of the heart disease from which you imagine you are suffering. I was only twenty, and my sweetheart was four years younger. She and I grew up together in the quiet little town of Millford. That she loved me I am sure, and I—well, I fairly worshiped her. You can hardly think of me in the role of lover, can you, Stearns? Yet twenty years ago I was as foolish a love-sick youth as ever lived. I had all the symptoms—lost my appetite, took long horseback rides in the woods, thinking, as Bryon says, 'unutterable things,' and I even went so far as to write sonnets. I was by turns happy and miserable—happy when I was permitted to escort her home from church, or join her in a stroll through the dusky forest; miserable if she so much as looked pleasantly at some other fellow; for Saidee Fowler was just enough of a flirt to enjoy teasing me a little.'"

"Describe her, Jack," said Wesley, his eyes shining sympathetically.

McDermott arose, crossed the room to his trunk, knelt down and opened it, then came back to his roommate with an old-fashioned picture-case and handed it to Wesley. The face that looked up at the young man was that of a young girl whose tender eyes strangely

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appealed to his sensitive nature. As he gazed, he unconsciously found himself quoting:

"Hair like spun gold, whose tendrils twine above
The low, broad brows, that screen gray, amorous eyes;
Red mouth, curled sweet to catch the name of Love;
Round chin, that to the white throat nestling lies."

McDermott finally spoke: "That picture was given me the night I left for the West, and just after she had promised she would link her life with mine. I have thought over that night so many times. Perhaps we were both too young to fully understand the seriousness of love. But, be that as it may, no woman since has ever caused me a second thought."

Lighting his pipe, Jack smoked awhile in silence, looking out of the window on the dreary Chicago streets. A thick rain was falling. The air was so damp and murky that even the boom of the church bells was indistinct, and the sharper clang of the gongs on the cable cars could scarcely be heard in the room.

Wesley kept silent, waiting for McDermott to continue. Jack still stood looking out on the dripping sky.

Finally Wesley arose and emptied the coal-hod on the grate, and the sharp rattle of the coal aroused McDermott from his musings. Turning from the window he continued:

"That night I started west. First St. Louis, then Leavenworth, then out over the Santa Fe to Dodge City. I had received from my father a little money, about three thousand dollars. At Dodge City I became acquainted with a man who had prospected in Colorado and Arizona; he asked me to go out west with him, and told me of a mine he owned near Leadville. This was about the time that camp came into

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prominence, and I was so fascinated by this man's stories of the mountain's hidden wealth that I finally consented to accompany him. The railroad dropped us off at Pueblo, in Southern Colorado, and from there we went on horseback, driving a pack-horse which carried our supplies and blankets.

"We followed up the course of the Arkansas River, and camped each night under the stars. The month was September, the loveliest month of the year in the Colorado mountains. My companion was a rough-appearing, grizzled type of man, about forty years old, very like the prospectors described in story papers, and his name was John Dever.

"At night, when our camp supper had been cooked and eaten, and the horses picketed out to graze, he would throw a big log on the fire and tell me stories of his life in the hills, as all Colorado men call the mountains. He had discovered several valuable mines, and had invariably lost them one way or another; but this mine we were going to was sure to make his fortune, and then he said he was going down to Denver or Pueblo and live in ease the balance of his life. He was something of a spiritualist, and held imaginary conversations with departed friends. That he was sincere in his belief I never doubted, but his weird stories, drawn out so vividly when we were all alone in some wild canon or lonely *arroya*, would cause the shivers to run up and down my spine. Old man Dever, his stories once told, would curl up in his blankets and sleep like a log, while I, as wakeful as a cat, sat by the fire for hours smoking and thinking.

"We did not hurry on the trip, as Dever was constantly stopping to prospect the cañons and gulches. I

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can see him now as he walked, his eyes on the ground, scanning every stone, looking for 'float,' as he called it. When he discovered a rock that looked like mineral, he would bring it back to camp, examine it with glasses, scrape it, pulverize it in a little mortar, and finally take his blow-pipe and little assay outfit to test it for gold or silver.

"So you see our progress was slow. All the time he was doing this work he would croon away to himself, and hold conversations with people, he said, long since dead, until I would get the horrors and finally go off in the hills with a gun, to look for a grouse or two for supper. When I would return, Dever would explain to me the result of his assay. If the 'float' contained mineral, he would be as excited as a boy, and volunteer the information that he had staked out a new claim and named it 'Lucky Gus' or 'Mary Ann.' I really believe the man had staked out dozens of lodes the existence of which he had forgotten.

"Nevertheless, I was lucky when I fell in with John Dever, for he was an honest man. If I had not met him I would have soon parted with my little stock of money, and have had in its stead a stock of experience, as is usually the case with an Eastern tenderfoot in the mines.

"Finally we arrived at Leadville, and found the town swarming with people—some there to invest in mines, more with no money to invest in anything. The hotels were crowded, and out on the hills the cabins were multiplying like magic. Frame buildings were going up on every side.

"We did not propose to go to a hotel and pay ten dollars a day for doubtful accommodations, so we

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pushed on to the location of the mine—our mine, for Dever and I had become partners—and there we built a rough log cabin and went to 'baching.' At night we would come down from the hills and take in the town in a mild sort of a way.

"Neither of us cared for drink or gambling, so our dissipation consisted of watching others drink and gamble. There was plenty to see and hear, and to my senses, accustomed only to quiet country life, this world-renowned mining camp seemed a very pandemonium of wickedness. As I think about it now, I can see that the vice of Leadville was as water to wine compared with the depravity of the large Eastern cities, or even Chicago.

"As we elbowed our way through the packed streets, we could hear the music of brass bands calling the crowds to some one of the many variety theaters and dance halls, and when a door swung open as we passed we could hear the sounds of violin, flute and piano, and catch a glimpse of short-skirted frontier fairies, gliding though the mazes of a rollicking quadrille with wide-hatted cowboys or miners for partners. Sometimes we would drop in and join the motley crowd, but, as I said before, merely as 'lookers on.'

"Occasionally, to satisfy the pleadings of one or another of the sirens, who buzzed around accosting every newcomer with their 'Stranger, won't you dance?' we bought a bad cigar at the bar. I will never forget how surprised I was one night in Ben Loeb's dance-hall on State street, when one of the females slipped up to me, and, throwing her arms about my neck, teased me to dance with her. She was quite a pretty girl, too.

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"What did I do, you say? Well, I compromised on drinks for two.

"Gambling, too, was run wide open. Every saloon in town—and there were hundreds of them—had at least three, sometimes twenty gambling tables: faro, Spanish monte, rondo and coolo, chuckaluck, hazard, *rouge et noir*, roulette, every game under the sun, while private short-card or poker rooms were tucked away here, there and everywhere.

"Once in a while the sharp crack of a six-shooter would ring out, and if it was anyways close by the men would look up from the games and wonder who 'had got it this time,' but if the crowd showed signs of getting excited or leaving, the music would strike up, and the rattle of dice would quickly again mingle with the cries: 'Stranger, won't you dance?' 'First four right and left.'

"Dever and I worked away at our mine all winter and late into the spring. One day, while I was turning the windlass, two strangers came up and asked if this hole was the 'Nellie Cline.' When I answered in the affirmative, they, in the off-hand way of those days in the West, offered to buy us out. Dever took them down the shaft, showed them the mineral vein, and that night they came to our cabin with an offer of ten thousand dollars for our claim and outfit. Dever and I, after an hour's talk, agreed, and the next day we sold the 'Nellie Cline' to the two strangers, and once more packed our ponies for a trip in the hills. Our stay of one winter had not lost us any money, nor did it make us enough to feel very proud over it."

"Did you hear from Saidee often?" asked Wesley.

"Yes. All through the winter letters came regu-

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larly each week, and I spent many an hour answering them. Her letters breathed love and constancy in every line, and writing to her was about the only pleasure I indulged in. While I wrote, Dever would sit and smoke before the fire, occasionally making a remark or two to his invisible visitors; but I had gotten used to his eccentric ways, and his one-sided conversations no longer disturbed me.

"Well, we started one beautiful day in June for the White River country, about seventy miles from Leadville. Our trip was an uneventful one, until about the tenth day out. Dever had been for two days rather quiet and reserved, and unusually industrious in looking for 'float.' Our method was to travel half a day, then camp, get dinner, and spend the afternoon prospecting; sometimes, if the country looked favorable, remaining a day or two in one place. On the tenth day out we were scrambling through a thicket of quaking asps, on the side of a steep mountain, Dever a little ahead, with his eyes bent on the ground as usual, when suddenly he stopped.

"'McDermott!' he called, 'come here.' As I neared him I saw a strange look of repressed excitement on his face, such as I had never seen before. He held up his hand warningly, and when I reached his side he said in a whisper:

"'Look, McDermott, and tell me what you see.'

"I said: 'I can see nothing but a ledge of rocks, just beyond the quaking asps.'

"'Don't you see him?' panted Dever.

"'See whom? Where?' I asked.

"'Do you not see a soldier dressed in an old blue uniform?'

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"'No, Dever, I do not,' I answered. 'What do you mean?'

"'Ah! he sees us now,' excitedly spoke up Dever. 'I tell you, Mac, this is the soldier who has been talking to me for the past three or four nights. He told me of a mine; see, he is pointing to that ledge.'

"Now, Stearns, used as I was to the old man's habits, I was frightened. The scene was weird; the sun had gone behind the mountains and the dusk was creeping on us. It was silent as the grave. Not even the leaves on the quaking asps quivered, and the shadows where he pointed were ghostly, with the gray-white tree trunks outlined against the growing darkness of the forest.

"'There he goes—see him beckon. Now he is pointing to the ground, then to the ledge. It is a mine, there is a lead there,' said the old man solemnly. 'I am sure of it.'

"I believed Dever had gone crazy, but, meaning to humor him, I said:

"'All right, old fellow; let us get back to camp, and to-morrow we will come and hunt for the mine.'

"'No! no! he beckons. I come!' shouted Dever, as he tore through the underbrush.

"I could not bear to leave the old man, frightened though I was, so I ran after him as fast as possible. On went Dever, and on I went, up over boulders, logs and loose shale, till I caught up with him in front of a cleft in the ledge.

"Dever was then as calm as if in camp. He pointed to an object on the ground. I looked and shuddered, for what I saw was a fragment of a human skull.

"'And this,' said Dever.

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I looked again. A rusty rifle, a few pieces of brass buttons, buckles, and here and there more remnants of human bones. I stared in stupefaction.

"'He surely was a truthful spirit, by thunder,' chuckled Dever. 'And he said the mine was rich, too.'

"I was shocked at Dever's matter-of-fact way, and pleaded with him to leave, to go with me to camp. He said:

"'Yes, in a few minutes. Just wait until I mark this place in my mind's eye.'

"He then calmly put the skull on a rock, and, turning to me, said: 'All right, let us go now; we will come back here and find the mine tomorrow.'

"Picking up his prospector's hammer, he started, and I followed. It was almost dark by this time, but Dever was a good mountaineer, he had the bearings of our camp, and soon we were on the old deer trail that led to it. When we arrived there, Dever was as cool and collected as ever, and set to work getting supper; while I, sick, faint and nervous, started even at my shadow.

"I slipped to my camp sack for my whisky flask, and took a good long swig, after which I felt better. That night, after our supper of camp bread, bacon and coffee, we lay down by the fire, and over his pipe Dever told me of his spirit visitor. He said:

"'Last night he sat here with us all the evening.'

"I involuntarily looked over my shoulder out into the black night where the ponies were picketed.

"Dever smiled. 'Don't be afraid, Mac,' he said. 'This spirit means us no harm. I know him thoroughly well, and tomorrow we will find our mine.'

"Out in the darkness I could hear the musical mur-

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mur of the tiny mountain stream beside which we were camped. This sound was occasionally broken by the howl of a distant coyote or the screech of an owl on the mountain side. Once in awhile one of our ponies would sneeze, and I would mentally bless him for this reminder of his companionship, dispelling my superstitious fears and sense of loneliness—the dumb brute seemed so contented and unalarmed. I finally asked Dever if the spirits were with us tonight.

"'No, Mac,' he answered. 'They won't come tonight. Let us cover the fire and turn in.'

"That night in my dreams I saw a uniformed soldier walking through the aspens, beckoning or pointing to the ledge. When I awoke, as tired as though I had not slept, Dever was up, the fire burning, and breakfast cooking. After breakfast, we started for the ledge and found the skull as well as the rifle-barrel and bones, just as we had left them the evening before.

"The first work to be done was to dig a grave in the mountain side, to gather the bones, and, together with the skull, arrange them as decently as possible in their lonely sepulcher. Dever read a chapter from his pocket Bible, and, kneeling, offered up a simple prayer. Then we covered the bones with earth.

"After the burial we began our search for the lead, and before night had uncovered a vein of decomposed quartz. Dever made a simple assay and found the rock rich in both gold and silver. As he turned over the little assay button in his hand, he again uncovered his head, and offered up thanks, not to our Father, but to the soldier spirit; while I, too dumbfounded and mystified to speak or scoff, looked on wonderingly.

"After staking out our claim by the aid of a pocket

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compass and naming it 'The Spirit Lode' we prepared for our departure.

"On our return to Leadville we made a visit to the sampling works and had a mill run made on our ore, the result showing that it was worth at grass roots nearly $600 per ton. We had a vein over two feet in width.

"Dever was the proudest man in town, but neither of us mentioned the strange way in which we found the mine, as Dever disliked any discussion of his peculiar belief by others than his intimate friends. As for myself, I have never been able to construct a rational theory on the subject. Dever surely saw, or thought he saw, the spirit. I never doubted his sincerity. I feel it is not right to ridicule what we do not understand. Since that time I have read every work on spiritualism and theosophy that I could find, but I am still groping in the dark.

"Well, our mine was surely a success, and we spent about all the funds we had left from the sale of the first mine in developing and timbering, and for machinery, feeling sure we were on the high road to prosperity. We had worked hard and were deserving of success; especially poor, kind-hearted old Dever, who had spent his life in the hills in quest of golden treasures.

"Of course we rapidly began the preliminaries of acquiring title, filed our papers, and had a correct survey made. The survey showed that our property was near the boundary line of a land grant, but the surveyors were sure we escaped it by fully eight miles.

"You will understand me better when I explain to you about these land grants. Nearly all are worthless titles, but when valuable mineral is found it is no hard

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matter for a set of unprincipled scoundrels to bribe Congress to confirm the grant to them. Thus it is possible sometimes to let a half dozen people gain possession of millions of acres of Uncle Sam's domain without the outlay of a penny beyond the sum spent in 'influencing' a few Senators and Congressmen.

"These grants were supposed to have been conveyed to certain individuals by the Mexican government when Colorado was a part of the Mexican possessions, and the boundary lines were described by what is known to civil engineers as 'metes and bounds,' from one river to another, and from one peak to another.

"Now, this grant we are discussing was described in the original grant as extending from Eagle River Hot Springs northward to Indian Creek, and the records in Washington so stated, for Dever and I got a lawyer in that city to look it up, and he sent us a copy of the original description, so we could see it for ourselves. This showed our mine to be eight miles off the line of the grant boundary, and as the ledge was on the north bank of Cochetope Creek, some eight or ten miles north of Indian Creek, both Dever and our attorney, as well as myself, felt sure that the mine was on public land, and subject to title by possession and occupancy under the mining laws of the United States.

"So Dever and I worked on, getting our mine ready to begin shipping. The deeper we went, the richer it grew.

"All this time I received letters regularly from Saidee. I never told her of my luck, intending to surprise her. Saidee's letters were as full of affection as ever; indeed she begged me to come home to the quiet old village and give up life in the West, but now

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that I was becoming a rich man I refused. I would go back rich, and then she would be the richest and happiest little woman in the State.

"Once or twice her letters mentioned a certain wealthy and popular young Congressman who was frequently her father's guest, but, confiding fool that I was, I never gave him a thought.

"One night after I had returned from the mine I received a letter from Saidee. It was not a long letter, but it changed my future instantly from the brightness of noonday to the darkness of midnight. She said that she desired to be released from her engagement for reasons I perhaps well knew. It was a matter of regret to her, but she had come to the conclusion she could never make me happy, etc., etc.

"I tore the letter into a thousand pieces, wrote her a savage reply, went down town, and for the first time in my life went from bar-room to bar-room, drinking like a fiend. Poor old Dever found me at three o'clock in the morning, dead drunk, carried me on his back to the hotel, and had me taken to our room by the back stairway. The next day when I awoke it was his kindly visage that looked down on me. I told him all.

"The honest fellow said: 'Mac, to hell with her! She's not worthy the love of an honest man. Don't let her ruin you. Put her out of your life, old pard, brace up, and never think of her again.'

"I didn't promise, but I made an effort to forget her. I did not succeed all at once. I drank and gambled and sowed my first wild oats, while Dever took on his shoulders my share of the work.

"One morning I awoke and lay looking at the ceiling, thinking how unjust it was that I should so treat

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a man like Dever, and before I arose I resolved to 'brace up,' as he suggested, and let the women go to hades so far as I was concerned.

"Dever was delighted at the change in me. I went manfully to work, helping him put in machinery, overseeing the men and cutting trails on the ledge—all this preliminary to getting the mine developed into a 'shipper.'

"One day I saw in the daily paper published in Leadville a few lines the true significance of which I did not for the moment comprehend. The dispatch read:

"'Washington, D. C., ———, 18—.

"'The special agent sent out by the Land Commissioner to investigate the boundary lines of the Tricura Land Grant Company has reported that the northern boundary line extends from Eagle River to Cochetope Creek. The Secretary of the Interior has accepted the report as final.'

"'Indian Creek is the boundary; there has been a mistake,' I thought. 'Surely not Cochetope Creek—that takes in our mine.' Suddenly the meaning of the telegram dawned on me. There had been foul treachery somewhere. I rushed to the telegraph office and wired our attorney in Washington, asking if the report was correct. In about four hours I received the answer:

"'Yes; report is correct. Both the Commissioner and the Secretary are interested in the grant, being represented by relatives. An outrage. Full particulars by letter.'

"I went out on the street, hunted up Dever and showed him the report and the answer to my telegram.

"He was stunned and said: 'That accounts for the

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interest taken in our mine by that scoundrel Congressman Fayette, who was here with that blood-sucking crowd of Eastern dudes at the hotel so long.'

"'Fayette,' I echoed; 'why, he left here two months ago.'

"'Very true,' said Dever, 'but let me tell you of a circumstance which I did not think of any importance at the time. He and Carlile, the surveyor, with a camping party, were out over three weeks up in the vicinity of the Spirit Lode. I saw them often, but thought they were merely hunting and fishing. I know now they were running a false boundary line in order to cheat us out of our mine.'

"'Never mind, old man,' I said. 'Surely there is law in the land, and we will have our attorney in Washington show this swindle up. Anyway, let us not worry too much until we get our lawyer's letter.'

"But the lawyer's letter held out no hope. The wily plotters had managed the fraud well; the drawings and plot of the grant made by Carlile had been accepted, and all other surveys cast aside.

"The lawyer in his letter said that several Congressmen, one Senator, the Commissioner, and the Secretary of the Interior were parties to the steal, and for that very reason nothing could be done. He added that the Supreme Court itself was under the influence of the syndicate. His advice at this time would be to buy the mine from the syndicate on the best possible terms.

"When I read this portion of the letter, Dever let out a perfect volley of oaths, and shouted: 'Buy our own mine? Pay money to thieves? Never! Never!'

"I quickly reminded him that we did not have

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enough money left to buy anything, for we had expended it all on the mine. The robbers had received the benefit of our labor and money, but if the worst came to the worst I supposed that they would pay us back the money actually invested. 'Surely,' I added, 'they will be satisfied with the steal of the mine and eight miles of good mountain land.'

"'Go on with the letter,' interrupted Dever.

"I read on:

"'If for any reasonable sum they will give you a quit-claim deed to the fifteen hundred feet by three hundred on which is located the Spirit Lode, it will be best, I think, to take it. It is impossible to fight the whole United States, and that is about what a contest in the courts would mean in this case. If taken up to the Supreme Court, it would take years to get a hearing, and even then the court may prove to be part and parcel of the same syndicate; besides, there would be a large expense involved in getting into court. So buy if you can, for the jobbers of Washington, the highly respectable Eastern syndicates, are too powerful for two men to fight. Justice does not of necessity enter into law courts nowadays. Oppose justice with money, and money wins every time.'

"Dever was wild with rage and disappointment, but after the first flush of anger I managed to keep myself under control, and at the end of a little reasoning on the whole case succeeded in calming Dever.

"Within a week Mr. Fayette and two of his friends were back in Leadville. They were met at the hotel by Mr. Carlile, the surveyor.

"When Dever and I entered the hotel on the evening of the arrival, the quartette eyed us curiously, for at that time they supposed we did not know of the success of their scheming.

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"This man Fayette was a fair sample of a sleek, well-fed, slippery Congressman. While in Leadville he spent fully half his time in brothels and gambling-houses. I afterward learned that at home he was a constant churchgoer and posed in his home community as a strictly moral man.

"The second day after the arrival of these representatives of 'Eastern business methods,' Dever and I were formally ordered to vacate the mine and remove our personal belongings within ten days. The idea of our being able to accomplish the impossible feat of removing our heavy machinery in that time!

"It was then we saw that, not content with robbing us of our mine and our land, they proposed to gain possession of our costly improvements. We consulted the best attorneys in Leadville, also those in Denver and Pueblo, and were told our case was hopeless. So, to make a long story short, we walked out of Leadville carrying only our blankets and leaving behind a fortune honestly ours, out of which we were cheated by the majesty of the law.

"Dever and I parted company in Denver; he to go back to the snow-clad mountains, and I, having had enough of mining experience to last me for a time at least, to come east to knock about from pillar to post as I am doing today. For a time Dever wrote me regularly, but for some years now I have heard nothing from him. I sometimes think he is dead."

"Perhaps, if he is living, he has found another mine and become wealthy," said Wesley. "And you may some day meet him again. But say, Jack, what made you start so when you were looking over the paper at breakfast this morning? I have since imagined it was

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what you saw that induced you to tell me this story; at any rate I am curious to know."

"What I saw was simply a paragraph that Mr. and Mrs. Fayette had passed through Chicago on their way to Washington."

"I see," said Wesley. "And Mrs. Fayette?"

"Is—Saidee."

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CHAPTER VII.

AN UP-TO-DATE SERMON.

IT had taken McDermott some time to tell his story, and Wesley had listened attentively. During all their long acquaintance, Wesley had never before seen him so excited, and he found himself wondering why during the time of his sufferings McDermott had not thrown prudence to the winds, taken the law into his own hands, and wreaked vengeance on the destroyers of his peace and despoilers of his fortune. He also saw another bond of sympathy between himself and McDermott, for they had both suffered through the grasping avarice of plutocratic oppression.

McDermott, as if reading his thoughts, spoke up:

"Stearns, we now have a fellow feeling; we have both had some experience with the average greedy capitalist, and let us rejoice we have the opportunity to show the dangers that flow from the domination of organized wealth. We will be content with telling the truth, of course; it will be bad enough, in all conscience."

"Yes, Mac, together we will paint the evils in truthful colors. I propose to take a nap this afternoon so as to be in fine shape to report tonight's sermon. It is said that Reed is a brilliant preacher, and that he is heart and soul with the cause of the people."

"Let's see," said McDermott, "isn't he the minister who offended the aristocratic members of his church in Denver because he said Christ was an anarchist?"

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"Yes," said Wesley, "and he proved his proposition, too. But the would-be plutocrats of Denver did not like such teachings; they wanted plain old orthodox sermons filled with the usual cant. Oh, no, he would not do, he had to go; so he resigned—and now he preaches to the 'common people' in the Broadway Theater."

That night a large and fashionable congregation gathered in the First Presbyterian Church to hear the celebrated divine. Many had come out of idle curiosity, of course. The newspapers had heralded his arrival by repeating half truths, or broken extracts from the sermons previously delivered from his Denver pulpit; and they had described him as a socialist and anarchist. The average editor does not know the difference between these two terms, and uses either as best suits him. No doubt, many persons in the congregation expected to see a longhaired, bewhiskered, wild-looking character, whose every sentence breathed devotion to dynamite and gunpowder. What they saw, however, was certainly disappointing. Instead of the creature of their dreams there ascended to the pulpit a tall, slender, dignified gentleman.

At first Mr. Reed seemed to be cold and a trifle stiff, but when he began to speak the appearance of the man was forgotten. The epigrammatic style, the regard for God's word, the clear, ringing messages and the evident sincerity of the minister charmed nearly every hearer. Many who came to scoff, remained to praise.

Let it not be supposed from this that the sermon was enjoyed by the rich, the high and the mighty, who com-

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posed a part of the congregation. Some of these left the church before the completion of the services.

At the commencement of the service the choir, accompanied by the great organ, sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," followed by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Whitney, in which he called for Divine aid to give strength to our government and enable it to quiet the fever of discontent sweeping over the country.

"Help us, O Lord," he said, "in our efforts to teach the deluded people; strengthen us in our endeavors to teach them to be patient and content in the sphere of life to which Thou hast called them. Teach them that it is useless to repine, useless to nourish revengeful and unholy thoughts toward those to whom Thou hast sent earthly treasure. Teach them the uselessness of combating the Divine law of the survival of the fittest. Shower down upon them, O Lord, the blessings of Thy tender love and bring their minds to ponder on Thy goodness and Thy promises as laid down in Holy Scripture. 'For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.' Put these words in the mouths of the discontented toilers of America, that they may find in them peace; for through their sufferings on earth they shall earn glory everlasting in the world to come. Help them, O Lord, to so mould their lives that when their sands of life are run they may be permitted through Thy forgiveness and mercy to enter the pearly gates of Heaven and to tread the golden streets of Paradise. Bless this church, O Lord, and all Thy people gathered here tonight. Shower down Thy blessings on the rich, O Lord, and cause their hearts to open to the call of the poor and needy. Cause them, O heavenly Father, out of the

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fullness of their plenty, to surrender and share with the beggar at their gates. Look down upon us, O God, and into our hearts, and make us clean and acceptable in Thy sight. And O Lord, Almighty God, bless, guide and protect our beloved President; aid him in his supreme efforts to bring this country safely through the quaking quagmires of anarchy and discontent. Aid him in his efforts to maintain law and order, and to bring universal prosperity. Bless the speaker who is with us tonight, and may he by Thy Holy will and guidance speak words of solemn truth and comfort to Thy followers here assembled. And O, our heavenly Father, we again beseech Thee to remember the poor and needy of this country, and the homeless in our midst. Cause their hearts to soften toward those who may be the cause of their misery. Do not permit them to take counsel of false prophets, nor to take unto themselves the vengeance which is Thine; but cause their hearts to be flooded with a deluge of forgiveness, humility and submission. Teach us to love and revere Thee, and to constantly strive after higher and better things, and to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, Thy only begotten Son. And, O Lord, when the last trump shall sound, may we be found on Thy right hand, there to enjoy, throughout all eternity, the power and the glory of the Kingdom of God. We ask these things in Christ's name. Amen!

"The choir will now sing the one hundred and first hymn, 'Work, for the night is coming.'"

After the hymn came the usual offering, and then the Rev. Mr. Reed arose in the pulpit and began his sermon. He took his text from Matthew, 21st chapter, 12th and 13th verses:

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"'And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of those who sold doves, and said unto them:

"'It is written my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'

"It is a curious thing that the best people have been put to death according to law. The best man in Athens was poisoned by the state. The best man in Jerusalem was crucified by the church, the state consenting. The best man in Florence was burned at the stake. As I read history my reverence for the law is much mitigated. The most dangerous man is he who gets up in the morning and reads the statutes of the state to see how close he can graze the penitentiary door without falling in. He reads to see how mean he can be without risk. An anarchist is the best man possible. He is a law unto himself. He looks into his mind and heart and finds a few principles of conduct. Love is the fulfilling of the law. The man of good will is never a dangerous citizen. To a degree anarchy flourishes in every well-ordered family. There are no printed rules on the wall of the home. Each child by instinct is doing what he can to make home happy. It may be that a man of good will may make a mistake, but a kind heart is a great enlightener of the eyes. If you love your neighbor you will find some way in which to show it.

"Life by printed rule is a pitiful thing. No Saratoga trunk is big enough to carry the rules of the most ordinary life. Any decent heart and mind manufactures the rule as the hour comes.

"Jesus paid very little attention to rules. 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business.' He said this to his father and mother. He was a boy of twelve when he said it. Already he recognized the law higher than that of the Nazareth family. In 1850, and along there, Wm. H. Seward, Garrison and Theodore Parker were talking of the same 'higher law.'

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They were much derided living; dead they are much reverenced.

"There is a monument to William Garrison. It is erected on the spot where the law and order 'broadcloth mob' of Boston had a rope around his neck. For some years Garrison published the Boston *Liberator* and flew at the heads of its columns these words: 'The Constitution is a league with death and a covenant with hell.' There was not much the matter with the Constitution. It simply recognized the right of one man to own another man. Garrison, Phillips, Thoreau, Owen Lovejoy would not recognize the Constitution as law.

"Garrison was able to begin his work for the slave, and to live to see no slaves. He lived to see the Boston that once mobbed him pay him honor. The printing press and the telegraph hurry events, and a good thing can be begun and finished in a man's lifetime. But in the old days a good thing could only be begun. Honors came to Socrates after he was dead.

"It has seemed a singular thing to me to see a procession of the party of law and order and of vested rights marching through the streets singing: 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave; his soul goes marching on.' Do they know the man they are praising? John Brown broke the law of every State from Kansas to Virginia. At Harper's Ferry he broke the law of the United States, and for so doing was hung by Virginia and the United States. And yet he is one of mankind's favorite sons. Mankind and the courts are at variance. A black man has no rights that a white man is bound to respect. That was the opinion of a chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Somewhere between 1861 and 1865 the people of the United States reversed that decision. The Supreme Court was made by the people. By them it can be changed or abolished. It is a creature of the people. There is nothing sacred about a court. In theory this is a government by the people. Adoration of a

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god made by his own hands is the privilege of a Hindoo.

"Some of the best people took great pleasure in breaking a law of the United States, the 'fugitive slave law.' They helped the black man on his way to the North. I own a folder of the stations on the underground railroad. The child of a father who was an employee of that railroad is not ashamed of his father.

"Now let us make a social definition of Jesus Christ. He did not conform to the fashion, custom or law of His day. He broke the law of the Jewish Sabbath. He broke the day by mending a man. The law measured a Sabbath day's journey with a rod pole. Christ measured it by the significance of the errand. The legend says that Christ found a man working on the Sabbath and he said to him: 'My friend, if you know what you are doing you are all right: if you do not know you are breaking the Sabbath.'

He always appealed from the statute without to the law within, on the mind, the heart, and the conscience. He and his people walked through another man's wheat field, on the Sabbath day, and, being hungry, helped themselves. He broke the Sabbath day and also committed trespass. They were going on the principle that a hungry man has a right to food. If they were in American States and did that today, they would be fined, 'sent up,' and the constable and justice of the peace would make something. Jesus Christ on any United States street today, unless he has reformed, would inevitably bring up in jail. He was the walking delegate of the union of the poor. He was the Chauncey Depew of the people who were in trouble. He cast devils out of people, and, having no other place to go to, these disinherited wretches went into a herd of swine, and they, somewhat bewildered, cast themselves into the sea, and there was a dead loss of much pork. The record does not say that Christ told the devils to go into the swine, but He knew what would happen. Here was a clear infringement of the rights of property. What

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business had Jesus Christ to endanger and finally drown another man's property in hogs?

"We read that Christ braided a whip of small cords and scourged the money-changers from the temple. It was not his temple. It was the property of the Jews. If they chose to turn it into a market and pawnbroker's shop what was that to Him? What legal right had Jesus Christ to interfere? He was not a 'fire and police board.' He was simply a citizen with no 'pull.'

"Almighty Authority had commissioned him; given him orders which were executed.

"Jesus Christ could not speak and do as He did and have a comfortable time. To the poor the gospel was preached, but the preacher had not where to lay his head, no home, no family. The people He helped most had not much ability to help Him, and they exercised little what ability they had. One leper out of ten who had received the blessing of health came back and gave Him thanks. The nine took the great gift and vanished. A little help He did receive from the poor, the sick, and the sorry, but as a rule from all others, deadly opposition.

"For there were a great number of people trading in sacrifices, cattle and sheep and doves. His teaching did away with their profitable business. Judea was full of scribes—lawyers, doctors. His teaching turned their wisdom into folly. A man who has spent half a lifetime in making sermons, and a theology and ecclesiastical machine, will not welcome a few sayings from a young man which make rubbish of all his supposed wealth. Any old theology dies hard. It cost time and study to put it together, and to those who work at it it is an investment, there is an unconscious conservatism.

"A man was explaining to his wife how impossible it was for a woman to forget an old thing or to learn a new one; what a victim she is to custom. A few minutes after he had finished this explanation to his satisfaction, he said: 'Wife, I wish you would sew some buttons on to the back of my coat.'

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"Christ's sayings were revolutionary. How did this sound to subjects of Cæsar, and under the Roman eagle? 'Blessed are the meek. "Blessed are the peacemakers.' That is new doctrine to the centurions. 'Love your enemies.' 'Bless them that curse you.' The Roman must have said of that what Rufus Choate said of the Declaration of Independence, that it was a 'glittering generality.' As a modern philosopher says, 'The sermon on the mount is a romantic impossibility,' in the phrase of an ex-Senator, 'an iridescent dream.' The Roman of that time must have regarded the sayings of Christ as simply ridiculous. But to his own people his sayings were provocations.

"Sometimes his sayings amounted to a challenge. He declared war against the way in which the scribes and pharisees got their living. I do not say that a man for pretense makes a long prayer—I do not know. 'Judge not motives.' Jesus had insight. He knew what was in man, and what He saw he said. A man was like a transparent glass before Him. Of course all the strong and proud and wicked hated Him. The world they had trusted in; the world of custom, fashion, precedent; the world of snobbery, imitation; the sham world, was, according to a young preacher, 'son of a carpenter,' to be burned up. The ax was laid at the root of the tree. Of course they hated Him. The phylactery factories were in mortal peril.

"He was the most unconventional being that ever lived. He invited himself to dine with the most unpopular man in Jericho, the tax-gatherer. An honest one is unpopular. A dishonest one is feared and hated. Lousiana in 1868 was not fond of a carpet-bagger, a United States office-holder from the North, but she detested a 'scalawag,' a Confederate making haste to do United States service. Zaccheus was a scalawag.

"But Jerusalem did not like Jesus anyway. He said to them: 'You are like children playing in the market place.' 'We have mourned to you, and you have not lamented; we have piped to you, and you have not danced.'

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"You have seen a combination among children not to do the proper thing, even not to play. I have seen a regiment conclude not to drill. The dislike to an officer will take that form, and for the life of him he cannot make the men go properly through the simplest movement; and he cannot locate the mutiny. It is like la grippe—nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general.

"Jesus was a disturber of custom. 'John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil. I am come eating and drinking, and ye say, behold a glutton and a wine-bibber.' Nothing He said or did suited them. The trial and crucifixion of Jesus were the logical outcome of his works and words.

"There must be a changed national life or a dead reformer. I have suggested the real reasons for the putting Him out of sight—not all the trumped-up reasons. His so-called blasphemy in making Himself one with God, and his so-called treason in talking about his kingdom, were mere pretexts. Pilate, representative of Cæsar, thought the charge of treason frivolous. He said, 'I find no fault in Him,' but, willing to please the four hundred and to make friends with Herod, he simply thought it good politics not to prevent his death.

"The sorrows and griefs of Him called by the wife of Pilate 'that just person' happened in and about Jerusalem. But it would have been the same in substance in any city. St. Paul was killed in Rome by Romans. He suffered in Greek cities. There have been martyrs in all nations. Hebrew human nature is like any other human nature. Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion was the cross-roads of the travel and trade of all nations. There were present in Jerusalem at that time Parthiahs, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Cappadocia, in Poutas and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egyptians, and dwellers in Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers in Rome, and Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians.

"All sorts and conditions of men were there. The

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world by representatives was there. Human nature was there. And human nature killed the Prince of Peace. Love was there. Mary stood the cross beside. John was there. Indifference was there. Stolid soldiers of the legion raffled for his garments. Hate was there. Eyes looked out in base triumph of vulgar thief and high priest.

"The cowards were all in the front row—those who, when He was fast bound, danced round Him and spat on Him. There are a few people who like to see a man tread hot plow-shares, and who like to weave a crown of thorns and press it well down on the head of a man whose hands are tied. It is the peculiar privilege of cowards to be cruel. Bayard Taylor was a poet, he wrote two good lines:

> " 'The bravest are the tenderest;
> The loving are the daring.'

The cross of Christ means the love and mercy of God, and it also means the wrath and meanness of man. Both are in full exhibition on and about the cross.

"Was Jesus Christ a socialist? It is written that: 'All who believed in Him were together and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.'

"The head-line of socialism is 'from every man according to his power, to every man according to his need.' It is a boiled down quotation from Jesus Christ.

"Read the life of Jesus, as remembered by Matthew. Read it and you will see that the outward ritual and the statute law of the church and state mean nothing to Him. In matters not essential He conformed—dressed like other people of his class. He was a gentleman. But essentially he was a non-conformist, and trod his lonesome way, across tradition, custom, convention and law, to Calvary."

After the congregation had sung another hymn, the Rev. Dr. Whitney pronounced the benediction, and the congregation left the church. A few of those pres-

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ent advanced up the aisle to meet and talk with Mr. Reed, and to assure him of their sympathy, but with the deacons and the elders of the church and with the plutocratic pew-owners it was quite different. The sermon was not appreciated by them. The money-lenders and the mortgage-sharks, some of whom held church offices, were wild with ungodly rage, and vowed that if ever again a minister of Mr. Reed's views occupied the pulpit they would leave the church and withdraw from it their financial support. In the meantime, in happy unconsciousness of their woes, Mr. Reed shook hands with the people right and left, and then took his departure for the train which was to bear him home to Denver.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE BANKER AND THE PORK-PACKER.

THE Monday morning papers, excepting the *Biograph* of course, contained howls of criticism on the sermon.

Lyman J. Gage, the great banker, while in his office conversing with a friend, remarked "that in his opinion the authorities should put a stop to such tirades; that Mr. Reed was a dangerous demagogue; that his utterances, if spread by the press, would cause the common people to be discontented."

This friend to whom Mr. Gage was talking was coarse and illiterate, a prominent pork-packer, an ex-alderman and enormously wealthy. His residence on Michigan avenue was a model of architecture, filled with expensive furniture, and its owner was proud of the fact that it contained five pianos costing over $1,000 each, and some fifty or sixty "generwine ile paintin's," bought at a bargain in a State street auction house. On the little finger of each hand he wore a huge seal ring, and from his vest hung a gold watch chain weighing fully a pound, while on his shirt front, which was today somewhat stained with tobacco juice, shone a diamond as large as a hazel-nut.

"Them's exactly my sentiments, Gage," replied the modern Crœsus. "Such enemies to law and order ort to be arrested. The cussed preachers ort to preach hell fire or salvation for the next world, and leave pol-

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itics to us fellers. If I'd been there, I'd a got up and left."

"I did so," said Mr. Gage. "Yet, believe me or not, there sat hundreds of people evidently in perfect accord with the incendiary remarks of this reverend anarchist." And the great banker looked the contempt he could not express.

Mr. Gage continued: "If measures are not taken to suppress free speech in this country, the people will become too well informed. Education for the masses is getting dangerous. President Porfirio Diaz of the Mexican Republic is a ruler who understands this matter. He keeps the clergy and the schoolmaster in the background; consequently the institutions of Mexico are safe. If the people of this country could be kept in their place, we who have made the country what it is might attain to a distinction equal to that of the nobility of Great Britain. I think it a great flaw in the American system that, no matter how rich we get, we can rise no higher than plain Mr. Gage, Mr. Simpkins, or Mr. Smith. Sometimes I find myself thinking how different my own position would be if, for instance, the Revolutionary War had been won by the English. Then my ancestors would have been British subjects, and this country now be a British province."

"Maybe it will be such a province yet, or what d'y call it. All of us wealthy men, most all of us, want it. We are a gittin' thar by degrees. We are pretty good imitators of the English, wear our clothes like the English, and we're runnin' our finances just as the English want us to. An American, unless we Englishize him, ain't much better nor a Mexican. Say, Gage, I knowed that feller Diaz you was talkin' about,

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down in Mexico. I used to buy hogs from him. He is a smart feller for a Mexican."

Mr. Gage smiled at this comment on the President of the Mexican Republic, and then continued the conversation; not because he felt that his friend fully understood him, but because he likes to talk. "Yes," said the great banker, "but how are we to bring this reform about? I want to see it come to pass in my time, and if such men as Reed, Bryan and others are permitted to talk their anarchistic rot they will arouse the plebeian part of our population and then our schemes will be defeated. Of course the great newspapers, nearly all of the clergy, and many college professors are on our side; we have bought and paid for their influence, and we are sure of it. But the utterances of such men as Bryan or Reed are so terribly convincing to many persons. You see, the people are growing dissatisfied, even dangerously so. It costs me several hundred dollars per month now for a private watchman."

"Phil. Armour tells me," interrupted the pork-packer, "that Congress is going to increase the army. Mark Hanna told him they intended to fix it up in good shape to bust up strikes and keep the people from gettin' together in crowds."

"I hope all this will be brought about," replied Mr. Gage. "But sometimes I despair. There is another obstacle besides. I refer to the so-called 'reform' press.

"These newspapers continually find out our plans and give them to their readers. Look at our election: our forces won it by a very narrow margin. I shudder to contemplate what would have happened if Bryan had been elected. In my opinion, which is shared by Mr.

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Yerkes, Mr. Rockefeller, and many others, he would have forced on us the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one. That alone would have broken up the bankers' grip on the nation's money. He would have inaugurated such a war on trusts, syndicates and combines, as would have wrenched from our capitalists all control over staple products. There is no use denying that we came near losing our grip."

"Yes," said the pork-packer, "you bet your sweet life; we was cussed close to gittin' beat. How much money did Mark pay out in order to win?"

"About $50,000,000," replied Mr. Gage, "but it was money well spent if we can contrive to muzzle these people who are yet agitating 'free silver.' "

Here Mr. Gage arose and closed the door leading to the inner office. As he reseated himself he said:

"One cannot be too careful; some clerk might overhear our talk. Too much of our private business becomes public property anyway. Why, the secret proceedings of our last national bankers' convention leaked out in spite of every precaution. Yesterday we had a meeting of the clearing-house committee, discussing how best to hold up our local banking institutions. Some of them are in a bad way, values are going down, and many are sure to go under unless the clearing-house can contrive to hold them up."

Here came a knock at the door, and an office boy entered and handed Mr. Gage a note.

"Great God!" exclaimed the banker, as he ran his eye over it. "The Bank of Illinois has gone—that's Hammond's bank. There surely will be a crash now."

"The hell!" ejaculated the pork-packer.

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"Come, I must go," said Mr. Gage. "Keep me company, won't you?"

As they strode out to Dearborn street, the two men passed groups of excited people, many with bank books in their hands, hastening to various banks to draw out their deposits. At the entrance of the Bank of Illinois they found an immense crowd. Forcing their way to the door, they read the notice placed there:

"*This bank has closed its doors, and its affairs have been turned over to the Comptroller of the Currency.*"

Dozens of men pressed forward, read the few lines, then with white faces turned away.

What were their thoughts as they faced for the first time an actual illustration of the folly of the gold standard? How many understood the cause?

Very few; yet if any had asked, "Why did this bank fail?" each and every one would have answered, "For lack of money." Perhaps some of the shrewdest would have replied sarcastically, "For lack of fifty-cent dollars."

Mr. Gage and his friend did not venture any audible comments. To the anxious inquiries of friends and acquaintances they gave cheering answers, but down in their hearts they felt that this failure was but the beginning—the first whirling gust preceding the bursting of the great financial storm whose origin dated back to the final act of silver's demonetization, the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman Act in 1893.

"This will precipitate more failures," said Mr. Gage; "there is the —— Bank. It will go sure, and many business houses are also sure to go down in consequence."

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He could not then foresee what did happen in addition to his prophecies: how Vice-President Hammond, unable to bear the shock of financial downfall, arose one night, and, after kissing his baby good-by, strode half dressed to a suicide's death in the icy waters of Lake Michigan; how another banker of Chicago and a bank clerk, also involved, each took his own life. Yet these were the tragic sequels to the downfall of the great Bank of Illinois.

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CHAPTER IX.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

IN a strictly literal sense Dorothy Clark was not beautiful. Her complexion was clear, and her features regular, but her mouth was rather large. She was above medium height, and carried herself with possibly a trifle too much dignity. Some of her girl friends secretly accused her of pride, but unjustly, as many of them frankly admitted when once they became intimate with her. When she spoke, her voice almost startled one with its depth and resonance, and she had a peculiar way when conversing of looking straight at you, as if she would read your thoughts while giving expression to her own. Her most noticeable feature was her eyes, which were large, luminous, and dark brown, with long lashes and finely arched brows. She was possessed of a wealth of dark brown hair, which she usually wore parted in the conventional manner, drawn loosely back of her ears, and coiled on the back of her head. Concerning her attire, it never departed from the prevailing style or fashion, but nevertheless always displayed decided individuality and taste. Ever since her father's death she had lived with her aunt, Miss Thackery, who, notwithstanding she was an old maid, with all an old maid's primness, was yet a sweet and lovable woman.

One stormy day Dorothy received a note from Mr. Short requesting her to call on him at the *Biograph*

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office, and as the communication indicated urgent necessity, she took the first train for the city.

Mr. Short looked up as she entered.

"Ah, my dear Miss Dorothy, you are prompt, as usual."

He swung around in his office chair and continued: "Dorothy, you know that I am the custodian of your little fortune, and that as such custodian I have invested it so as to bring the best returns."

"No one ever doubted it, Mr. Short. You have done much better than poor papa ever did. But why have you sent for me? You know I am no financier. If you have a knotty question to answer, I know my interests would be better cared for if your judgment were in nowise affected by any suggestion of mine."

"Yes, Dorothy, yes, but I am now going to suggest some changes of which I felt you should be advised, and I have also thought it best to acquaint you with my intentions today."

Dorothy looked mystified, but very sweet and womanly nevertheless, the old man thought. He was reminded by this girl of his own daughter, his darling now sleeping under the sod at Graceland; but he banished these thoughts and continued:

"Your affairs are now seemingly in excellent shape. The principal part is invested in the tenement on Halstead street, and the balance in street railway bonds; but I have decided to sell the house on Halstead street and also to dispose of the bonds. Now wait," as he saw a look of disapproval come over Dorothy's face. "Wait until you hear my reasons. For the past three years the value of all property has been steadily going down. Under normal conditions of government there

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would be every reason to believe that the bottom had been reached. But I believe that values will continue to fall just as they are now falling. There is no stability in anything in the nature of property. Even the prices of breadstuffs and the necessaries of life are only maintained by reason of their being under the control of trusts."

Dorothy listened intently while Mr. Short continued:

"The end is, in my judgment, not very far off. Involuntary repudiation is upon us, is at our very doors. Some few may escape, but the inevitable result to the great majority of the people of this willful mismanagement and corruption of the government will be repudiation—bankruptcy. I have noticed this coming for some time; many others have also. Many have been warned, but they turn deaf ears to the warning. The salvation of this country lies in the return to bimetallism and the wiping out of existence, by just laws properly enforced, of every trust and combine in America. I should have sold every dollar's worth of property I now own, and your holdings with it, had it not been that I hoped bimetallism would win at last November's election. Now that we have lost, and plutocracy and the gold standard are triumphant, it is only by quick action that I can save myself and you from further loss as the result of this rapid depreciation of values."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Short. What difference can it make with my little bit of bonds or my tenement house on Halstead street?" said Dorothy, adding: "I know in a general way that some people believe bimetallism would be a benefit to the country at large. I am perhaps very stupid, but I frankly confess to you

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I do not see how my property or yours, or any one's, can become of less value because bimetallism, or free silver, was defeated in last November's election."

"Briefly I will explain, and I must ask you to listen attentively, for the details may prove dry and uninteresting."

"No, indeed, go on," replied the young lady. "I am now exceedingly curious over this problem, and I also know you must be right. But I wish to know for my own satisfaction."

"Dorothy, you have read and heard discussed the arguments for and against the gold standard. It is a fact that the gold standard means invariably the cheapening of property, the reduction of all values, the reduction of all wages. The bimetallic standard, on the contrary, means the rise in price or values of property and wages. It is also true, Dorothy, that while silver was partially demonetized in 1873 through the rascality of John Sherman, it was prevented from working its full damage by reason of two laws modifying the original law of 1873, namely, the Bland-Allison Act and the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. Not until Congress in special session, and by fraud and coercion, compassed the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, did this country come to an actual gold basis. And ever since, just as I prophesied and just as every true bimetallist expected, prices have been falling, resulting of course in a perfect deluge of business failures. The first crop of failures consisted principally of the weaker houses, but now there is an avalanche of failures among the stronger mercantile houses and banks, with millions out of employment, starvation wages for millions of others, and a harvest of suicides

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and homicides appalling to contemplate. All these dire results are chargeable to the gold standard, to the wicked conspiracies of such traitors as John Sherman, Grover Cleveland, John G. Carlisle and others like them.

"In consequence of this condition it is wise to sell property and convert it into money, and to do it quickly. Every day of delay means less value for our property. I will not put the money received from the sale into the banks, because no bank is really safe. I will put it into a safety deposit box, and leave it there until the financial storm is over. When this will be, God knows—some years distant, I fear. There may occasionally be spasmodic revivals in trade, owing to crop failures in other countries, or perhaps war in foreign countries; but permanent prosperity cannot come until the gold standard is abolished and trusts of all kinds swept from the face of the earth.

"Now, Dorothy, I could give you a more extended explanation of my reasons, but I think I have said enough for this time. Do you not think it best to sell at once?"

"Mr. Short, you are a business man, and surely you know what is best. I am bewildered, puzzled; I never dreamed that a political question meant anything for me; I supposed nothing could injure my prospects or lower the value of real estate in a great city like Chicago. But from what you have just told me the property cannot now be sold for as much as it would have brought a year ago."

"Very true, Dorothy, and as it will be worth still less in one month from now, we had better sell at once. I have a customer who is anxious to buy your street

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railway bonds, the house on Halstead street and my real estate as well. I will send for him and close out today if possible."

"It is hardly fair, though," said Dorothy, "to take the money from this man, because we feel sure the property will depreciate, and he is going to lose money, according to what you have just said."

"You are right, Dorothy, but this man is abundantly able to stand the loss. Moreover I would not feel exactly right myself in this matter, were it not for the fact that he is a 'gold bug' and believes, now that Mark Hanna is in power, that property is sure to rise. So I say, Dorothy, let him have an object lesson. There now, if you are willing to let me handle this, go home, and be sure to drop in tomorrow and see if the papers are ready to sign. But before you go I must ask you to tell your aunt, Miss Thackery, that I will take advantage of one of her kind invitations to dine with her some day this week. Let's see, tell her it will be on Thursday, and with her permission and yours, also, Dorothy, I will invite a couple of my staff to go with me."

"We will be delighted to have you, Mr. Short, and your friends also," replied Dorothy.

Here an office boy announced that Mr. Stearns was in the outer office waiting for an interview.

"Hold on a minute, Dorothy. I am going to introduce you to one of my boys. You have read plenty of his writings in the *Biograph*, and more than once I have heard you say you liked his views; so meet him, won't you?" And, without waiting for assent or dissent from the young lady, Mr. Short called Wesley inside.

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CHAPTER X.

THE PROSPERITY THAT DIDN'T COME.

AT this time the country was experiencing the return of "confidence" predicted by the gold standard newspapers as the result of McKinley's election. It manifested itself in every city and town in the United States by precipitating many hundreds—yes, thousands—of bank and mercantile failures. Every day recorded its list of suicides and murders, with an occasional embezzlement or train robbery for a change. Factory after factory, shop after shop, closed up and turned off its men, while those which continued to run cut down wages to a point approaching starvation. In Chicago over 65,000 people were dependent on charity. Thousands were starving, hundreds of thousands tramping from village to town and from town to village. Distress was universal from Maine to California and from the Gulf of Mexico to Manitoba.

Added to these outward and visible signs of the growing poverty of the people, was the daily recital in the newspapers of the rebellion in Cuba, where a handful of Cuban patriots were struggling against the thralldom of Spain. The country newspapers also were filled with descriptions of manifold human suffering.

In the midst of all this misery, Mark Hanna and his obedient servants were preparing for a presidential inauguration on a scale of unprecedented magnificence.

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Mr. and Mrs. McKinley came to Chicago and invested heavily in expensive raiment. The President elect bought dress suits, evening suits, morning suits, midday suits, high hats and fine linen; while Mrs. McKinley purchased silks, satins, laces, furs and precious stones. The inaugural promised to outrival in pomp and display the coronation of a king. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company prepared a special train to carry the presidential party to Washington. Hanna was in his glory. He was swelled and puffed up with importance. He wined and dined the railway trust magnates, and they in turn wined and dined Mark.

If ever a time existed which called for democratic simplicity in the inaugural of a chief executive, this year of 1897 was such a time, but simplicity had no part in the arrangements for the inauguration of McKinley.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Short, Wesley Stearns and Jack McDermott were received on Thursday evening by Miss Dorothy and her aunt with an old-fashioned cordiality which soon placed them at ease. The dinner, though simple, furnished the highest testimony to Dorothy's knowledge of cookery, and was served with a quaint, quiet elegance which lent an added relish to each tempting dish. Nor was the prolonged conversation which followed a whit behind the dinner in the impressions it made on Wesley and McDermott.

During the evening Wesley devoted himself no more to Dorothy than to the aunt, a circumstance which placed him in high favor with the elder lady, with the result that he was cordially invited by her to call at any time.

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Following the visit, and up to the time of the departure a few weeks later of the two newspaper men for New York, where they were to do special work for the *Biograph*, Wesley spent many pleasant evenings with Dorothy and Miss Thackery. Sometimes McDermott and Mr. Short accompanied him, but more frequently he went alone.

One Saturday Wesley and McDermott bade farewell to Mr. Short and their friends and left over the Baltimore and Ohio. The editor had instructed them to prepare for the *Biograph* a series of articles on the doings of the millionaire classes in New York, with special reference to their morals, their religion, and their relations to the body politic. Mr. Short supplied them with plenty of ready money to properly attire themselves for their *entree* into the swell circles of the metropolis, and also provided them with letters of introduction to high officials and rich nabobs, who little dreamed that their new-found friends were other than rich Westerners who had come to New York to learn to enjoy life.

To Wesley the events of this trip were to be revelations; for, although he had been schooled in city life, he had never visited New York and he had never been brought in contact with the phases of social retrogression with which his instructions commanded him to make himself familiar. He looked eagerly forward to the delights of exploring the great city.

Arriving at Jersey City, they left the cars and joined the big procession headed for the ferry. The weather was delightful—something unusual for New York at this time of year. A bright afternoon sun shone over the waters of the river and gilded the towering struc-

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tures of the city. As the sturdy ferry-boat churned its way to the New York landing the two friends stood on the deck, fascinated by the kaleidoscopic picture before them—the busy harbor with its screeching tugs, its heavily loaded barges, its ferry-boats moving hither and thither, the heaving waters gurgling and rushing with every lift of the boat, and straight ahead New York itself with its countless spires and tall buildings. Slowly, smoothly the ferry-boat slid into its dock, and the gates opened. A clanking of chains, a rush, a scramble, and the cargo of human freight was landed safely.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMOUS SEELY DINNER.

A STAG party at Sherry's—a gathering of New York's chivalry at Sherry's—to feast—to revel—to—let us not anticipate.

At half-past nine the equipages drive up one by one. From them alight the distinguished guests, who, after entering the outer rooms, divest themselves of top coats, hats and gloves. Liveried attendants are close at hand, anticipating every wish. The air is heavy with the fragrance of sweet flowers, and mingling with the subdued conversation rise the soft tones of violins and flutes. Softly, tenderly, wail the violins; pleadingly echo the flutes; now faint, now swelling, yet ever blending in chords of heavenly melody.

The atmosphere is warm, perfumed with incense, burning fragrance. The banquet hall rivals the Orient in luxurious splendor. No Turkish harem compares in costly magnificence with this sumptuously furnished hall. Out-doors the wind howls dismally, but the sound penetrates not the thick walls of stone and marble. The snow is falling and the night is bitter cold, but no breath of winter can enter here. The windows, too, are closely curtained, lest prying eyes might discover the sensual revels of New York's "Four Hundred."

Here is an ancient, padded old roué; there a fresh-faced boy coming to taste for the first time, perhaps,

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the luxury of a dinner at Sherry's. Here a portly man of business, a prosperous, red-faced banker; there a prominent publisher; after them follow pallid, pasty-faced young gentlemen who have braced themselves for a night of debauchery by strong potions of absinthe and brandy cocktails. They are used to such scenes, and it takes something in addition to such amusements to rouse their jaded passions. They come in the hope of seeing or hearing something which may bring temporary brightness to their dark-ringed eyes, or to drink enough to flush their pale faces with vinous blood. Eager are they for the programme to begin—eager as were the Romans for the bloody scenes of the gladiatorial arena or the licentiousness of their feast rooms.

Old Rome is no more; its descendants peddle fruit, grind hand-organs and do "a menial's duty." Luxury caused its downfall. Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed for less of crime than is nightly practiced in our great metropolis; and the crimes of New York are not confined to the poor, but are practiced by the rich, and often in the sacred name of art.

The lower classes of New York society occasionally indulge in murder, often in robbery, and are sometimes indiscriminate in their social relations; but the refinements of vice are left to the proud descendants of the Van Dykes and Van Nostrands, who have traveled on the continent, and who have transplanted from corrupt Paris improvements on old-fashioned depravity.

Soft-voiced servitors now announce that "the dinner is ready for the guests," and the procession of gentlemen file into the main banquet hall.

Wesley and McDermott are there, having managed

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to get an invitation from young Astorbilt, whom they met at the club the evening before.

The guests are seated and the dinner begins. With every course are served wines of choicest vintage. At first the gathering is quite dignified and the conversation low, but as the wine fumes mount to the cranial cavities tongues become loosened and laughter and badinage plentiful.

The waiters and our two friends are now the only entirely sober persons in the room, excepting only the musicians. As the evening passes the music becomes more sensuous and dreamy, almost cloying in its sweetness—all the more appealing because the musicians are unseen, hidden behind a small forest of trailing vines—a bewildering bower of flowers, ferns, palms and smilax.

The room has grown more quiet; even the popping of champagne corks is no longer heard. Deft waiters have cleared a space on the huge table and all the lights are subdued excepting only the middle light, a calcium ray so guided as to fall directly on the center.

One peculiarity of this dinner, noticed by Wesley, McDermott and a few other invited guests, is that on the left of each gentleman seated at the table is an empty chair. The two friends wondered much over this strange arrangement.

Now the music bursts forth in a stirring march, and from a side door come a bevy of scantily dressed young women, lightly tripping in time to the cadence of the music. They march around the room, their forms hardly discernible in the half shadows outside of the circle of the calcium light. At a signal the fair march-

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ers face the banquet table; another signal, and they drop gracefully into the vacant chairs. The company is now complete.

The music abruptly changes to the drinking song from "Girofle-Girofla," and now the guests, fired with wine, are ready for the climax of the evening's pleasure.

It is past midnight. The waiters are excluded and only the guests and their female associates remain. The trusted valet of one of the guests is stationed at the entrance with strict orders to admit no one. Edibles and wines are left on the sideboards so that the roysterers may help themselves to refreshments as often as they wish.

Wesley and McDermott have taken advantage of the confusion resulting from the entrance of the women to slip into an alcove, where, from behind silken portieres they watch for the next sensation.

Now that the doors are closed and the attendants gone, the guests abandon themselves to the full enjoyment of the occasion. One young girl leaps on the table, and, coyly lifting her skirts, displays shapely limbs seemingly lost in the depths of a sea of filmy lingerie. She carols a suggestive French song with a skirt dance finale after each refrain.

The sodden-faced youth, the portly banker and his friend the publisher sit just beneath her feet; each has a siren on his knee, and as the dance grows more wanton their eyes grow glassy, the veins of their necks seem bursting, their breath comes thickly—they clasp their companions yet more closely, until finally they dash aside their chairs, drag their partners into the deeper shadows beyond the light, and whirl away in a

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mazy dance. Others catch the inspiration, and soon the great half-darkened room is full of swirling couples.

Wesley has seen enough. "Let us go, Mac," he whispers. "We are surely in a disorderly house. For God's sake, let us get out."

"Keep still," McDermott replies in a savage whisper. "This is a part of our work, and we must get used to it. Besides, this is not a disreputable house; and these people here tonight are the *creme de la creme* of New York society. Surely a Chicago man can stand for an hour or so what New Yorkers call a good time. Keep quiet. This dance is over; let us see what they do next. Look, there is Percy Longmont and Harper, the publisher of the great 'journal of civilization,' with 'Little Egypt' and the 'Countess.' They are going to give us another dance."

Her companions are two-thirds drunk, but "Little Egypt" appears to be perfectly sober. She is a voluptuously formed woman and her costume leaves little to the imagination. Her arms are bare to the shoulders and the semi-Oriental dress is made of such diaphanous material that, notwithstanding it is in reality of the purest white, it takes a roseate tint from the warm flesh beneath.

"You are charming," Harper whispered, as he pressed a soft kiss on her white neck in utter disregard of the presence of others. The wanton laughed merrily, and, giving a whirl to her skirts, sprang on the table. Harper tried to climb up to keep her company, but was too drunk.

"Stand back," shouted young Tilden. "We want 'Little Egypt' to give us a hot *danse du ventre.*" And on a signal the orchestra struck up the music of that

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half-barbaric air so familiar to every one who visited the "Midway" at the World's Fair.

"Little Egypt" loosened her hair until it fell in rippling waves almost to her feet; then stood smiling, showing her white teeth and patting one little foot in time to the music.

Chairs were drawn closely about the table, so their occupants might not miss a move or gesture. The light, shining full on the woman's figure, was tinged to a vivid crimson. Slowly she commenced the dance, her eyes throwing amorous challenges right and left. She had danced this dance a thousand times on the public stage, but never before had she done so in the seclusion of private apartments, before a representative body of New York's cultured society. She seemed to appreciate the honor.

As she caught inspiration from the faces turned up to her, the movements of the dance became more suggestive and voluptuous, now swaying, now advancing, now retreating, until the men and women present felt their senses reeling. Still she danced on, and so lightly that not a sound was heard save the tinkle of the music and the deep breathing of the men.

Suddenly, with a graceful bound, the dancer executed a *pas seul a la ballet.* As she did so her skirt, seemingly loosened by the dance, fell to her feet. At that moment the calcium light changed to pure white, and there, in shameless abandon, and seemingly almost entirely nude, "Little Egypt" stood forth, a living, breathing statue.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted a dozen delighted men. "Wine! Wine!" shouted others.

One callow youth grasped the dancer's shapely

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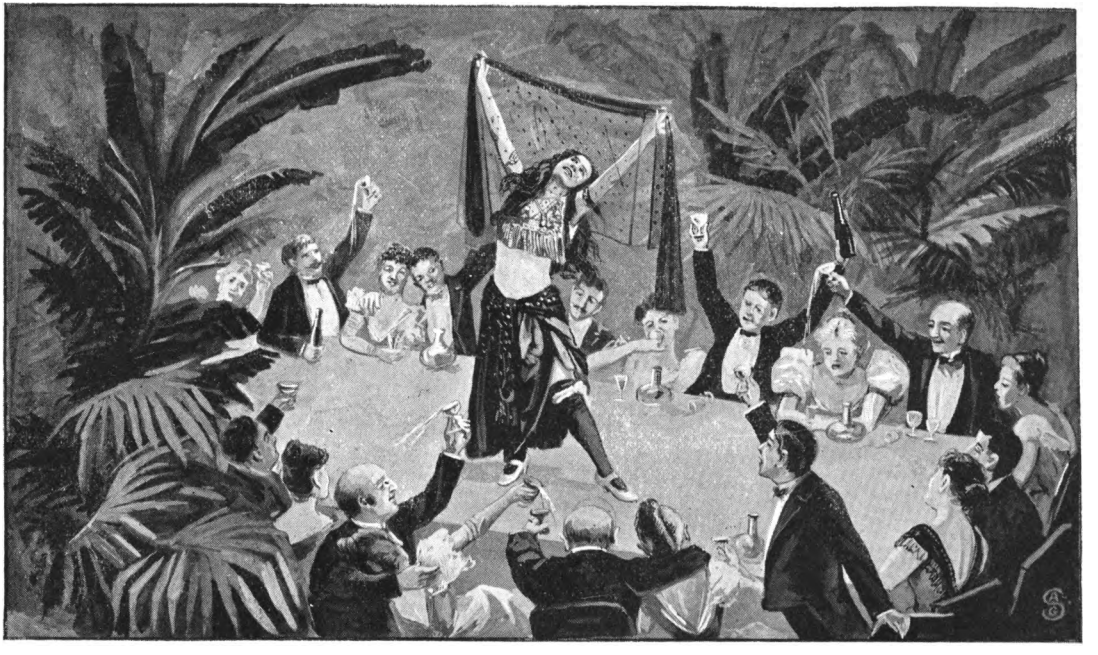

"Still she danced on." *P. 112.*

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ankle, and, pulling off her dainty slipper, filled it with Reunert Brut and drank her health. This act brought forth another round of cheers, and then "Little Egypt" was caught up by half a dozen men and carried around the room on their shoulders.

From this time on there was no restraint; the revel grew furious.

"Great heavens," whispered Wesley to McDermott. "And these men have wives, sisters, mothers, sweethearts, at home in this very city."

"Don't waste any sympathy on them, Wesley—they would not thank you for it," replied McDermott.

A skirt dancer who had followed "Little Egypt" was now finishing her dance, and amidst a swirl of flying lace, she leaped bodily upon the shoulders of our portly banker, who laughingly chided her, smoothed down her skirts and took her in his lap, where she cuddled closely as does a child in its father's arms.

The orgie was now at its height. Men and women were all in a state of semi-intoxication; questionable songs were being sung, and coarse jokes were passing. All regard for the proprieties was abandoned.

"Open this door! Open, I say, in the name of the law!"

A voice of protest is heard from without. It is the frightened voice of the lackey left to guard the door.

Biff! Bang! Crash! The door bursts from its hinges, and twelve sturdy policemen dash into the room. Out go the lights; curses, oaths, shrieks, prayers for mercy, a tramping of feet, a tearing of skirts, a quick glare from a dark lantern.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are under arrest. Put

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on your outer garments—you must go to the police station.* Turn on these lights."

The lights flash up.

"Arrest! arrest! Under arrest? What for?" queried Harper, now fully sobered.

"For violating the laws of the State and city of New York," replied Captain Chapman, the officer in charge of the squad.

"This is a high-handed proceeding," spoke Harper.

"By what authority, Captain, do you burst in doors and invade private apartments where the best people of the country are having an evening of æsthetic enjoyment?"

"My orders from headquarters," answered Captain Chapman. "But I must now insist on no further parley; put on your overcoats and wraps, and instruct your friends to do likewise."

Harper turned angrily away, and, addressing the frightened crowd, advised them to get ready to accompany the officers.

The rooms were now ablaze with light. The proprietor and his manager had both arrived, and added their pleadings, threats and warnings to those of Harper, but to no purpose. Captain Chapman was obdurate.

In the side rooms the poor creatures who had been

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*The telegraphic report of the Associated Press of date January 13, 1897, gives the following list of names of persons present at Sherry's when it was raided by Captain Chapman, of the New York police department: Theodore D. Rich, who, Minnie Redwood testified, had rehearsed her for her Trilby role at Herbert Seely's apartments; Dr. John A. Irwin, the Seely family physician; Marmaduke Tilden, E. P. Delaney, A. Gould Hamilton, Alfred Marshall, Clair Hamilton, Wilson Marshall, H. F. Flagler, Louis Ogden, H. A. Bergman, Marshall Bishop, Henry W. Harris, Charles Tobias, Conrad T. Peters, H. E. Smith, Edward Fish, Commodore C. A. Pertley, Horatio R. Harper, of the publishing house of Harper Bros., and Nathan Seely.

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hired to amuse the aristocratic assembly were struggling into their street dresses, most of them crying bitterly. But not one of the saintly crew of immaculate New Yorkers to whose pleasure they had ministered had the manliness to comfort the wretched beings; the gallants were too much engrossed with their own affairs—and too frightened.

New Yorkers are prone to boast of their superiority over the denizens of other cities, but it is a fact that the American metropolis is inferior in culture, intelligence and morals to almost any city in the world. It is the home of big men with little souls, big newspapers with little editors.*

The people of New York are a provincial lot. Most of them are content to know only the particular business in which they are engaged, the church they attend, and the street on which they reside. Thousands of its citizens have never been outside the gates of the city—

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*One prominent divine declared from his pulpit: "Between Sodom and the metropolis, Christ, if he were incarnate today, would not hesitate to choose the former."

Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, said: "We are going the way of Babylon and Nineveh and Rome, and we are going down under the polite name of art."

The Rev. Louis A. Banks, pastor of the Hanson Place M. E. Church, of Brooklyn, said: "We have had some recent exhibitions of the brutal and sensual in our city, among people and under conditions that render them peculiarly painful and shocking to honest and pure-minded citizens. That, in the latter days of what we are often pleased to call an enlightened century, on the most famous street in the leading city on the American continent, it should be lawful to slug a man to death for the amusement of men who pay so much a head to see the show, is horrible and revolting in the extreme." Speaking of the Seely-Harper dinner, he said: "If this vile revel had been given in some low dance house, by some ignorant thug, who knew no better, one could understand it. But the horrible thing of it all is that it was given by a man who claims to be a gentleman, and his guests were men of education and travel; men of large wealth and high social standing. Many of them were men of family and of influence in the community. Is this all our colleges can do for us? Is this the result of our boasted social standing and refined culture? Think of our *great publishing houses and commercial interests in the hands of such men*, whose ideal way of having a good time is a feast, where, according to the statement of the host himself, the songs sung, the dances performed, the exposure of persons, and the whole affair, was base, low, vulgar and sensual. And the most shocking thing about it all is, that these men seem to be so far depraved in their taste that they have not the grace to be ashamed of it."

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have never crossed Brooklyn bridge. One-fourth of its population believe that wild aborigines lurk in the suburbs of Cincinnati and Chicago, that Denver is a city of huts and Indian tepees, and that San Francisco is just a little this side of China. They have about as much conception of the great empire west of the Ohio as a Hottentot has of New York.

There are good men and women in New York, but they are not numerous, they are not in the majority, they are not in power—not yet.

Out into the wintry night filed a ludicrous yet pitiful procession; it proceeded from Sherry's famous hostelry and it was headed for the police station.

The women seemed to feel their degradation, while the men swaggered along in brazen shamelessness. They knew the morning papers would herald their names far and wide, all over the city, all over other cities, all over the world, yet they cared not; they would not be criticised in New York, at least not by their set, and this was all they were concerned about. A few ministers and newspapers might try to hold them up to scorn, but they could not injure the reputation of a New Yorker—a rich New Yorker.

Arrived at the station, they were brought before the sergeant, who set down their names in a big book, took their addresses and released them for the night, under orders to appear in court the next day.

Where, during these exciting scenes, were Wesley Stearns and Jack McDermott?

Safely hidden behind the silken curtains.

The policemen did not discover them, so they missed the pleasure of being escorted to the station-house.

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After the guests and their captors had left the banquet hall, the two friends emerged from their hiding-place and surveyed the deserted room. Disorder everywhere—broken chairs, empty champagne bottles, shattered wine glasses, corks, debris; here and there pieces of lace skirts, handkerchiefs, fans, and overturned flower-pots! McDermott picked up the slipper out of which the young idiot had drunk to the health of "Little Egypt." Putting it in his pocket, he remarked to Wesley:

"I will keep this to remind me of the unique methods of New York's swell 'stag parties.'"

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CHAPTER XII.

POINTING A MORAL.

OF course the events of the preceding chapter were wired to Chicago before our two friends retired for the night, or rather morning, for it was half-past four before they sought their couches.

The salient points were used by the *Biograph* to point a moral in an extended article penned by Mr. Short, showing that from the earliest period of the world's history the concentration of wealth by the few had invariably resulted in social and moral degradation, not only to individuals, but to society and the government as well.

The editorial was the subject of much comment, favorable and otherwise. As a matter of course the Chicago branch of the Four Hundred were not pleased. Some of them expressed their disapproval audibly.

One remarked that he hoped the police authorities of Chicago would attend strictly to thief-taking, tramp-catching, and the surveillance of the dangerous classes, and not create sensations by arresting respectable members of high society. He, for one, was thankful that so far the Chicago police had not dared to molest the rich in their amusements.

In his article Mr. Short referred to the degradation of the millionaire classes in Chicago. He pointed out that extreme wealth and morality go together only in very isolated cases. He argued that the very fact of

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these rich men gaining their wealth by cornering food products, wrecking railroads and watering stocks dulled their sense of personal honor, and finally left them moral wrecks on the tumultuous sea of modern conditions. "If the small thief eventually becomes a moral imbecile because of his dishonesty, does it not surely follow that a large thief must degenerate in equal proportion? If the poor thief of the slums evades the marriage rite and keeps a mistress, should it seem strange that the rich thief of the aristocratic purlieus must have his concubine, or perhaps several concubines? There can be no difference between the two in the sight of God. One wears cheap, the other expensive clothing; one lives in a hovel, the other in a palace; one drinks beer, the other champagne; but there is no difference in guilt, and if either is the more dangerous it is the pampered idler, for he steals from choice, not from necessity.

"Moreover, the rich thief is often a man of education, with a religious training; therefore his responsibility is the greater. Besides, the seriousness of a crime is or should be measured by its consequences. It is true that this view is not often taken by earthly lawmakers, but logic does not enter extensively into human laws. The legislative lobby knocks the logic out of them. Fortunately the laws of God are not subject to mundane influences.

"The consequences of the act of the poor thief are summed up in the loss of a watch, a purse, or the contents of a safe. The consequences of the act of a rich thief are the loss of hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of the holdings of small stockholders, and of small producers, and under some circumstances the starving of

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many people, and finally the downfall of honest government, because the rich thief eventually contrives to control the legislative bodies in the interest of his 'business.'

"After amassing his fortune, the rich thief becomes demoralized, debauched, his sense of right and wrong becomes paralyzed, and he invents new ways to squander his income. He turns naturally to such pleasures as belong to the banquet hall and the brothel. His offspring inherit his instincts, and so it is possible for a Seely dinner to occur in our midst, with the sanction of many outwardly respectable men.

"We are glad the participants of this beastly revel have been arrested. They should be sent to prison, but we fear this will not occur, because money will be used to prevent it. If the courts do their duty the debauchees will go to jail. Time will prove if this comes to pass." *

*Time has proven that the power of money was sufficient to silence the New York courts in this case (Seely-Harper dinner) and muzzle the newspapers as well.

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CHAPTER XIII.

SOME FINANCIAL HISTORY.

NEITHER Wesley nor McDermott had any trouble in explaining to their club friends how they escaped arrest at the Seely-Harper dinner. A few of the club loungers complimented them on their escape, while a certain set seemed inclined to commiserate them, saying they thought it "a jolly rich thing, doncherknow," to be arrested. It was "real cute and devilish" to get mixed up in a scandal, etc.

The friends were introduced each day to many notables among the aristocratic circles of the city. But let it not be imagined that their progress was rapid. It takes time to get inside the swell set of New York; they imitate their London brethren in exclusiveness as they try to do in everything else.

In order to gain the information Jack and Wesley desired, however, it was not necessary to become too familiar, nor to hurry matters, and they pursued the even tenor of their way, leaving much to chance. Luck favored them in many ways, however.

They often talked over their experiences, and one evening, while thus engaged, Jack spoke up:

"Wesley, speaking of the rich men here, I claim that there are three varieties in New York—mind, now, I mean by the term 'rich men' the millionaire class, not your common men of business, worth only a paltry hundred thousand or two. One class is com-

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posed of men who have inherited their wealth—born with golden spoons in their mouths, as it were—and who have enough common sense to keep their money and to avoid such company as we saw at Sherry's. This class is educated, refined, devoted to art, music and letters; its members are a credit to the nation, and many of them are also charitable. If they are exclusive, it is because they find no pleasure in associating with the coarse men and women belonging to another class of fortune's favorites. The men in this class never indulge in questionable 'deals;' their business life as well as their private life is pure; they do not parade themselves nor obtrude themselves before the world. They are good rich men; born into different financial circumstances, they would have been good poor men. Unfortunately for all of us this class is very limited in point of numbers.

"The second class is composed of those who have become millionaires or multi-millionaires because of their own rascality. These generally date the beginning of their fortunes back to the commencement of the War of the Rebellion, in 1861. They laid the foundation then by robbing and bunkoing the soldiers, and by the scandalous greenback deals so familiar to the well informed."

"Hold on, Jack," said Wesley, interrupting; "I plead guilty to not being well informed. Tell me about this greenback deal."

"All right, my boy, and if you won't get impatient over a long story, here goes. When the war broke out, in '61, there were only a half dozen millionaires in America, while a tramp was a curiosity. Now we have hundreds of millionaires and hundreds of thou-

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sands of tramps. But to the point. In 1860 our national treasury was empty, all public creditors were pressing for payment, and there was not even enough money to pay the salaries of the members of Congress. The Secretary of the Treasury was then authorized to issue $10,000,000 of treasury notes at par, to creditors or others, at the rate of interest offered by the lowest bidder.* On the 18th of December, 1860, he invited proposals for $5,000,000 of these notes; but offers were received for only $500,000, for, you see, in the meantime the financial servants of the nation had been getting their heads together. The balance was subscribed by the banks of New York at twelve per cent. These offers were declined. On the eighth day of February, 1861, a loan of $25,000,000 was authorized, bearing six per cent interest. The New York banks subscribed for $18,415,000 at a discount of $2,019,776—quite a neat little discount, was it not? I have a digest of these figures in this memorandum book, for I was once detailed to look this matter up, and I know they are correct. Now remember, Wesley, this discount did not include the *regular* interest, which was six per cent."

Here McDermott again consulted his memorandum book, and, continuing, said:

"When Abraham Lincoln became President in 1861 he made Salmon P. Chase Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase found no money in the government coffers, and in consequence Congress authorized an issue July 17, 1861 (see 12 Statutes at large, 159), of $50,000,000 of treasury notes, *not* bearing interest. An act (supple-

* See Bolles' Financial History.

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mental) was passed August 5, 1861 (see 12 Statutes at large, 313), authorizing the notes to be issued in denominations of not less than $5, and not to exceed in amount $50,000,000, and making them receivable in payment of all public dues. These notes commenced to circulate in August, 1861, the government paying them out to its clerks and creditors. It was then the banks, seemingly by a prearranged agreement, refused to receive them except as a special deposit. Oh, the bankers proved themselves true patriots; they were the same old crew of Shylocks then as they are now.

"You see the money-mongers had dropped onto Lincoln's scheme, which was to issue demand notes. Of these Mr. Lincoln said: 'The people shall issue these notes payable to themselves; they can pay their debts.'

"The bankers saw that if this was not stopped their power over the people was gone; accordingly they formed associations, made overtures to Mr. Chase, and asked him to stop issuing greenbacks. Mr. Chase refused, continuing to pay them out directly to the people, and to receive them in payment of all public dues. The bankers raised a terrible howl, just as they are doing now about the silver issue, and, as they had full control of the big newspapers, they enlisted them to 'educate the people.' In this manner they made the public generally believe that the government *must borrow specie money* in order to survive.

"At this time Secretary Chase went to New York and held a consultation with the big bankers as to the advisability of securing a loan of $150,000,000 in specie.

"George A. Coe, President of the American Exchange Bank of New York, called a general meeting of all the persons who 'were supposed to possess or

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control capital,' to meet with Mr. Chase. The meeting convened at the house of John J. Cisco, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and at this meeting a committee of ten bank officers was appointed to arrange for the 'loan.'

"Now, Wesley, I will read you what Mr. Casca St. John Cole says in his book entitled 'Cold Facts'—there it is on the mantelpiece." Taking the book, Jack read:

"'It was unanimously agreed that the associated banks of the three cities—New York, Boston and Philadelphia—should take fifty millions of 7—3—10 notes at par with the privilege of an additional fifty millions in sixty days and a further amount of fifty millions in sixty days more, making one hundred and fifty millions in all. * * * The following figures also show that the financial condition of the banks at this time was one of great strength.

"'Banks in New York—Deposits, $92,046,308; circulation, $8,521,426; assets in coin, $49,733,990.

"'Banks of Boston—Deposits, $18,235,061; circulation, $6,366,466; assets in coin, $6,665,929.

"'Banks of Philadelphia—Deposits, $15,335,838; circulation, $2,076,857; assets in coin, $6,765,120.

"'Total deposits, $125,617,207.

"'Total circulation, $16,964,749

"'Total coin assets, $63,165,039. This showed 45 per cent of liabilities.'

"'These united banks had specie enough on hand to pay forty-five cents on the dollar of their liabilities; yet they agreed to loan the government $150,000,000 in specie and only had $63,165,039 to do it with. They owed 55 per cent more than they could pay in specie. It would certainly require "judicious administration," or something else, on the part of a common man, to make forty-five cents pay one hundred cents, and then leave him in a condition to loan one hundred and fifty cents, wouldn't it?'"

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Wesley looked astonished, and Jack read further:

" 'Well, the associated banks claimed to have loaned the "associated people"—the government—$150,000,000 in specie.

" 'After taking the third amount of fifty millions by the associated banks, those in New York, who had at that time paid in of their proportion over eighty millions in all, found themselves in this position: Their aggregate coin, which on the 17th of August, before the first payment into the treasury, was $49,733,990, showed a reduction of only $7,415,380, and relatively the same may be said of the banks of the other two cities in like proportion. * * * It may confidently be affirmed that had the banks been permitted to exercise their own methods, they could have continued their advances in sums of fifty millions for an indefinite period.'

Continuing, Jack said:

"Just think of it! The banks of New York had loaned the government over $80,000,000 in specie, out of a stock of $49,733,990, and had reduced their stock of specie only $7,415,380! They had loaned nearly twice as much specie as they possessed, and had received the government's bonds for *nearly eleven times as much money as they had lost in coin.* And Mr. Cole says: '*Had the banks been permitted, they could have continued their advances in sums of fifty millions for an indefinite period.*'

"Further along Mr. Cole makes it appear that the associated banks loaned the government $150,000,000 in specie. Now, the bankers did not fulfill their contract with the government, because they *could* not, not having enough gold. They knew they could not do so when they agreed to loan the specie, and by entering into this bogus agreement they deliberately robbed the

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confiding people of millions of dollars. All told, their stealings during the war footed up over one billion of dollars These same bankers have since the war, by the aid of Congress, robbed the people of over five billions of dollars, and they are still stealing and will continue to do so until the people confiscate their stealings, and turn them back to the people, the government.

"Before the banks had paid much of the last loan, they broke under it, and suspended specie payments. They have continued to pay that loan, not in coin, but in demand notes of the government, these same despised greenbacks they refused over their counters unless as special deposits, and this great government permitted this disgraceful repudiation of their contract, just as it now winks at the rascality of the Shermans, Clevelands, Carlisles and Gages." Here Jack's eyes flashed.

"Never mind about the traitors, Jack. Go on about the greenbacks," said Wesley.

"All right," said Jack. "But it does make my blood boil whenever I think how the American people have been robbed by a set of men posing as patriots and the saviors of the nation. Every one who has made a study of the conduct of the bankers of this country—by which I mean a careful research each one for himself, and not taking the word of the bankers nor of their mouthpieces, the metropolitan press—will be astounded at the gigantic proportions of their various steals and swindles, and in this year of 1897 we are reaping a harvest of misery and starvation caused by the conspiracies of these devils clothed in broadcloth and fine linen—these sleek, smug, oily scoundrels, who com-

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menced to rob this nation when the rebellion began, and who have been robbing it ever since.

"It would take me some time to explain all this to you fully, but you have a fair idea of the beginning of the big steal by the 'leading financiers' of this country. They have grown rich and prosperous, and the people have grown poor and miserable. *Seventy-eight per cent of the wealth of this country is owned by nine per cent of the population.* Is it any wonder that poverty is with a majority of the other ninety-one per cent?

"Now, as to the third class of millionaires. It is really a conglomeration of the constituents of class number two and their offspring, such as we saw at the Seely-Harper dinner the other night—full-fledged types of the American snob, vulgar, ostentatious and depraved. They are addicted to secret vices imported from France—vices too disgusting even to be mentioned. It is in consequence of the prevalence of these crimes upon the race, that New York, the city in which they abound, is known throughout the land as 'The Sodom of America.' Sodom was destroyed by an angry Jehovah. Some day, not far distant, New York will be destroyed, and when that time comes I hope the second and third classes of millionaires will all be in town. You may think this talk is bloodthirsty; but it is necessary once in awhile to let out bad blood, and New York, and some other cities as well, need a bloodletting. Why, Wesley, if it were not for corrupting your mind, I could tell you stories of the daily life of certain members of society which would cause you to shudder and to become sick at heart. They carry their depravity even into their own homes, and thus degrade their own families.

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"It is this stripe we saw at the dinner, and it is to this class the Bradley-Martins belong, who are going to give the grand ball at the Waldorf. By the way, Wesley, we must manage to secure an invitation to that ball, so we can send Mr. Short a truthful description of it. All the snobs in the city and many from other cities will be there. It will be swell, I tell you."

"Of course we must go," replied Wesley. "You leave it to me. I'll arrange it with young Astorbilt, and he will manage to get us in. It makes me laugh, Jack, to see how anxious he is to show us the sights. He thinks because we are from Chicago we are know-nothings, so he must needs patronize us. But, old fellow, are you not just a little too hard on the millionaires of the last class you mention? I have heard from police officers of the doings you allude to, but have always thought such vices were prevalent only among the very lowest of the low."

"To a certain extent you are right," replied Jack, "only you seem to think that the lowest of the low means the poorest of the poor. That is an error on your part, for these vices are not prevalent among the poor. Let me tell you this: the industrious poor have no time to indulge in debauchery; they are too busily occupied trying to earn enough to exist. No, it is the evil-minded, purse-proud rich who indulge in these nameless vices, and who support the thousands of gilded palaces of sin in this great city. If the stalwart manhood of this nation does not soon come to the rescue, we will have sunk too low for recovery. Read such society papers as *Truth*, *Town Topics*, the *Illustrated American* (God forbid) and others, all published right here in New York, and note their

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sayings, note their illustrations. They are vile as well as idiotic. Their pictures are artistically perfect, and their language grammatical, because they have hired the best talent in these lines to serve their purpose, but the thoughts conveyed by the writers and artists! Bah! such of them as are not vile are silly. Here is a copy of the *Illustrated American*, and a whole page is devoted to the grave problem whether it is better to drive out of an afternoon with the tail-board of one's dog-cart open or closed! Take *Harper's Weekly*—it is filled with driveling rot, whole pages devoted to English customs, the nobility, etc. A weekly edition of slobbering slush, beautifully pictured, and in good language. Once in awhile some virile writer attacks these contemptible sheets, and shows up their failings, but it is not often. For my part, if I had a family, I would as soon permit the *Police Gazette* to enter the fireside circle as one of these un-American and presumably moral publications. They are gone mad over European customs, fads and vices. As to the morality of their editors, I refer you to the editor at the Gely dinner."

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CHAPTER XIV.

A "JAY" METROPOLIS.

"HERE we are—our invitations to the Bradley-Martin ball!" shouted Wesley, enthusiastically, as he rushed into their joint quarters one fine day in February.

"Good! Now listen to my plans. You go to the ball and stay there till the lights go out. I may drop in later, but at first I shall remain on the outside with the common herd, and keep my eyes and ears open, while you do the same on the inside. Let me see, it is to be at the Waldorf, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I would prefer you to be inside with me, Jack."

"No, we had better work it my way, and we can then send an article to the *Biograph* entitled 'Within and Without.' "

"I catch your idea exactly," said Wesley. "We'll make it a hummer. Suppose I appear at the ball in the character of a court jester? What a farce! If the big bugs and wig-wags knew that we two are spying on them, and giving publicity to their foolishness and depravity, they would feel cheap."

"Certainly—and if they ever get an inkling we'll be quickly and ignominously ejected from fashionable clubdom."

"It is queer they don't suspect us, for our description of the Seely-Harper dinner has made no end of a sensation throughout the country."

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"Don't worry. A New Yorker don't read anything but what he finds in the stupid journals of Gotham. A genuine New Yorker read anything published outside of New York or London? Perish the thought!"

"We have done pretty well to conceal our identity so far—why, not even a metropolitan reporter has found us out."

"The reporters are as poky and stupid as the rest of the inhabitants of Manhattan Island. The best of them could barely fill the bill on a Chicago paper. By the way, did you ever take notice that from the time you open a paper here until you lay it down there is but one subject outside the telegrams in it, and that is New York? They are so bloated with conceit about this jay town that they can play only on the one string, except once in a while when they switch off to 'Lunnon'."

"And it is a slow old town, too. Even the fire department is not allowed to move faster than a walk. I actually saw an engine going to a fire last night at an easy jog trot—what do you think of that?"

"The driver should have been arrested," replied Jack.

"What for?"

"Fast driving."

"The joke of it all, however," continued Wesley, "is in the extreme self-complacency of the Gothamites. They believe their city is superior to any other and its inhabitants the most knowing in the world."

Further conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door Wesley opened it, and there stood a bell-boy with a telegram. It was addressed to Wesley, who broke the seal and read aloud:

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"Send two columns on the hard times and distress in New York, to compare with Chicago horrors.

"SHORT."

"Good Lord!" said McDermott, dismissing the servant. "Here is an assignment I don't relish; but business is business, I suppose. Here, push the button —bring back that boy." Wesley obeyed and asked:

"What are you going to do?"

"This," answered Jack, and, seizing a telegraph blank, he wrote:

"Have better scheme. One of us will report Bradley-Martin ball on the inside, the other on the outside, to compare and contrast with poverty article to follow later, ten columns. Answer."

"Good," said Wesley. "Mr. Short will catch on to our idea and answer: 'Go ahead.' Here, boy," to the servant, "rush this. I received a note from Astorbilt today," continued Wesley, seating himself before the window, "which says that Mrs. Bradley-Martin is very uneasy as to the success of this ball. She fears she will be short of men. It seems she has received hints from several sources that partners for her fair guests may be very scarce."

"Let her use some of her detectives, then; several hundred are to be there, I am told. But say, Wesley, what have you heard of the times in Chicago since we left?"

"I suppose you have heard as much as I," answered Wesley. "Business dull, banks failing, firms going up every day, free soup-houses all over the city. Since the election of McKinley the increase in pauperism has been awful; the pawn-shops have plenty to do, but every other branch of business is cutting down wages

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and discharging employes. Even the *Inter-Ocean* admits that there are 80,000 people starving, or living on charity this winter in Chicago."

"If the *Inter-Ocean* concedes that, it is safe to say there are over 100,000 distressed people. I wonder how the poor workingmen feel now who voted for 'protection' and 'sound money.' But, confound them, it seems they can never learn anything from experience, and when the next election comes around such workingmen as survive this era of starvation will scramble for tin hats and torches to march in honor of some candidate put up by the money power. I sometimes lose faith in human nature when I see such criminal stupidity."

"You forget, Jack, that it takes time to educate the people. Just see what an enormous vote Bryan received, and remember that every vote cast for him was a free expression of the will of the voter, while on the other hand thousands of McKinley's votes were bought and paid for at so much a vote. Besides, whole colonies of 'sound money' voters were imported and colonized in every doubtful State. The Republicans began their work in this line as early as May, 1896. Every reporter in Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and dozens of other cities knows this to be true, and to some extent this explains why the percentage of idle men is so much larger in these cities. Before the election they were colonized in cheap boarding-houses, fed, lodged and clothed. After they were voted they were left stranded to help swell the criminal pauper classes. It is a pity that this class of paupers cannot be sifted from the worthy ones. It is a shame to waste food on them."

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"I am willing to wager any sum within my means that such cattle do not starve," asserted McDermott. "Vermin are hard to kill; they will be on hand to again infest the body politic in 1900. Of course there is a possibility that the great mass of voters will be so completely disgusted at having been duped by Mark Hanna that they will vote the gold party out of existence in 1900, if they do not rise in open rebellion before the end of the century. Such a contingency may arise; in fact, it is very probable."

"I wonder," interposed Wesley, "that the moneyed classes themselves do not realize the condition of the country; that they are not keen enough to see that their own security depends on the peace, prosperity and contentment of the public at large."

"Yes, this great city, this sink-hole of iniquity, can be totally destroyed in a night, and its wealth made to vanish. I heard one man say not long ago: 'If it is the power of wealth which is the cause of our distress, why not destroy the wealth and get rid of the power?'"

"Telegram, sir!" the messenger here interrupted the conversation, and Wesley read:

"Chicago, February — 1897.

"To Wesley Stearns, New York:

"Plan approved. Send ten columns.

"SHORT."

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CHAPTER XV.

THE BRADLEY-MARTIN BALL.

THE day before the ball both Wesley and McDermott were busy preparing for the great "function."

The Tories of New York had been in a state of great excitement ever since "Lady" Martin had announced the date, while the people composing the class located just between Toryism and Americanism were troubled and anxious.

Still another class amused themselves by writing threatening letters to the descendant of the rich old keg-maker, which so alarmed that lady that for weeks prior to the event police officers guarded her mansion. These officers had orders to arrest any one not personally known to be a "safe citizen," if he so much as raised his plebeian eyes to the windows of the Bradley-Martin "palace."

The newspapers of the great cities were flooded daily with descriptions of the costumes of the "ladies and gentlemen" who for a brief space of time proposed to parade in the fine feathers of the court of Louis XV. Just what depraved instincts prompted the promoters of the ball to get their inspiration from such a foul court as that of Louis XV. it is impossible for a healthy American mind to conceive. Perhaps, as a writer named Brann, who edits a realistic sheet called the *Iconoclast*, says, it was "the result of admiration in

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New York's 'hupper sukkles' for this wretched *roi faineant*, or King Do-nothing, whose palace was a brothel, and whose harlots stripped his subjects of their paltry earnings and left them to perish."

Wesley brought home his costume of court jester, and in defiance of McDermott's witty badinage proceeded to try it on. The affair was hired from a costumer in Seventy-third street, who assured Wesley that every detail had been copied from an old master whose delineations of the profligate court of France have been for over a hundred years the delight of art connoisseurs the world over. After Wesley had succeeded in wriggling himself into his costume, he was put through his paces by McDermott.

"Ridiculous mess I fear I shall make of it, Jack," said Wesley, "for I am not any too well posted on the duties of a court fool."

"Cease troubling your brains," Jack. "Among such a gathering of genuine fools, the imitation fool is not apt to be noticed. Do as the others do and you will be entirely successful."

"Where are you going now, Jack?"

"To the police station; I have been obliged to bribe a certain police captain in order to procure a pass."

"Bribe a police captain to give you a pass? A pass for what?"

"A pass to enable me to get in and out of the police lines. From four o'clock this afternoon not a single person is to be permitted to remain in the Waldorf Hotel nor to enter Thirty-third street unless he is provided with a pass. From Fifth avenue to Broadway, over one hundred uniformed police officers are

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to be on duty, detailed for this purpose alone, forming solid lines across both ends of the block."

"I don't believe it, Jack."

"You don't, eh? I don't suppose you would believe it if I also told you that on the roof of the Waldorf are to be ten policemen and five private detectives, and that five police officers are to be in the cellar. The empty house adjoining the hotel is to be filled with another squad of officers, while every block of Fifth avenue from Twenty-third street to Eighty-sixth street is to have two special officers in citizen's clothes, and at the hotel itself over one hundred detectives and police are to be stationed. These men have strict orders to club any person, not provided with a pass, who attempts to come within one block of the Waldorf."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Wesley. "The police of the city to be turned out *en masse*, to club private citizens on the public streets—the streets owned by the people—in order that a lot of parvenus may indulge in sensual revels! I won't believe it until I see it with my own eyes."

"I did not believe it either, until Chief Conlin, in a confidential mood, showed me his plans. How many officers and detectives do you suppose are to be on duty?"

"I have no idea."

"Three hundred and eighty-eight."

"Heavens and earth!" muttered Wesley in astonishment.

"You are off, my boy. Heaven has nothing to do with the New York police, or the Bradley-Martins

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either. Here is the list. I copied it from the chief's detail."

"Is this 'proud America, the land of the free and the home of the brave'? Or is it darkest England or Russia, and tonight's entertainment a saturnalian revel in honor of the Czar of all the Russias?" shouted Wesley, every drop of his American blood roused to the boiling point.

"It is merely a 'social function,'" calmly answered McDermott, "given by a wealthy American parvenu to a heterogeneous gathering of vulgar American snobs who have, by reason of their wealth, been able to accomplish the detail of one-third of the New York police force to act as their flunkeys. The force is officered by as servile a lot of bootlicks as ever disgraced an American city. I can say this much in favor of the police in English cities: they dare not indulge in the brutality of our American police, for if they did they would be discharged instanter."

"Score one point in favor of England," said Wesley. "But say, Jack, who is this Mrs. Bradley-Martin? Tell me all about her."

"She is the daughter of a plain old cooper who once had his shop in this city; for a more particular description, I will read what our Texas friend, W. C. Brann, has to say of her:

" 'Like most of New York's aristocracy she is of even nobler lineage than Lady Vere de Vere, daughter of an hundred earls, having been sired by a duly registered American sovereign early in the present century. His coat of arms was a cooper's adze rampant, a beer barrel couchant, and the motto: "Two heads are better than one." By wearing his neighbors' cast-off clothes, and feeding his family on corn-bread and sow-belly, he

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was able to lay the foundation of that fortune which has made his daughter *facile princeps* of New York's patricians.'

"How's that for a pedigree, Wesley?"

"It is a pretty rich description, surely. Well, I'll see the lady herself tonight. Let's see, she opens the ball with J. J. Astor, otherwise known as John Jacob, doesn't she?"

"That's the programme. Listen to Brann's description of *his* pedigree:

"'He traces his lineage in an unbroken line to that haughty Johann Jakob who came to America in the steerage, wearing a limburger linsey-woolsey and a pair of wooden shoes. Beginning life in the new world as a rat-catcher, he soon acquired a jug of Holland gin and a peck of Brummagem jewelry, and robbed the aborigines right and left. He wore the same shirt the year round, slept with his dogs, and invested his groschens in such Manhattan dirt as he couldn't conveniently carry upon his person. Thus he enabled his aristocratic descendants to wax so fat on unearned increment that some of them must forswear fealty to Uncle Sam and seek in Yurrup a society whose rough edges will not scratch the varnish off their culchaw.'"

"Stop, Jack," said Wesley, roaring with laughter. "If you don't, you will really render me unfit to appreciate their virtues as entertainers."

"Well, my poor fellow," said McDermott, "I will go now and get my passports. One would suppose civil war was upon us, and police surveillance eminently proper. I wonder what the plutes are afraid of, anyway."

When Jack returned, Wesley was gone. Leaving the house, McDermott proceeded first to the Waldorf. What happened there is best told in his own words, as

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taken from his "copy" sent to the *Biograph*, and from a personal letter to Mr. Short:

"At the Waldorf all was bustle and excitement. Liveried lackeys spread rich carpets on the hallways through which the guests were to arrive. These carpets extended over the pavement to the curb, and from the building to the street there was stretched a canopy of crimson silk. Over the carpet was strewn a thick covering of costly flowers. The floral foot-path extended through the halls, up the grand staircase to the parlors and waiting-rooms.

"To make sure of being in a position to see and hear everything, I registered under an assumed name as a guest of the house. This gave me a legal right to be present under the same roof with the revelers; but I am not sure that it assisted me in securing decent attention from the hotel servants. These menials had no politeness to waste on ordinary mortals. The clerks were ultra-condescending to the every-day guests, holding their usual obsequiousness for the 'jukes and hearls, me luds and me ladies.' This did not surprise me, as I knew the reputation of the Waldorf. It is kept up by the patronage of foreign and domestic cads, snobs and parvenus. If the hostelry had existed in 1776 it would have given George Washington a shake-down in the hall, or a back bed-room at best, while it would have given a bridal suite to vinous old King George.

"After looking around the corridors a few minutes, I attempted to leave the hotel. It was not yet five o'clock, but as I stepped into the main office I was stopped by two hotel detectives, who asked my name, the number of my room, and other questions equally

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impertinent. Ordinarily I would have vented my spleen on these 'fly cops,' as an American gentleman should, but I was acting as a sort of detective myself, so I stood in mock humility while these poor creatures questioned me. I satisfied them that I had no sinister designs on Mrs. Bradley-Martin, had no dynamite in my pocket, nor carried any concealed weapons, and was finally permitted to reach the door. As I looked out I saw about seventy-five police officers drawn up on the sidewalk. Across the street was a squad of as many more. They looked very imposing in their blue uniforms and white gloves, with clubs in their hands and revolvers in their belts. Going to a side entrance, I found the entire block surrounded with guardians, while a vacant building adjoining the hotel was filled with police reserves.

"Pretending to have just arrived from the West, and feigning ignorance of the occasion, I said to a fashionably dressed lounger who was standing near me in the rotunda:

" 'My friend, can you explain what all this show is about?'

"The young man straightened up and replied: 'Beg pawdon!'

"I repeated the question, supplementing it with an apology for venturing to address so distinguished a person without the preliminary of a formal introduction. The apology did the business. First, however, he questioned me closely—he was really quite inquisitive.

" 'Beg pawdon, but where did you say you were from?'

" 'From the West,' I replied.

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" 'Ah! deah me! Pittsburg?'

" 'Oh, no; farther west than Pittsburg.'

" 'Weally, not as far as Chicago, surely?'

" 'Oh, yes, indeed, farther than that.'

" 'Farther west than Chicago? Mercy! where can you live?'

" 'Did you ever hear of Colorado?' I asked.

" 'Oh, yeas, yeas, indeed—Denver: the people out there all live in—in—in tents—Indian—what do you call 'em?'

" 'Tepees you mean, don't you?'

" 'Oh, yeas, yeas. All Indian villages are built of tepees—wigwams. I know all about them. No, I never was there, but a friend of mine once passed over the tramway between Chicago and San Francisco, and he told me so many thrilling stories of the sights he saw. Population outside of the Indians are mostly semi-savage there, are they not?'

" 'I think, sir, I can truthfully say we have not reached to as high a degree of civilization as I see here.' The sarcasm was lost on the dude, for he continued:

" 'Of course it would be impossible for those poor creatures out there to be anything but half savage, living in the wilderness so far from the center of culchaw, dont-cher-know; but weally, I forgot you are from there. I suppose there are here and there to be found gentlemen like yourself?'

" 'Well,' I replied, 'you see, when I visit the East, I dress as the Easterners do. I received my early education in New York.'

" 'Oh, yeas, of course. I would never have taken you for a resident of one of those remote States. Come,

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let me show you about a little I weally think I can astonish you.'

"Whereupon he took me to the ball-room and showed me the magnificent furnishings, the flowery pathway, the pictures, the myriads of gorgeously tinted electric lights, and the floral decorations. Every public hot-house and conservatory for miles about had been ransacked for floral novelties, flowers and plants.

"Notwithstanding my repugnance to the motive which caused this display, and my contempt for the vulgar people who planned it, I could not help admiring the exquisite taste shown by the hard-working men and women who had conceived the plan of the decorations and carried out their conceptions to such an artistic climax. It is needless to say that the effect so marvelously wrought out did not represent the ideas of Mrs. Bradley-Martin: she merely loosed her purse-strings.

"'All this must have cost a mint of money,' I observed.

"'Weally, I don't know. Money is no object with any of us, dont-cher-know. But there is George, Mr. Martin's man. He can answer that question. Come here, George,' he called.

"'Yes, sir; yes, sir; coming, sir.' And the menial approached.

"'George, me good man, this is a—a—gentleman from the far West. He is looking on high life for the first time, and he desires to ask you some questions. Give him the desired information, George.'

"George eyed me askance, as if he feared I might be a dynamiter, but as my appearance seemed to reassure him, he answered my queries:

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" 'Hi 'ave a very good hidea of the cost of this hentertainment, hand hi 'ave no objections to telling ov you, sir. The flowers cost about six thousand dollars, sir—that is, the flowers in this room. Hin the banquet 'all, they cost 'er 'ighness Lady Martin over ten thousand dollars, sir.'

" 'What an enormous sum,' I ventured to say.

" 'Hon the contrary, sir, Hi think hit is not enough. Ten thousand dollars more could 'ave been spent to hexcellent hadvantage, but Lady Martin thought differently, sir.'

" 'What was the total cost of the whole shooting-match—the entire shindig?' I queried.

" 'Hi 'umbly begs your pawdon, sir, but what did you say?' answered George.

" 'I merely asked you what the whole business cost, or is expected to cost.'

" 'Oh, yeas—Hi understand—Oh, a very hinsignificant sum, sir—not to exceed three hundred thousand dollars, sir.'

" 'A mere bagatelle to your master and mistress, I suppose?'

" 'Nothink hat hall, sir.'

" 'Well, George, you are a very decent fellow, and I am very much obliged to you for your kindness. Shall I tip him?' turning to my escort.

" 'All *gentlemen* tip servants,' replied that personage meaningly. Whereupon I gave George a generous tip. He received it willingly and servilely, as becomes a flunkey.

"After dismissing the hireling George, I again turned to my escort. He was talking to a group of Pinkerton detectives who were on hand to assist in

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protecting the guests. I noticed these men scanning me quite closely and I overheard my escort informing them as to my identity. The man he addressed shook his head doubtfully, and while he strolled over to talk to the clerk and look at the register another detective walked over to me and abruptly asked to see my passport. I determined to see how far this employe of a legalized assassin agency would dare to trench on the liberties and rights of an American sovereign. So I coolly looked the fellow over, and replied:

"'Show you my passport, sir? What do you mean?'

"'My orders from my superiors and from Mr. Astor, sir, are to demand from every person not personally known to Mr. Astor the privilege of examining his passport.'

"'Well, sir, you have obeyed your orders. You have demanded to see mine. Did your orders instruct you to go farther? If they did, you may have some difficulty in obeying them. But before you answer me, sir, I want to ask *you* a few questions. What do you mean by passport?'

"'I mean your papers certifying your right to remain in this hotel during the entertainment this evening?' replied the detective.

"'Well, then, my friend, my answer to you is that I will see you farther into hades than is the soul of Louis XV. before I show you anything. If you wish to know my name and residence you are at liberty, so far as I am concerned, to examine the hotel register.'

"Turning to the clerk, who stood in an attitude of cringing helplessness, I said: 'Do you permit a guest of this hotel to be insulted? Upon my soul, gentlemen,'

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turning to the crowd, 'is this the United States? or am I in darkest Russia?'

"'My dear sir, please do not make a scene. Show the gentlemen your police permit: all of our *bona fide* guests were furnished with them; you must certainly have one. Please do not make trouble,' pleaded the now thoroughly scared and white-faced clerk.

"'Mr. Clerk,' I said, 'I am a guest of this house; you know it, and as such guest I demand and will have absolutely perfect freedom to come and go as I see fit; and I warn you, and this man, too, that if you interfere with me it will be at your peril.'

"At this point a tall, fine-looking man came forward, and, turning to the detective and the trembling clerk, said in tones of authority:

"'Gentlemen, I have listened to this just about as long as an American citizen can and remain quiet, and I say to you, my man,' addressing the detective, 'that I think it is an outrage and a shame that a guest of this hotel or of any public house in this or any other city in the United States should be harassed in this manner. The corridors of this house and the streets of this city are free to every person who does not break the laws. I am aware that you police officers and Pinkertons are oftentimes a law unto yourselves, but I warn you that some right-minded citizen may take offense at your unwarrantable interference with his liberties and fill you so full of holes that your cuticle won't hold corn-cobs. And to you, my friend,' turning to me, 'in the name of the respectable people of this city I beg to offer my apology for the treatment you have received. It is not the usual thing, I assure you. Come, let us take a drink. My name is Simms;

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I am the police magistrate of Jefferson Market Police Station. And your name is?'

" 'McDermott, sir,' I replied.

"Mr. Simms shook my hand and over our refreshments at the hotel bar he told me that at a dinner given a few days before by one of the blue-bloods of the city, a fellow named Shimmerhorn, a poor working man named Frank Walfrom with his dinner pail in his hand had attempted to pass the house, where an awning had been stretched over the sidewalk, and had been clubbed over the head by the police on duty. He was rendered unconscious by the clubbing and was then dragged off to a police station, locked up, and kept away from his family over night, in a prison cell among thieves and cutthroats. In the morning he was brought before Justice Simms and promptly discharged.*

"Continuing, he said: 'This arrest was unjustifiable. The citizens of this country have a perfect right to walk along the streets: the streets are free and unrestricted for all. If anything was done by the police, it should have been to remove the awning: it had no right to be there blockading the way of pedestrians. Such things have a tendency to lead to that class distinction so abhorrent to the American people, and augur no good for the future of the nation. And now, Mr. McDermott,' said Mr. Simms, holding out his hand, 'I will bid you good night and retire. I have no desire to be an eye-witness to a lot of my fellow citizens making asses of themselves. Good night to you.' And the plucky magistrate left the room.

"From that time on the detectives in the hotel did not annoy me.

* See New York *World* of February 12, 1897.

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"At dinner the main topic discussed was the ball. Every one seemed to be well posted on the Bradley-Martins, but from what I could overhear all were woefully ignorant as to the meaning of the historical characters to be delineated. One callow youth asked his *vis-a-vis*: 'Do you know the history of the Duchesse de Chateauroux?' His friend replied: 'Not exactly, but I believe she was the mother of Louis Napoleon.'

"In spite of myself I burst into a laugh, but quickly checked it. The exquisite, hearing my laugh, turned to me, and with a wink at his friend said: 'Perhaps you can inform us, sir, not only as to the history of this lady, but also of the other characters to be represented here this evening?'

" 'I think I can answer you—at least I will try. The Duchesse de Chateauroux was a demi-rep—one of the first mistresses of Louis XV., King of France. She lived in the eighteenth century.'

" 'Oh, well,' commented the young gentleman, 'it is all the same. But it's rather rough on Miss Belmont, who is to impersonate the character, if what our neighbor says is true.'

" 'Perhaps our learned friend can tell us more,' suggested his friend. 'I move we invite him to a seat at our table.'

" 'Good,' said the youth. 'Will you join us, sir? Really, I confess I am not well versed in history, and I shall be delighted to have you tell us all about the characters to be represented here tonight.'

"I accepted the invitation and seated myself at their table.

" 'This gentleman,' nodding toward his friend, 'is Mr. Sidney Everett of Boston. Mr. Everett, Mr.——'

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"'McDermott,' I said, bowing.

"'And my name is Abram S. Hewitt, Jr.'

"'Now, I have a list here,' said Mr. Hewitt, as he filled my glass with champagne, 'of all the principal characters who will be impersonated here, and as I call them off, I will ask Mr. McDermott to tell us all about them.'

"'I will do the best I can,' I said.

"'Madame Pompadour,' began Mr. Hewitt.

"'Excuse me—who takes that character?' I asked.

"'Oh, there will undoubtedly be ten Mesdames de Pompadour,' said Mr. Hewitt.

"'Ten?—Ten?' I repeated, astonished beyond measure. 'Why, she was the most notorious harlot of the eighteenth century.'

"'Is that so? Then our sweet young bud Miss Robinson cannot know it, as she is to be one of the ten. Tell us all about her,' urged Mr. Hewitt.

"'Madame de Pompadour,' I commenced, 'was the daughter of a butcher, and, by bribing the Princess Conti, managed to get presented at court. Louis XV. was so struck by her charms that he took her for his consort after deposing his first mistress, the Duchesse. Madame de Pompadour was nothing more or less than a notorious courtesan distinguished for licentiousness and extravagance. The King endowed her with an annual income of 1,500,000 livres. It was an era of wretched poverty in France, yet the rich were entirely forgetful of the fact, and squandered the people's money just as the rich Americans are doing now.' Here I paused to note the effect of my remarks. Neither Mr. Hewitt nor Mr. Everett said anything, but I caught a significant glance from one to the other.

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"'Madame du Barry,' said Mr. Hewitt.

"'You preserve the sequence well, for she was the King's third mistress. He elevated her to that position after the death of Madame de Pompadour. She was a peasant who once peddled haberdashery on the streets of Paris and called herself Mademoiselle Rançon. Her first lover was Count Jean du Barry. The Count had to resign her to the arms of the King on royal demand, not, however, until a nominal husband was found for her in the person of Count William du Barry, Jean's brother.'

"'Madame de Maintenon,' continued Mr. Hewitt.

"'This character is the best you have mentioned yet, for, notwithstanding she was born in a prison and was for thirty years a mistress in a royal palace, she was possessed of brains and tried to reform her royal paramour. Macaulay says: "It would be hard to name any woman who, with so little romance in her temper, has had so much in her life." She was religious, too, and after the death of her husband founded a boarding school for indigent young ladies. Her lover was Louis XIV., who afterward privately married her, but not until she had attained the age of fifty years.'

"'Upon my word, Mr. McDermott, you have French history on your tongue's end. Tell us about Catherine of Russia,' said Mr. Everett.

"'Well, gentlemen, the lady who impersonates this infamous character surely cannot be intimate with the history of the original.'

"'Very likely she is not. Society women know very little of history and care less.'

"Mr. Hewitt grinned, but said nothing.

"'Catherine II. of Russia,' I continued, 'was a con-

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temptible personage. She was born in 1729; she was beautiful, clever, ambitious, and bold. She formed a confederacy of Russian soldiers, noblemen, officers and ladies of the Czar's court; compelled the Czar to relinquish the throne, and is suspected of being a party to his assassination, which was accomplished partly by poison and partly by strangulation with a table napkin. She told the people that he died of colic. She was a promiscuous harlot, had numerous liaisons with her own grenadiers, and amused herself by seducing young boys. Truly an American gentleman should feel proud to see his wife or daughter posing in the character of this royal prostitute.'

"'Your language is severe,' said Mr. Everett, 'yet it is consistent. For my part I am disgusted with the sensuality of New York's swell society.'

"'Here too,' said Mr. Hewitt.

"'I am very glad I have opened your eyes, gentlemen,' said I. 'I hope I have impressed on your minds the similarity of the New York court of Mammon to the court of Louis XV, and I warn you that the sequel to this night's revel may be similar to the sequel of the sensual revels of the court of France. It is certainly suggestive that the participants in this silly fandango should have turned for inspiration to the dissolute court of Louis XV., whose depravity has not been paralleled since the time of Tiberius and Commodus. Think of it, gentlemen: the four hundred and their followers copying the lewd characters of the court of a dissolute kingdom, and of a woman whom Carlyle has apostrophized thus: "Thou unclean yet unmalignant, not unpitiable thing, what a course was thine: from that first truckle bed, where thy mother bore thee with

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tears to an unnamed father, forward through lowest subterranean depths, and over highest sunlit heights of Harlotdom and Rascaldom—to the guillotine ax, which shears away thy vainly whimpering head!"

"'Truly, gentlemen, we have not La Belle Guillotine in this country, and while this revelry tonight, where imitation lords and ladies strut and tread the stately minuet, may not be accompanied by the scenes of the eighteenth century, where the bare feet of hungry men beat time to the Carmagnole, yet it is accompanied by the sighs and groans of hungry, despairing men, women and little children here in this great city, and let me tell you that when the rabble in New York learns the melody of the Marseillaise, the tones of that grand old hymn, bursting from American throats, will ring and echo from sea to sea, and the architectural towers of wealth, the pride of your city, will go down in a tempest of fire. All the revolutions the world ever saw will pale into insignificance beside it, and if it comes, as I believe it will, these simpering, silly pseudo queens, princes and Pompadours will fly, screaming with fright, down to their death, as did the French aristocracy with Louis XVI. in 1789–90—a trifle over a century ago.'

"During these remarks my new found friends sat silent, looking at me in astonishment. After an interval Mr. Everett said:

"'I feel as if I had heard a prophecy. I fear your words are true. There is surely some awful disease gnawing at the vitals of the body politic.'

"I inclined my head in assent, and the younger man, Mr. Hewitt, reached me his hand, saying:

"'You have opened my eyes. I now see the folly of

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such senseless affairs as this of tonight. From now on I will see things differently.' Then he added, apologetically: 'There are plenty of young men like me in New York—men who are rich and imagine they know it all, but who are not half bad fellows. Living here, they have become narrow, selfish and egotistical. But what can we do?' he asked.

"'Do?' I answered. 'Read—study your fellow men; cease living in a narrow rut. Travel, not in other countries, but in this; learn your own country first. Learn that New York is, after all, a mighty small spot on the map, and strive to use your riches to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor; not necessarily by charity, but to aid in making good laws. Good laws honestly enforced should prove the remedy. But I fear I have proved myself "as one charmed with the sound of his own voice." I beg your pardon. But you touched upon a theme of which my heart is full, and I hope you will excuse me.'

"'Tut, tut, you are wrong, Mr. McDermott,' promptly rejoined Mr. Hewitt. 'We have learned something. But I must beg your pardon, for it was with the intent to chaff that I first addressed you. You turned the tables on us very neatly. Come, let us drink to better acquaintance.'

"Our glasses emptied, we rose from the table, and, shaking hands, parted. After all, I mused, there is some American manhood left in New York. Taking my hat and lighting a cigar, I started for the street door; I was not molested by the detectives, but on emerging from the hotel I was confronted by long lines of uniformed police. Showing my passport, I was permitted to pass out. It was now past nine

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o'clock, and carriages were arriving every minute bringing the richly dressed mimics to the carnival.

"Starting down the street toward Delmonico's, I noticed that at every doorway there stood police officers. After walking a few blocks, I turned and retraced my steps to the hotel. When I arrived at the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway, I found a large crowd of people assembled at the 'trocha' formed by a long line of officers. The police permitted anyone in evening dress or masquerade costume to pass, but used their clubs vigorously on the common herd of every-day Americans whenever they approached too close. The policemen here were headed by a sergeant with red English side-whiskers. While I stood there, a gentleman came up and attempted to pass.

" 'Hould on there, where are you going?' shouted the sergeant.

" 'Nowhere in particular,' answered the gentleman. 'Why?'

" 'Get back there, d—n you, you can't pass here.'

" 'Why not? By what authority do you question me as to where I am going?' answered the now irate gentleman.

" 'Where do you want to go, anyway?' said the officer.

" 'Why do you ask?'

" 'None of your business,' said the sergeant.

" 'Then I am afraid that my destination is none of *your* business,' said the gentleman. 'I propose to walk along Thirty-third street, or at least to try to.

" 'Good!' shouted the bystanders, whose numbers were swelling every minute.

" 'I tell you it is impossible for you to pass—no one

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is allowed in this block, unless he has a pass,' persisted the sergeant.

"'And I tell you,' shouted the now thoroughly exasperated citizen, 'that you have no more right to block this street than you have North River.'

"'That's so,' yelled the bystanders, and one man added: 'Block the streets! Is this a free country?'

"The poor fellow got no further with his protests, for a big policeman gave his club a whirl and struck the man square on the head. He dropped like a log.

"'Shame!' shouted a dozen voices.

"But the fallen man was quickly avenged, for the policeman who had struck the blow had hardly replaced his club before from out the crowd sprang a man wearing a slouch hat. I saw a quick flash of gleaming steel, and before any of us could divine the stranger's purpose the brutal policeman fell to the sidewalk. The slouch-hatted man had struck him a terrible blow with a Colt's forty-five, splitting his nose and knocking him senseless.

"Two policemen attempted to catch the avenger, but the terrible weapon again swung rapidly, and two more of New York's 'finest' went down. Then with a quick rush the man darted through the crowd, which at once closed around him, and escaped.

"The police now charged the crowd, clubbing innocent people shamefully. In the midst of the turmoil a patrol wagon dashed up, into which the three insensible bluecoats and the first victims were loaded. The gentleman who had first come up and opened the controversy was nowhere to be seen.

"When I reached the hotel the ball was in full blast. In the rotunda I found a number of men in evening

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dress, strolling about smoking, and intuitively I knew they were detectives. In the hallways I also found officers and detectives every few feet."

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CHAPTER XVI.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

AFTER dining that evening in a private room at the club, where also he added the finishing touches to his toilet, Wesley took a carriage for the Waldorf. We will let him tell in his own language what he saw and heard.

"My carriage stopped at the main entrance to the Waldorf, about ten o'clock, and as I stepped to the pavement, my feet trod on thick tapestry strewn with flowers. My eyes were dazzled by the reflection of a thousand lights. Glancing about, I observed files of police in full uniform on each side of the entrance. I do not confess to being supersensitive, but the sight shocked me. If it had not been for the well-known American cut of the uniforms, I could easily have imagined I was in St. Petersburg, where every social gathering of the nobility is jealously guarded by soldiers and gendarmes. But here in the American republic, in the greatest city of the United States, that such a display of police protection should be considered essential to the success of an ordinary ball seemed preposterous. I construed it as a sign that we are rapidly becoming Europeanized, and I reasoned that if such costly functions as this, which emphasize the class distinction so abhorrent to our democratic ideas, must be protected from danger by an armed force, then we of this generation will surely see armed revolution. If

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wealthy snobs desire to inaugurate a series of silly shows and theatrical imitations of disgraceful European courts, that is their privilege, but they should not deny common every-day people the privilege of walking on their own pavements.

"As I entered the hotel the guardian at the door examined my credentials, and turned me over to an usher, who preceded me to the door of one of the reception rooms. Entering, I found myself in the midst of a group of gentlemen, some in evening dress and others in costume. None were masked, but such as were in costume were very well disguised.

"I recognized here and there a Count du Barry, a Mirabeau, a d'Argenson, and a Duc de la Vallière, chatting with monks, abbes, or officers of the court. The Duc d'Orléans was seated with the Count de Maillebois, smoking a Turkish cigarette and discussing the toilets and fleshly charms of some one of the numerous Mesdames de Pompadour, quite after the fashion, probably, of the days when the originals paced the luxurious halls of the corrupt old monarch whose profligate pageantry impoverished France. The conversation was not distinguished, however, by the courtly politeness of the eighteenth-century Gauls.

"A proper regard for the truth compels me to also observe that the majority of the gentlemen were awkward, lacking the gracefulness of a Duc de Coigny or of a Marquis d'Entraigues. I felt quite sorry for one poor youth who was made up for the character of General Santerre. His rapier kept getting between his legs and tripping him. I also noticed, with a smile for its grim suggestiveness, an Abbé Edgeworth going through the motions of absolution to a Louis XVI.

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"The crowd was too great to permit of much dancing, and the crush of guests everywhere prevented any individual costume from attracting particular attention. For this I was thankful, as I imagined myself to be as awkward in my fool's costume as were the cavaliers who were unable to properly handle their swords and who kept falling over their *impedimenta* so ungracefully.

"Mrs. Bradley-Martin, as I saw her tonight, does not look 'every inch a queen'—her horizontal seems to have been developed at the expense of her perpendicular,—but she is a pusher in society just the same. I am told that she recently bought the young Earl of Craven for her daughter, not as a plaything, but as a husband, thinking, perhaps, that 'to mix cooperage with coronets might some day result in her being grandma to a little Lord Bunghole or a fair Lady Firkin.'

"It seems strange that any city in the world could produce so many women willing to act for a night's masquerading as a Pompadour, a Catherine or a La Valliére. There is no difference between a society demi-rep and a *nymph du pave.* Oh, yes, there is, too —quite a difference. 'One rustles in silk for diamonds, the other hustles in rags for bread.' The nymph is not here tonight, but her sister is very much in evidence, as the lawyers say.*

"I read Talmage the other day. He, too, thinks it necessary to apologize for this affair, and also to excuse it. He 'points a moral and adorns a tale,' but the moral is subject to criticism, and the tale is short. He thinks such swell extravagances are helpful from an economic standpoint; he urges that the ball 'puts money

*Brann's Iconoclast.

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into circulation, makes business better, and helps the people by supplying employment.'

"If this is competent judgment, I move that Uncle Sam squander a few hundred millions on masked balls, and so start an industrial boom. I really believe it would be cheaper to do this than to elect a boom President—McKinley, for example—for the ball would open the millinery shops, while McKinley seems unable to open the mills. But I have no right to be personal.

"A wave of delightful harmony greeted my ears as I entered the great ball-room of the Waldorf. The musicians were playing a dreamy *gavotte*, to whose measured cadence moved many feet in graceful steps. I listened to the flow of the music as it mingled with the silken swish of dainty skirts, and my eyes were dazzled by billowy waves of white shoulders and bare busts, their snowy nudity accentuated by glistening pearls, flashing diamonds, and glowing rubies.

"The air was murky with the perfume of sweet blossoms that yielded their beauty and fragrance on this altar of extravagant revel. The dainty petals of rare roses fell unheeded. Tender, pleading, throbbing strains of melody vibrated in the air and died away unnoticed. To the curled, perfumed sons and daughters of swelldom the beauty of the floral kingdom and the poetry of song have no meaning. Their conception of æstheticism is *a la* Prince of Wales and Oscar Wilde. Their temporal wants are many; their spiritual wants are few.

"Ah! Here comes a dainty daughter in the character of Mlle. de la Vallière. Sweet and gracious, she is ready for the diversions of Fontainebleau with her Louis XIV., who is dancing attendance by her side.

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Poor little Vallière! fortunate King! Is there a Madame Henriette? I do not see her. But who are the bright bevy of well-matured matrons who now approach? Upon my honor two Mesdames de Montespan, three Mesdames du Barry, one Catherine of Russia, and, shades of eternal fitness! one *Martha Washington.* The incongruity of this group seems to me monstrous. That even a counterfeit of the wife of the father of his country should be on terms of social intimacy with the counterparts of a king's playthings causes my gorge to rise. However, Martha seems to be having a good time.

"One thing in connection with this entertainment is a puzzle to me. With all the portals guarded, with none but invited guests present, why have they such an army of detectives within the hotel? Do they fear themselves? Are they distrustful of each other? It would seem so.

"An amiable youth of my acquaintance came up to me with:

"'Say, Stearns, has the king's jester scanned the banquet menu yet? No? Then come with me; I will escort you to the terrapin. I am as hungry as an unemployed workman and as thirsty as a ward bum. Even common plebeian beer would be acceptable, but here it will be champagne—dry, sparkling, effervescing wine. Old Bradley-Martin imported fifty cases—cost in Epernay twenty dollars per quart. I call that drinking liquid gold. We can't get that kind at the club, so let us get outside a double eagle's worth.'

"Not unwillingly I accompany the boy. He is not half a bad fellow; his training has not been of the best; but

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he is not vicious; just a hearty, rollicking lad, not yet spoiled by over-indulgence. If he could be removed from the evils of New York club life he would become a man among men. Perhaps he will anyway; some natures cannot be spoiled by evil associations. He prattles on in an informal way as we sit down, for the banquet proper we have missed. He is attired in the costume of a page of the court of Versailles. The part suits him, for he is a dashing youth, and this evening he has wrought havoc with the heart-strings of many a fair damsel. I find his gossip amusing, for he now grows garrulous. It is the fumes of the wine which loosen his tongue. It certainly is not fair to divulge his confidences, his artless tales of society as he has found it—and really, for a beardless boy, he has seen a thing or two of the goings on in his set.

"'Say, Stearns, did you see Parson Parkhurst here tonight? Oh, you must not look so astonished; he was here, of course as a spectator; and I overheard him ask Mrs. Martin why she did not give a ball representing American history, instead of all this French rigmarole.'

"'And what reply did the lady give?' I asked.

"'"Well, Dr. Parkhurst," she said, "I desire you to understand that we disown having any affection for America. The feeling of repugnance to American institutions is too prevalent in New York to permit us to care to represent any incidents in the history of this country. I admit that there are some persons here who have had the bad taste to appear as American celebrities; as hostess I should not perhaps say that, but really it is in execrable taste."

"'"I don't quite agree with you, Mrs. Martin,"

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replied the Doctor, who is, as you know, Stearns, a very unconventional person, and who did not seem to realize that his presence here and his criticisms were decidedly *de trop*. "I don't quite agree with you. The olden time history of the United States was pure; the ladies who were famous in George Washington's time were virtuous, and the men were noble and brave."

" 'I assure you, Stearns, I began to grow interested, and listened closely for the lady's reply.

" ' "Why, Doctor! I am astonished—I am chagrined. Are you too, turned against us, because we are delineating the days of the eighteenth century, the most picturesque epoch of romantic France?" '

" 'The Doctor was a trifle disconcerted. It began to dawn on him that he had put his foot in it. "My dear Mrs. Martin, I will say no more. I know you ladies are kept so busy with your social obligations that you find no time to study history; I have too high an opinion of you to believe that you meant to celebrate and dignify the vices of the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV." And the good Doctor beamed on Mrs. Bradley-Martin over his spectacles, no doubt thinking he had helped matters amazingly.

" 'Stearns, it was the most amusing dialogue I ever heard. Poor Mrs. Martin was in a quandary. She disliked to confess her ignorance of French history, nor did she relish the idea of upholding the mimicry of the characters exhibited here. I was watching Mrs. Martin's countenance closely to note the effect of the Doctor's words, when I observed just one tiny tear of mortification rolling down the lady's cheek, which she brushed aside before Dr. Parkhurst observed it. I

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never could stand to see a woman weep, and concluded to break up the cruel criticisms of Dr. Parkhurst, whose presence here I thought was in very bad taste, so I chipped in:

"'"Oh, now, Doctor," said I, "let up, won't you? You know there are not ten per cent of the New York people who know or care anything about the history of France, and the small fraction of those who do understand it are not in our set. So what's the odds? (Here I winked at the Doctor.) Don't you see how troubled Mrs. Martin is? Instead of coming here and finding fault with the characters, why don't you praise the beauty of the costumes, the magnificence of the whole affair, the excellence of the wines, the pretty girls? Here, try the champagne; it will warm that frozen heart of yours." I motioned to a servant to fill the Doctor's glass, and then, abashed at my presumption, I fell back in my chair. It was a long speech for me to make. The Doctor looked dazed, but the lady began to recover her equanimity. I guess I said just about the right thing; at any rate I had told the truth, and the truth is generally convincing. The Doctor sipped his wine for a moment in silence, and then said:

"'"Pardon me, Mrs. Martin, our young friend Kerford is right; I don't myself believe there are many people in New York qualified to criticise anything here unless it be the quality of the refreshments. And really, we do not care for the opinions of any one not a New Yorker. Go back to your guests, Mrs. Martin. Again I beg your pardon." Mrs. Martin, now completely mollified, dried her eyes on a point lace handkerchief, and, with a beaming look of gratitude towards me,

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quitted the apartment just as Mr. Martin came in search of her.

"'The Doctor then calmly took possession of the wine bottle, filled his glass, drank it, and with a subdued air left the room. But let me tell you, Stearns, there are plenty of our set who *do* understand the kind of people who flourished under King Louis XV., and I am bold enough to tell you that they enjoy this imitation immensely. I overheard a youth dressed in the gorgeous uniform of a royal equerry ask his partner, a dear little "Duchesse de Brancas," if she did not wish she lived in the good old days when "to love it was no sin," because of royal sanction. I was astonished beyond belief when the presumably innocent girl answered: "Yes, I have been studying the history stories of the time of Louis XV. ever since this ball was talked of, and they do put me in such a flutter. Truly, I would have liked to be a Duchesse de Chateauroux or a Madame du Barry."'

"'Are you chaffing me, Kerford?'

"'No, 'pon honor, Stearns, she said it. What do you think of it?'

"'I think she is probably a truthful girl,' I answered. 'But, Kerford, you must cease telling tales out of school, and if you don't stop punishing champagne, you will ere long be under the table.'

"'All right, I'll stop now and go and hunt up Miss Clews. I am to walk this quadrille with her, you know. So good night.'

"After Kerford's departure, seeing a divan in one of the adjoining waiting-rooms, I entered and lay down for a few moments' rest. The ebbing strains

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of the distant music came floating softly to my ears, and as I listened I let my thoughts wander.———

" 'Come, sir, wake up—'

"I slowly opened my eyes and recognized a liveried hotel attendant.

" 'Heavens!' I cried, 'have I been asleep?'

" 'You seemed to be having a bad dream, sir.'

" 'Thank you. What time is it?'

" 'Past four o'clock, sir.'

" 'Are the guests departing?'

" 'Yes, sir—many of them have already gone.'

"I made my way to the cloak-room, presented my checks, received my outer garments and started down the stairs. Just in front of me were a couple of masqueraders, both intoxicated. The gentleman lurched against his fair companion. She gave a drunken hiccough and blurted out:

" 'I'm as drunk as hell, George. Where is our carriage?'

" 'Damfino. So'm I,' answered George.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A TIN SOLDIER.

AFTER the departure of Wesley and McDermott, Dorothy and her aunt, at their home in Evanston, passed the days in a very humdrum sort of fashion.

This rainy day finds Dorothy seated before a glowing grate, pretending to read. A book is in her lap, but she has scarcely looked at it. A suspicion of the cause of her preoccupation must have crossed the mind of her aunt, for she asks:

"Dorothy, have you heard any news from our two friends since they left for the East?"

"Mr. Short received a letter yesterday from Wesley—I mean Mr. Stearns."

"Indeed! And what did he write?"

"Oh, nothing of importance. Both he and Mr. McDermott are anxious to be at home once more."

"Well, I do wish they would return," said Miss Thackery; "for the house seems quite lonesome at times, and I did enjoy the society of both gentlemen very much."

"Whom did you like best, aunt?"

"I can hardly say. At first I thought Mr. Stearns the most agreeable gentleman I ever met, but I am now inclined to think Mr. McDermott the more thoughtful of the two."

"What caused the change, aunt?" asked Dorothy with a quiet smile.

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"Do you want my candid opinion?"

"Why, of course."

"Very well, then. I think you caused the change in Mr. Stearns."

"What an absurd idea. I don't understand," said Dorothy, coloring.

"I am not so certain of that," said the elder lady with considerable emphasis. "I have observed that ever since the first evening he dined with us he is so absent-minded, unless talking with you, as to verge on rudeness. Why, on the very evening before he started east, and when I was doing my best to entertain him, during one of his temporary periods of sanity he saw me glance toward the water carafe, and anticipating my wish for a glass of water, offered to bring it. I assented, but just at that moment you made some remark which evidently interested the young man, and truly, Dorothy, that glass of water never reached me. The poor fellow deliberately filled the glass with water, and then—drank it himself. If that does not prove him to be at times mentally deranged, Dorothy, I am no judge."

"Now, aunt!"

"Never mind," continued Miss Thackery, "I had not finished. And you also, Dorothy; you are moody and preoccupied; you are not nearly so entertaining as when Mr. Van Brunt is visiting us."

"And I tell you, auntie dear," said Dorothy, looking Miss Thackery squarely in the face, "that I find it impossible to talk to Mr. Stearns on the same silly subjects which are so acceptable to Mr. Van Brunt."

"Mr. Van Brunt is a very pleasant gentleman, and I always supposed you enjoyed his visits."

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"I despise Mr. Van Brunt."

"Why, Dorothy, I am astonished! How about Mr. Stearns—do you despise him, too?"

"No, aunt—I like Mr. Stearns. Mr. Van Brunt bores me. There is only one subject on which he is able to converse, and that is himself and his connection with the doings of the swell set. I came near laughing in his face when he invited you and me to be present at his installation as Colonel of the 'White Horse Squadron.'"

"Dorothy, you are a mischievous girl. Do stop making fun of the poor fellow. He has a few failings, of course."

"Oh! you are joking, surely. A few failings? Is it possible my dear old auntie owns up to them? Now, aunt, you do not—now hush—you do not admire Mr. Van Brunt yourself. You seem as wearied as I am when he comes here with his inane gossip."

The elder lady said nothing in reply, but her eyes contained a merry twinkle which convinced Dorothy that she had not mistaken her aunt's aversion to the young colonel of Chicago's crack regiment.

"And do you remember how queer he looked that evening at the armory? You will recall the funny remarks of the young officer of the Fifth Cavalry who sat in the adjoining box?"

"I recall them, Dorothy, and I thought them very rude."

"But Mr. Van Brunt *did* look so ridiculous on that big white horse. The animal was well trained, or the farce comedy would have ended in a tragedy. I expected every moment Mr. Van Brunt would fall when

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the horse moved faster than a walk, and he looked so distressed, too."

"Who looked distressed, Dorothy, the rider or the horse?"

"I mean Mr. Van Brunt. But I can't help thinking the horse was distressed, too, for 'the horse knew his business,' as the army officer remarked. But as for Mr. Van Brunt, when the order was given to 'Trot,' I never saw such a ridiculous figure in all my life. How the poor fellow's saber flopped up and down."

Miss Thackery laughed in spite of herself.

"Yes, he surely experienced some of the suffering of war. You tittered, too, aunt, when he lost his chapeau. Why do these silly young dudes join the militia anyway? It cannot be because they long for war, for, as our soldier friend in the box said that evening, 'at the first sound of war's alarms the adjutant general would be swamped in a sea of resignations.' "

"Dorothy, you are really an aggravating girl. Don't be too hard on the young man. Remember, our Creator made each and every living thing, and all for some use. Even snakes and butterflies have their uses."

"It is rather hard on poor Mr. Van Brunt," said Dorothy, "to compare him to a snake, for he is in no sense vicious or dangerous; nor yet could he be put in a collection of butterflies, although I think he would look lovely, dressed in his colonel's uniform, and mounted in a case of curiosities with a pin stuck through his back. But 'talk of the angels, and you hear the rustle of their wings.' Here comes our distinguished insect now!"

True enough. Up the street came Mr. Van Brunt, looking as sweet as a fresh-blown pansy, only even

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more æsthetic. He dismissed his coachman, adjusted his hat, smoothed down his tightly buttoned coat, and walked with a jaunty step across the slippery pavement and up the steps to the door.

"Ah, Miss Dorothy, I trust I find you well, and how is your dear aunt?"

"We are both quite well, Mr. Van Brunt. Auntie has just gone upstairs to rest a little while."

"Indeed, I am so glad—I mean I am so sorry—no, dash it all! I—I—will she be down soon?"

"Really, Mr. Van Brunt, I hardly know. If you wish to see her, I will call her."

"Oh, pray don't; I would not if I were you; it is so cozy here, and we can chat together, you know, until she returns "

Dorothy looked annoyed, but, seeing that there was no escape, resigned herself to the inevitable.

"How did you enjoy yourself at the drill, at my—ah —at—my—installation?" murmured Mr. Van Brunt.

"Oh, ever so much; truly, both auntie and myself were delighted. It was inspiring; the grand martial music, the magnificent horses and the soldiers, too. All women dote on soldiers, you know. I always did admire the manly, courageous bearing of a real soldier."

The sarcasm was lost on Mr. Van Brunt.

"Did you notice my appearance, Miss Dorothy? Did —I—ah—come up to your idea of a soldier?"

"Why, Mr. Van Brunt, how can you ask such a question? Never have I seen anything like it; your appearance was so different, so—"

"Ah, yes, Miss Dorothy, I rather flatter myself that I did creditably; but you know the duties of a colonel

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in the cavalry service are so fatiguing, so arduous." And Mr. Van Brunt twisted the waxed points of his mildly fierce mustache.

"Yes, indeed; they must be," answered Dorothy, sympathetically.

"Yes, by Jove! It is an awful strain on a fellow. Why, we drill three times a week since the Debs strike, when people were allowed so much freedom the mob have been howling hard times and growling out all sorts of impudent threats. And the government is so easy on them that the gentility of the city have become alarmed, and it may be necessary for our regiment to protect their property. If I had my way, I would soon stop their talking. I would order the first one of the *canaille* that raised a howl to be shot down. Why, the plebeians think they run this country, and that they are too good to clean sewers and such things. The lazy good-for-nothings had better be thankful that they may do that. Bah! it makes me sick to meet them on the streets, and they think they are equal with us. Of course we need them to do our work, but they must be taught to keep their places. Why, if we don't keep them under, they will be rising like they did in Paris."

"Oh, Mr. Van Brunt, that would be awful."

"Yes, Miss Dorothy, and just to think of your being exposed to such a mob."

"But what will you do if they do arise? How can you stop them?"

"Ah, that is very easy. The common people, you know, are natural-born cowards, and there will be none of the dilatoriness on the part of the law and order men which characterized the authorities during

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the French Revolution. The moment there is any sign of disturbance, I will order out the White Squadron, and I will give the order to 'charge,' and we will sweep through the streets and drive the mob back to their dives. Oh, I can assure you there will be no playing with them. We will strike right and left with our sabers, and teach them a lesson they will never forget. Oh! it quite makes my blood boil to think of it. Really, Miss Dorothy, I sometimes wish they would rise."

"But, Mr. Van Brunt, wouldn't there be children and women among them? You would certainly not cut them down."

"Oh, yes, Miss Dorothy. Why, the women are awful creatures; they are worse than the men. Why, I couldn't bear you even seeing them. They are regular she-tigers—I suppose they will make up the most of the mob—and the children are genuine little vipers. Why, one shouldn't pity them any more than he should snakes."

"Why, Mr. Van Brunt, how can you?"

"Miss Dorothy, your tender sensibilities really do honor to your kind heart; but you don't know what base creatures they are. Why, they actually threaten our lives because they are so improvident as to lack food."

"But suppose that these people should be armed?"

"Armed? Of course they will be armed with stones and other missiles, but it is not to be supposed that they will have guns and pistols. They would have no money to buy them, and anyway we people who form the government would not allow it."

"But suppose," continued the tormenting Dorothy,

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"that the mobs you are called upon to quell are composed of men—full-grown, strong men, armed with guns, pistols and dynamite?"

"The idea is preposterous. I wouldn't mind the guns and pistols, but dynamite—is such deuced bad form, dontcherknow. It is horrible to think of one's body being blown all to pieces, and of being a horrid, ragged, fragmentary corpse. Well! as I have said, we who form the government would not allow it—never! It's horrible to think of. No, the government will never allow things to progress so far." And Van Brunt grew quite pale at the thought. "But, Miss Dorothy, we won't think of such a thing."

"But really, Mr. Van Brunt, I think we are threatened with a great revolution, and that is exactly how you will have to fight."

"Ah," drawled Van Brunt, seeming to be at his wits' end for a suitable reply, "let us change the subject; the conversation is growing very fatiguing. But if I thought our government would be so remiss as to let the brutes go on and get a foothold, I should send in my resignation tomorrow. If our country will not do its duty by us, we will ruin it by leaving. I would like to know how it can get along if there is no one to give work to the people. We will leave, and the beasts will starve. Yes, Miss Dorothy, I think I will send in my resignation, sell my property, and leave for dear old England. Under its glorious rule I feel that I could be happy. But, Miss Dorothy, I really *couldn't* leave without taking the sweetest flower that, ah, ever bloomed; and that flower, ah, that flower, by Jove, Miss Dorothy, is yourself. Won't you leave this dreadful land, Miss Dorothy, and come with me? Ah,

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Miss Dorothy, darling Dorothy, I entreat you. I am wealthy. I could buy anything for you. You could be the queen of the Four Hundred."

And Mr. Van Brunt stopped with a confident and rapturous smile on his lips.

"Mr. Van Brunt, you do me a great honor, but"—here Dorothy hesitated and seemed at a loss in her choice of words—"you mistake me if you think I seek to shine as a queen in the Four Hundred. My heart goes out to the very common people whom you have described as beasts, and—perhaps I should not say it in my own home—but it is likewise withdrawn from one who can conceive it a duty he owes to any government to cut down destitute mothers and helpless children in the name of honorable warfare."

Startled as never before, Van Brunt stammered out: "But, Miss Dorothy, I will be—as you—as you wish. I withdraw my hasty language—I offer you my heart—my wealth!"

Dorothy answered him: "I cannot give you my heart, and I have promised myself, Mr. Van Brunt, that I shall never consider an offer of wealth when it comes to persuade me from the path of duty. My affections must be free. I have no pride of caste or family, and I had many times rather be the wife of an honest laborer than the wife of one who holds in contempt those who by the arbitrary laws of our 'society,' and by those laws only, are beneath him."

The heir to millions was astonished. He could not believe that he, the wealthy Colonel Van Brunt, had been refused. But there was no mistake. For a moment he was dazed. He tried to go on, but failed utterly, and in desperation picked up his hat and left the house.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

VICTIMS OF THE GREED FOR GOLD.

TIME passed swiftly with our friends in the great Eastern metropolis, for they had much work to do. The day of President-elect McKinley's inauguration was almost at hand, but the wave of prosperity which the money-mongers had promised was as yet nowhere in sight.

Failures by the thousand, strikes, lockouts, idle mills, all with their consequent poverty, hunger and want, made the great cities a seething ferment of discontent. The populace was becoming dangerous, so dangerous, in fact, that the leaders of the charity organizations went to the wealthy men of every city and town and compelled them to double or quadruple their usual donations.

While many of the rich were not yet seriously alarmed, some hired private watchmen to guard their premises and their persons from possible attack by the unemployed. Many felt that a crisis now could not long be averted unless relief came at once. But how could relief be given?

The administration of Grover Cleveland was about to give place to that of William McKinley, but the new régime held out no hope, unless tinkering with the tariff could assure it, and intelligent people generally had no faith in that remedy. It was known that Lyman J. Gage was to be Secretary of the Treasury,

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which meant that, so far as he could prevent it, there would be no return to bimetallism, and that the present era of the gold standard and falling prices would continue four years more.

Meanwhile the money kings, sure of Federal protection in case the people became obstreperous, were preparing fresh schemes of plunder. General Miles, commander in chief of the army, had, on the advice of his wife's uncle, John Sherman, asked Congress to increase the army. The General knew that he would need more soldiers in case of an uprising. Besides, he was growing old, and he felt that unless he made opportunities for himself, this generation might never discover his abilities as a soldier.

One morning about ten days after the Bradley-Martin ball, our friends found in their mail an order from Mr. Short for a four-column article on the very poor of the tenement-house districts of New York, to be presented as a foil to their descriptions of the extravagances of the very rich.

"I suppose it is best that we go together," said McDermott.

"Very well," replied Wesley.

"Let us start at once. Hold on, though, Wesley. Mr. Short says he doesn't want a line concerning the foreign poor or the criminal poor. He wants to show the condition of the working classes who have lately become impoverished by unjust laws and the tyranny of the corporations. He says in this letter: 'The terrible condition of the former has been placed before the people by every paper in the land, while, so far as I can see, no writer has ventured to make public the condition of our own laborers and mechanics, so many

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of whom are now and have been so long out of employment.' ''

Leaving the hotel, the correspondents went first to the rooms of an agent of the Associated Charities. They explained their mission and were cordially received. Agreeing to accompany them, the agent put on his hat and overcoat, and the trio soon started on their tour of observation. The first person visited was a member of the Trades Assembly. He received them gladly, and in answer to questions said:

"Our people in all branches of labor are in great want, and the tax upon those who have employment, and who under our rules must assist those who have not, is severe. We are alarmed. Many of us hoped the triumph of the 'sound money' forces in the last election would 'open the mills,' but the contrary is true. Before the election we were told that the triumph of McKinley would open every shop and factory, and that if Bryan was elected everything would close. They also told us that such of us as had any savings in the banks would, in the event of the remonetization of silver, find our money worth only fifty cents on the dollar.''

"Why did you believe in such rot?'' asked McDermott.

"I did not, and there were many of us who had been reading and become informed, and who knew the politicians and gold-bugs were lying to us; but the majority of our poor working people have no time to read, many of them are unable to read, and besides, almost every paper in New York was on the gold side, and their lying editorials were swallowed as gospel truth. I kept telling them that what the *Sun* or the

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Times or the *Tribune* said could not be relied on, for never since the present questions have been agitated have they told a word of truth or advocated any measure of relief or justice to the working people. The *Morning Journal* was the only prominent daily paper which had not sold out to the plutocrats. Then, again, the bosses of the big shops would come in on us when we were at work, bringing yellow McKinley badges for distribution, and if any one refused to wear them, discharge was sure. Our poor fellows had to think of their hungry families and pin on their breasts Mark Hanna's badge of slavery. About two months before election hundreds of big mills and factories closed down. They told us they feared Bryan might be elected. Then nearly every concern in the city put big streamers on the mills reading:

If McKinley is elected this mill will reopen on full time with an increase of wages.

"On those few mills which had not closed were streamers reading:

If Bryan is elected this mill closes down permanently.

"Now, the rich people who owned these establishments were good church people, but they seemed to think about last October that the best and most profitable way to serve the Lord was to hang out these streamers. Since the election, every concern which

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has not closed has cut down wages. They tell us we get our pay in 'sound money,' so that really our wages are higher. But somehow our money doesn't buy any more food or clothing than it did before election."

"The trusts look out for that part of it," interposed Wesley. "And now let me ask you, are there many cases of suffering in the city?"

"Yes, indeed; there are thousands of cases of actual starvation, and thousands of cases also where everything of value has gone to the pawnbroker, and these poor people will be starving soon. The big newspapers are prevented by the trusts from telling the facts."

"That's so," interrupted the agent. "I have given hundreds of items to the reporters, but they were never published."

"That is true in every city," said McDermott. "The aristocracy would fear for their lives if such news were spread over the country."

"Are their lives more precious than ours?" spoke up the workingman. "We love our wives and babies with as much strength as they love theirs. I tell you, gentlemen, it is awful to see these people well dressed, well fed and in luxury and splendor, while we working people have to see our families go cold and hungry. Can you wonder that we are growing desperate and hold secret meetings among ourselves to plan means of relief? Our people don't want charity. They want work, at fair wages. We will not submit to being ground down much longer. A man has only once to die, and we are almost ready now to take even chances."

"Hush, my friend; don't talk like that," spoke up Wesley, soothingly.

"I have been a quiet, peaceable man all my life, sir,

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and a law-abiding man, but when I see a lot of courts and lawyers who can find no law for a poor man, I say damn the law, I'll have none of it in mine. Let a starving man or woman steal a loaf of bread, and away they go to Blackwell's Island. But the rich can do as they please. Most of them have become rich by stealing our bread. I tell you *our* bread, and I say let us send them to a hotter place than Blackwell's Island. You don't like this kind of talk, but come with me; I will show you sights that will make you two ready for revenge."

"Not revenge, but justice," solemnly spoke up the agent.

"Justice, is it?" the man replied passionately. "Under present conditions there is no justice. Where is the justice in our courts, where is the justice in our trusts, where is the justice in rich employers crowding down our wages till our families are in want? To hell with justice as we get it now."

The agent said nothing in reply, but Wesley spoke up:

"My friend, we would like to look into your people's side of the case. This man and myself are correspondents for a big Chicago paper. We will publish a truthful account of all you show us."

"Come with me," said the man, "first to the house of one of our members, a tailor, and see for yourselves."

Climbing up four flights of dirty stairs, the little party of explorers found at No. 50 Essex street the family of Solomon Good. On entering the room the signs of abject poverty were plain. The apartment was small, yet six persons were compelled to live in it.

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An old stove, an old dry-goods box for a table, another for a cupboard, and some old tin dishes. The bed, some old blankets on the floor. Wrapped up in the blankets were four little children so wasted by want that the outlines of the bones could be traced through the drawn skin.

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the agent. "I did not know of this starving family. I will help them at once."

"How could you be expected to find them all? There are thousands of cases like this," said the workingman.

"Where is your husband, Mrs. Good?" asked McDermott.

"He is looking for work. He has had no work for four months, and everything we had in the way of furniture we pawned. He cannot bear to sit here day after day, watching me and the children starve. Oh, gentlemen, for the love of God, help us! We are starving, and it is so cold. Give me ten cents, please—five cents—to buy some milk for my baby. Look at his pinched face, his blue lips!" And the poor woman threw herself on the blankets and kissed and caressed the puny infant.

Wesley turned to McDermott, his eyes streaming with tears.

"Run downstairs, Wesley," said McDermott. "Get a little lean beef—some fuel—a quart of milk—some bread and a little wine. And hurry." Then he added in a whisper: "Bring the nearest doctor." To hide his own tears, he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously. "Now, my good woman, we will soon have you and the children in good shape. Food will soon be here. Brace up, there—there—don't cry—my friend will soon be back with food."

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The children, awakened by the talking, crawled half naked out of the blankets, and crowded around the group of visitors, hanging to their knees and peering up in their faces in curious amazement.

"Ise hungry, mamma; please div me somefin to eat. Please, mamma."

"Me, too, mamma, des a ittle piece of b'e'd."

"Listen to the darlings, gentlemen—I can't stand it —I don't understand. Help is here?—Oh, this is too much." And the woman wept hysterically.

When Wesley returned with the food and wine he was accompanied by a doctor. As they entered the room they found McDermott trying to comfort the woman, who was still weeping, while the agent and the workingman were standing around helplessly, with their eyes suspiciously moist. The doctor made an examination, and gave careful directions as to the giving of food. He then left, promising to come again, or as often as he was needed. Instead of accepting the fee tendered him by Wesley, he took from his pocket two silver dollars and laid them on a shelf. McDermott and Wesley protested, but the good doctor would have none of it and hastily left the room.

The fire was now burning brightly, and the shivering inmates crowded close to it. The agent prepared a little hot soup, and as the smell pervaded the little room the children could hardly be restrained. Just as the food was placed steaming hot on the table, the door opened and in walked the husband. At the sight of the food and the strangers he paused, gasped for air and staggered like a drunken man. McDermott threw his arm about him, and pulled him to the box which was doing duty as a table, whispering in his ear that help had

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come, and adding: "Don't talk, my man, but eat—there is enough for all."

What a change had occurred in this dreary room in one short half hour. Sweet charity had entered. The grim specter of hunger had vanished.

Turning to the agent, Wesley, in an undertone, asked: "Can we rely on your listing this case and attending to it?"

"Yes. As soon as the man gets a little stronger we will find work for him."

Bidding this poor family good-by, amidst a tempest of thankfulness from them, the little party left the house.

"What do you think now?" asked the workingman. "There are many similar cases. I only heard of this on Saturday, so commenced on it first. Our lodge has committees out all the time looking up such cases, but many are never found. This winter has been a fearful one. The closing of so many avenues of employment has thrown thousands out of work. What is to become of them God only knows."

"But the people subscribe liberally for charity," said Wesley, "and the organized societies are doing all they can."

"Yes, sir, but the task is too great. Then there is the vindictiveness of the police—Roosevelt has given orders to arrest every man found looking for work—"

"Now stop right here," said McDermott. "I cannot believe that."

"And I tell you, sir, it is God's own truth. The 'Island' is now packed full of people arrested as vagrants. Many of them are honest workingmen, and the 'Island' is so crowded that they have to put them

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in tents outside the walls of the work-house. The potter's field is growing fat, too—hundreds are hustled off to it in rough pine boxes every day.

> 'Rattle his bones over the stones;
> He is only a pauper whom nobody owns.'

"The funerals do not have the usual service," continued the man. "No ritual—no ministers—the authorities just step in and bury the bodies because if left on top of the earth they might smell badly. The black slave that so much fuss was made about thirty odd years ago was in good circumstances compared with the white slave of today; but no Wendell Phillips, no Beecher or Garrison is here to show to the world the awful condition of the white slave."

"Yet we have men who are telling the truth through the newspapers and on the rostrum," said McDermott.

"Yes, and they are abused just as were the abolitionists," added Wesley. "They are called anarchists—demagogues—every epithet under the canopy. However, this persecution will result in so arousing the masses that the end of white slavery will come as abruptly as did the end of black slavery."

"And blood will flow before it is accomplished," replied the workingman.

"I hope not," said Wesley.

McDermott was silent, but listened attentively.

"Do you want to see more?" asked the workingman.

"We will go wherever you lead," said McDermott.

"Very well. This card says No. 609 Bleecker street. There we will find a machinist who has been out of work for over five months; he is now very ill, so my informant says. Up to last fall he had a good position, and several thousand dollars laid away for a rainy day,

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but the money was in a savings bank which went up in the panic. In order to economize, he refused to buy an overcoat to wear while tramping the streets searching for work, and in consequence caught a cold, which has turned to quick consumption. The family were compelled to move from a comfortable home to two little rooms. They are supported by the mother, who works in a box factory, the young son, who is a messenger boy, and the eldest daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen years, who is in one of the large dry-goods houses."

While this story was being told our quartet were seated in a car on the L road. Soon the conductor (New Yorkers call him guard, after the English) called out the station nearest their destination. On reaching the proper number, they rang the bell and were admitted. This time they climbed three flights of stairs. On entering the little room, by courtesy called a parlor, Wesley and McDermott were struck by the many evidences of refinement shown by the simple attempts at tasteful decoration, and the quantity and quality of the books arranged neatly on a tier of plain shelving. A girl of ten opened the door. The workingman asked her to tell her papa that a friend from the Assembly wished to see him. She came back shortly and invited the company to the bed-chamber. Propped up in bed sat the poor fellow, his eyes bright and his cheeks hectic with the flush of disease. He held out a wasted hand to the workingman.

First introducing the agent and our two friends, the workingman seated himself, and, drawing his chair close to the bedside, asked after the condition of the invalid, employing with rare tact the gentle, almost

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womanly tenderness so often found in stern natures when confronted with suffering. The sick man was asked if he would tell the history of his case for the benefit of the Assembly, but no hint was given as to the vocation of the two correspondents.

The man assented and began: "Last fall the shop where I worked closed down. They promised to open up again if McKinley was elected, but they have never opened a day since they closed. I had $3,400 in a savings bank, but it failed the latter part of last November. One of the boys in the shop had borrowed fifty dollars from me, and when he heard the bank had burst he came to me and paid me back. That helped some, thank God. I was taken sick on the first day of December, and have never left the room but once since, and that was when we moved from our other house to this place. We had to give the other one up. The loss of the money, all my savings, came near killing me. My wife found a situation in a box factory at four dollars a week, and my daughter secured a position at three dollars a week in Hardman's dry-goods house. The boy does his share, too; he is only thirteen. But you see, gentlemen, sickness costs money, the doctor must be paid, medicine bought, and only the women and the boy to earn. If I could only get well I could find something to do. It is awful to have to lie here day after day and look up at the ceiling and think—think—till my brain whirls. My little girl is so good to me—she is a dear little woman; does all the housework and waits on papa, too—don't you, dearie?" addressing the child as the little helper came close to the bedside to "see if father needed anything."

"We sold most of our furniture—we could not move

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it here—but it brought us very little money. I don't want charity, gentlemen: we can get along, and there are so many others who are worse off than we are. But I wish my poor wife and daughter did not have to work so hard. If I could only get well! I will be well soon, though; I feel ever so much better today, and times are going to be good now—the papers say so—and I can then commence all over again."

The agent, the workingman, Wesley and McDermott exchanged glances of doubt, for it was evident that the man was on his death-bed, but they spoke hopefully to the patient. Continuing, he said: "I see in the papers that, notwithstanding good times seem close at hand, the shops and stores are still cutting wages, and working on short time, many of them. I hope they won't cut wages where my wife and daughter are."

"Oh, no, sir, I don't think that will occur," said Wesley, turning to look out of the window. He could not find heart to tell the poor invalid that in the morning paper he had seen the announcement of a cut of twenty per cent in wages at Hardman's, which would reduce the daughter's wages to $2.40 per week.

"I have been reading also of the trials and temptations of the girls who are compelled to earn their own living," said the sick man. "And I pray to the good Lord no harm will come to Florence. She is a good girl, gentlemen, and is well educated; she is a graduate of the high school. Listen; that is her voice now. I wonder why she is at home so early."

Wesley heard the girl talking to the landlady in the hall, but could not distinguish her words. She finally came into the room to her father, where she acknowl-

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edged her introduction to the visitors with modest grace. Wesley was sure he saw signs of weeping in her lovely eyes; but she was all cheerfulness when she kissed her father. She smoothed and turned his pillows, gave him some medicine, and then, excusing herself, left the room.

"Now, Mr. Saunders, let's come to business," said the workingman, addressing the patient. "Our Assembly did not know of your illness until last Saturday, and they have asked me to call and tell you that there is an allowance of six dollars a week for you, until such time as you will be able to go to work. You have paid out money in days past to assist others; now you must accept this. Here is a check for the first week. No! you must keep it, Saunders. Think of your family; remember, this is not charity; this is a loan, and you will soon be able to pay it back." After some expostulation the sick man reluctantly consented to accept the check, and the workman prepared for departure.

"And now we must be going. Good-by, Saunders; keep a stiff upper lip. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that we will also keep up your lodge dues. You are a member of No. 38; so if anything should happen, the family is provided for. Now, don't worry. Come on, gentlemen, let us be off."

On the landing the landlady beckoned to the party to follow her to her rooms, and in a state of wonderment they did so. Closing the door carefully, the good old lady began:

"I reckon you men air here to help the Saunderses. Well, they need it. And I want to tell you about this girl Florence. She's in the bed-room there, cryin' her eyes out. I do hope you air going to do something for

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'em, for they're awful nice folks and have had so much bad luck. And now poor Florence has left old Hardman's—I could tear that old scoundrel's eyes out—and he a pillar of the church, too, with his sanctimonious face and palaverin' ways."

"Please explain, my dear madam; we don't understand. What has happened?" asked McDermott.

"Why, that dear girl has been abused shamefully. It's a good thing for Hardman that Mr. Saunders is a sick man, for I believe Saunders would kill him if he was well and knew it. He ought to be killed—the beast! But we dare not tell Mr. Saunders—oh, no! It might be the death of him. And Florence has begged me not to tell a soul. How a human bein' can sink so low as to insult a girl a-tryin' to earn an honest livin'!"

"Out with it, madam, out with it. What is the matter? Don't waste any more words," said McDermott, rather sharply.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose her father told you Florence was a clerk in Hardman's, and yesterday they cut wages twenty per cent. Florence went into the office at noon today, and found Mr. Hardman alone. She told him of her family, of her pa's sickness and how they had lost their money. Mr. Hardman was much interested, and the poor girl was encouraged to ask him not to cut her wages. When she mentioned this he came over and set down alongside her, took her hand and said: 'Miss Florence, you air a nice girl, a pretty girl, and it's a shame you have to work. Now I propose that you leave the department you air in, and come into my private office, where you can be near me, and I will raise your wages to ten dollars a week, and buy you nice clothes. And all I ask of you in re-

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turn, Florence, is that you love me a little, and one or two evenin's a week go out with me to the theater—then a nice supper afterward.'

"The poor girl was scared half to death, and began to cry, when the wretch tried to pull her down on his lap. Then she screamed and fainted dead away. This frightened the old sinner, and he sprinkled water on her face and brought her to. As soon as she felt a little better, she tottered to the cloak-room for her hat and cape and came right home and told me all about it. Isn't it a shame, gentlemen?"

"It is, indeed," said Wesley. "Who is this man Hardman?"

"He keeps a big store on Broadway," answered the workingman. "I have heard of him before. He is a prominent member of Trinity Church, the high and select religious organization that worships in the temple at the head of Wall street and rents its real estate holdings to thieves and prostitutes. Yes, I have heard of him before."

"Is he a married man—a man of family?" queried the agent.

"Oh, yes, indeed; he has a wife, two daughters, one about the age of Florence, and a son of about twenty-two years, a chip of the old block and the protector of several chorus girls, who live in apartments furnished by him."

"For heaven's sake! Is he a church member, too?"

"Perhaps a lay reader," put in McDermott—"in white robes."

"Now, gentlemen, what do you think of old Hardman?" asked the landlady.

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"Oh, we think as you do, that he is a contemptible scoundrel," said Wesley.

"But let us drop him, madam," said the working-man, "he is not a fit subject for even casual discussion. We must think of this poor family and what we can do to relieve their wants. The money that the Assembly gives makes it unnecessary for either of the women to work. Tell Mrs. Saunders and Florence that neither of them need work now, and between you and me, madam, Mr. Saunders is not long for this world, and when he dies the family will get the two thousand dollars life insurance from his lodge. Now we will go, and I will come once a week and see how everything progresses."

On their way back the agent enlightened the reporters on the diabolical ways of some of the big merchants—how they employ virtuous young women to work for starvation wages, and, when they remonstrate, tell them to make themselves agreeable, not only to the merchants themselves, but to the customers of the house. It is said on good authority that the business men of New York are responsible for the social ruin of twenty thousand female white slaves annually. This awful statement is true in like proportion of every large city. The immorality of black slavery is discounted by the immorality of white slavery in these centers of alleged Christian civilization. The poor creatures have no pulpit orators to eloquently proclaim their wrongs to the church-goers, no able editor to champion their cause. How valuable has grown the dollar, how cheap the human soul!

Now, suppose some courageous minister should begin to investigate, what would happen?

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The great metropolitan newspapers would call him a meddler and a crank, impugn his motives and harass him, while his congregation would rapidly dwindle away. It is not astonishing, therefore, that no one can be found in clerical circles brave enough to commence an exposé of the wrongs inflicted on helpless women in the great cities.

Argue this question with a business man and he will tell you that he cannot afford to pay good wages; if he did he would become a bankrupt. Discuss it with an editor, and he will tell you he cannot interfere without offending the business men who advertise in the columns of his paper. Expostulate with a minister of the gospel and he will tell you he can do nothing; that he doesn't believe the evils exist; he never ran across an instance, he will say. Each has his excuse; but the love of money, the unholy greed for gold, is to blame for it all.

Church people themselves are largely to blame that such an arraignment is possible, and that social ostracism is not meted out to members who are not moral in their daily lives. But as the nation deteriorates, so, it seems, does the high standing of the church. Ignatius Donnelly has described the church of today as "a place where men go to maintain their business prestige, and the women to display their millinery," and he is about right.

Our correspondents continued their investigation for several days and nights. Their articles described much of what they saw and excited great interest and a feeling of sorrowful indignation wherever they were read.

"The *Biograph*," wrote Mr. Short to his emissaries,

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"is doing splendidly; our circulation has increased beyond all expectations. Our directors are well pleased. Keep up your good work. Send me a good one on the inauguration."

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE VICTORS CELEBRATE.

WESLEY and McDermott arrived in Washington two days before the inauguration. They went at once to the Arlington Hotel, where quarters had been reserved for them. Ensconced in their rooms, they held a conference and decided that, as the Associated Press would of course send out a detailed and elaborate report of the ceremonies, they would not give detailed descriptions of the main event, but would carefully pick out the side bits generally overlooked by the regular correspondents. As Wesley observed to McDermott: "We will just prowl around the edges, and describe exactly that which the authorities and the participants in the affair do not want to have made public. We will show up the side that never gets attention and write things that if recorded by a regular reporter would cost him his job. My! what oceans of slush will be written about this affair by the reporters of the Associated Press, to be read and partly digested by the poor public. I wonder if the spirits of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson are here and comparing this vulgar display of tinsel and gold braid with their own simple inaugurations. In the good old days, when the Republic was young, the people did not try to make an inauguration resemble the coronation of the Czar. But this President was elected by the money power, and it is just as well to

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serve up the thing in a style commensurate with the cost of electing him."

"Yes," replied McDermott, "if it is to be the triumphal beginning of the reign of the money kings, simplicity would be entirely out of place. But what is the use of our staying up here in these stuffy rooms? Let us move around a bit."

"All right, Jack; let us go down to the rotunda. When I was down there to register our names I noticed a long string of honorables, dishonorables, railway presidents, trust presidents, army officers, swelled head militia colonels, majors, bank officials—why, the hotel register is worth its weight in gold for the sake of its autographs. Right above our names I read that of that well beloved Colorado Senator, Edward O. Wolcott; he had put his address down Denver, but some facetious wag had crossed out Denver and written 'Lunnon' in its stead."

"I would be willing to wager the price of Mrs. McKinley's new dress, if I had it, that some Colorado man did that," said McDermott, laughing. "What else did you see?"

"Oh, I saw the name of that great philanthropist, Russell Sage, and overheard a bell-boy say that he haggled with the clerk for ten minutes over the price of his room, and finally took an attic bed-room without heat. The clerk was about to ask him for pay in advance until he saw the name."

"You are making all this up as you go along, Wesley."

"Then," Wesley went on, "there was the name of our old friend, John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. He came in right behind us, and as soon as he wrote his name

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he asked the clerk to send one hundred messengers up to his room, as he wanted to start them right out distributing cards. I've got one of the cards in my pocket somewhere. On one side it reads: 'Come to Jesus and to our Bethany Sunday School.' On the other side: 'Trade with John Wanamaker.' John is not overlooking this great opportunity for doing good and booming his own business at the same time. I tell you, Jack, before tomorrow night there will be tens of thousands of these serio-comic department store advertisements all over Washington."

Here a blare of music stopped the talking, and the two friends stepped to the window to note the cause.

"It's nothing," said McDermott. "Only a regiment of tin soldiers. But look! they are from Chicago; there is our brave Colonel Van Brunt. It's a pity that fellow could never learn to ride. Explain to me, Wesley, why it is that so many clerks and young men in other occupations join the militia; there is no glory in it. The whole world despises make-believe soldiers. If we were threatened with invasion it would be different; but to perform duty properly belonging to policemen or deputy sheriffs, and liable at any minute to be called out to protect the ill-gotten gains of some hide-bound old plutocrat, and possibly to aid in evicting helpless women and children from their squalid homes at the behest of some Carnegie, Frick, Mark Hanna or Rockefeller—no, I don't see how they can relish it. I suppose the officers get pay enough to alleviate any pangs of conscience which they might have, but for the privates, what is there in it for them? Nothing; not even decent pay, and certainly no honor or glory."

"Let me tell you what I think, Jack. The military

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spirit is fostered by the moneyed classes now more than ever before. They fear that the working people and farmers cannot endure their rule much longer, and they encourage the maintenance of militia companies, in order to keep ready a force of armed men to quell the coerced and down-trodden wretches into submission at the first signs of revolt. My firm belief is that this will react on the rich classes. It is a dangerous thing to play at war, and there are many thousands of young men who will learn the rudiments of war in the ranks of the militia, and when the social crisis comes, as come it must, they will turn their knowledge of warfare against this very class which is now upholding them."

The regiment had by this time passed by, and the two reporters turned from the window, and, leaving the room, went down into the rotunda.

"They are a well-fed, prosperous-looking crowd," remarked McDermott, after they had strolled about the office a few minutes. "There is Andrew Carnegie. He looks as happy as possible, appears as if he had a good digestion, too. I wonder whether he sleeps soundly."

"Why shouldn't he?" retorted Wesley.

"Oh, I thought perhaps he had a conscience, and that the visions of other days and the memories of his past misdeeds might trouble him. I will admit that his countenance doesn't indicate it, though. His face shows only the sharp lines drawn by avarice and cunning; it does not indicate that his heart is full of the milk of human kindness. Who is that man he is talking to?"

"That is Henry Clews, the great New York banker; he has an office in Wall street, and writes weekly

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forecasts on the financial situation that few people read and nobody believes, because none of his prophecies have ever come true. Note the shape of his head—see that great bump of self-esteem."

"Who is that sedate, dapper young man with the carnation in his button-hole, who has just joined them?"

"That is young Green, the son of Hetty Green. He managed the Republican campaign last fall in Texas. As soon as the inauguration is over, he and his mother are going to Chicago to foreclose their mortgages, amounting, I am told, to over $4,500,000. The owners of the property covered by the incumbrances are badly in arrears with the interest and taxes. Ah, they are going to the bar to get a drink. I am not thirsty, but let us go and get a cigar. Perhaps they will let fall from their lips some priceless pearls of information concerning the country that they have captured."

"What will you have, gentlemen?" asked the bejeweled gentleman behind the bar.

"I'll take a little hot Scotch," said the iron magnate.

"I'll take a little rye," said Mr. Clews.

"Gin fizz," said Mr. Green.

Wesley and Jack indulged in cigars, and then lounged around carelessly while listening attentively.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Carnegie impressively, "we will drink to the health of Major McKinley; may he, as a Republican President, be as faithful to our interests as was Grover Cleveland, the Democrat."

"Amen," said a powerful bass voice just at this moment.

Mr. Carnegie and his friends turned in astonishment to look at the last speaker.

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"Mark Hanna! by all that's holy. When did you join us?" said Mr. Clews.

"Oh, I came up in time to hear this toast and pronounce a benediction on it. But may I not be permitted to join you?"

"Certainly, what will you have?"

"I will drink a glass of good old English ale. Please repeat the toast, Mr. Carnegie, and then we will all drink. Come, gentlemen, this is the day of our triumph."

With glasses held high in the air, the merry group stand listening, while Mr. Carnegie repeats the toast. The glasses emptied, Mr. Hanna speaks:

"This is a glorious day, gentlemen. If the day after tomorrow is like this, it will be typical of the sunny days before us—an auspicious beginning, truly. Gentlemen, I think I have conclusively proven that great is the power of money. When I assumed the chairmanship of the National Committee, many of our people doubted the possibility of our overcoming the universal discontent existing among the common classes. But do you remember what I told you, Mr. Clews, one day last July?"

"I remember it perfectly, Mr. Hanna. You said to me: 'Mr Clews, it is only a question of dollars and cents—a business question. This campaign must be run on business principles. You furnish me enough money and I will guarantee you the election of Mr. McKinley.' "

"Precisely. Only I also told you how I proposed to spend the money, and informed you where and to whom to go to get it. I told you that every national bank in the country must be asked to subscribe one

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per cent of its capital, ditto every insurance company, and then, that every trust and corporation must also be asked to contribute three per cent of its surplus; that the railroads must subscribe among them as their share not less than two millions of dollars; that the transatlantic steamship companies must be required to contribute half a million dollars. And I asked also that a communication be sent to the house of Rothschild, that in consideration of one million dollars contributed by it we would agree, if successful, to keep this country on an absolute gold basis. And last but not least, I insisted that after thoroughly organizing in every State, county, village and town, local committees be appointed to canvass for small subscriptions, from one dollar up to ten thousand."

"That was the shrewdest move you made," observed Mr. Green.

"Of course. By that method we raised over three millions. But, gentlemen, let us have some cigars and adjourn to my rooms. It is not every day that circumstances will permit us to be in each other's company, and I am anxious to tell you how I worked this election business. By the way, I understand that Mr. Cleveland is in the hotel. Let us ask him to join us."

Wesley and McDermott sauntered toward the door. When out of hearing, McDermott said:

"Fortune favors us, for our suite adjoins that of Mr. Hanna. Let us see if we can arrange to overhear this confession. If we can, it will be the biggest scoop ever published by the *Biograph*."

Entering their rooms, the two correspondents first locked the outer door, and then began to reconnoiter. They at once discovered a door which connected their

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rooms with the suite occupied by Mr. Hanna. Examining the key-hole, they found it plugged, but a bit of sharp wire soon remedied that. Looking through, McDermott found that he could see nothing, and he doubted whether a conversation could be heard through the small aperture. Besides, in order to recognize them, it was very desirable that the speakers should be seen as well as heard. Proceeding further, he discovered the lock to be an ordinary one and he found on his key-ring a key which fitted readily. On opening the door he saw that a thick velours curtain or portiere completely shielded it from observation by the occupants of the Hanna suite. Taking his pocket knife, McDermott cut a small slit in the portiere, and now he could see every object in the room and hear every word. Cautioning Wesley to be as silent as the grave, and also to darken the windows a little, McDermott pulled a chair and table into a convenient position in the doorway and prepared to take down in shorthand every word he heard. He found he had been none too rapid in his preliminaries, for no sooner was he ready than footsteps were heard approaching. The key turned, and in walked, not only the gentlemen who had been in the bar-room, but about a dozen others, among whom McDermott recognized President Cleveland, Senator Sherman, Lyman Gage, John D. Rockefeller, Senator Edward O. Wolcott and General Miles. In spite of his years of experience McDermott felt an electrical thrill of excitement; he found himself trembling from head to foot with repressed nervousness, for his quick wit at once divined the importance of what he was about to hear. Glancing at Wesley, he noticed that he, too, was excited and as pale as a ghost.

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Mr. Hanna drew a large table into the center of the room and asked his friends to draw up their chairs. He then rang the bell, and to the servant who answered it gave orders for a dozen quart bottles of champagne and a box of cigars. When the refreshments had been served, Mr. Hanna began:

"Now, gentlemen, I call this cozy. Here we are, a gathering of congenial friends, and as your host I propose to make things as pleasant as possible. Do you wish to hear the continuation of my remarks, or shall we talk on some other subject?"

"No other subject goes," remarked Mr. Green. The rest gave a sign of approval, and Mr. Hanna commenced to talk:

"Yes, we raised over three millions by small private subscriptions. The people contributing were business men who believed our promises of returning prosperity, manufacturers to whom we promised the tariff, and workingmen whom we had educated, by the aid of our big newspapers, to believe Mr. McKinley, if elected, would open the mills."

"You are a smooth one, Hanna," remarked President Cleveland, as he grasped a champagne bottle.

"It takes a smooth man, Mr. Cleveland, to be successful either in business or politics," spoke up Senator Wolcott. "I rather pride myself on being smooth. See how I have revived the old chestnut entitled 'International Agreement.' I'll tell you all about it as soon as Mr. Hanna finishes his story."

"Well, we found the funds," continued Mr. Hanna, "and how we spent them most of you know. I fixed all the metropolitan papers first; then bought up the country papers by the thousand; started a literary

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bureau; hired writers to write on the beauties of 'sound money,' the benefits of the 'tariff,' etc., and once in awhile I induced these writers to jump on our fat friend and fellow-worker over there.

Mr. Cleveland smiled as though this last remark were a huge joke, and then swallowed another bumper of champagne.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Cleveland originated the idea of our 'aid society,' the 'gold Democrat' organization," said Mr. Hanna.

Here the President interrupted: "I was ably assisted by Palmer and Carlisle; without their help, that scheme would have fallen flat."

Mr. Hanna nodded assent, and, continuing, said: "I then hired those old ex-generals to travel over the country rehashing patriotic bosh to the old soldiers. I am satisfied now that the money spent on these old topers was money thrown away. They were cheap men, however, satisfied with common food and lodging and very little pay; besides, the railroads carried them free. But all my plans cost money, notwithstanding. We had to pay for everything in the way of speakers. On the other hand Bryan's friends turned out and worked day and night. Hundreds of them took the stump for him, paying their own railroad fare and other expenses; while we, as you know, had to hire and pay for everything, excepting only railroad transportation. I had in my treasury, shortly after the campaign opened, over fifty millions, and when it closed I had only sixty-four thousand. Yet after all it was a devilish close race—too close to be pleasant. If the Bryanites had had cents where we had dollars, we would not today be here celebrating our victory."

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"What did you do with the sixty-four thousand dollars you had left?" asked Senator Wolcott, as he contemplated the rings of smoke from his cigar.

"Spent every dollar on this affair," answered Mr. Hanna. "You see, outside of a few Eastern States, there is mighty little enthusiasm over this inauguration. If it could have come off immediately after election, when we had so much 'sound money' enthusiasm, the people would have poured in here from every State in the Union, but the interval has been too long; the people are weary waiting for 'prosperity,' and their enthusiasm is now down near the zero mark. Now, I resolved that this inauguration should be the most gorgeous in the history of the United States. No Andrew Jackson or Thomas Jefferson simplicity for me. I want show and feathers, pomp, tinsel and gold lace, brass bands, oceans of wine, beer and whisky, red fire and banquets; plenty to eat and drink. And above everything else, a display of military strength to impress the discontented that we are their masters, and that at the first sign of revolt we will give them a dose of our Cleveland medicine. Between you and me, gentlemen, I don't believe bullets will set well on their empty stomachs. What do you think, Carnegie?"

"Fix a judge to issue injunctions," replied Carnegie, "then jail, then bullets. That's my motto. Good Homestead medicine. But it is not wise to let the people know our plans just yet. We must first get our army increased to at least two hundred thousand men."

"Let us take a drink on that," said the President.

During the conversation the wine corks had been popping, and most of the assembly had been drinking quite freely—Mark Hanna, Mr. Carnegie and Cleve-

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land especially, which in some measure explains the terse, abrupt way in which they expressed their views.

"Say, Wolcott," said Mr. Rockefeller, "what about your international agreement scheme? You promised to give us an outline of it."

"That's right, Senator," said General Miles, who had up to this time not spoken.

"Well, my friends," said Mr. Wolcott, "I can only give you an outline of my scheme. It has for its ultimate purpose the quieting of the discontented on the silver question. You, gentlemen, who imagine the silver issue to be dead, will live to see the corpse put up a pretty lively fight. It is like Banquo's ghost—it will not down. The silver forces have in their ranks the brightest, brainiest set of men on earth; and let me tell you, my friends, they are sincere and terribly in earnest. Look at our late opponent, William Jennings Bryan; look at my white-haired colleague, Henry M. Teller. Are they not sincere? Can any one, in the face of their record, deny or doubt it? Have we not tried to buy them, like we have so many others? Did we succeed? No, because these two men can't be bought. All our wealth combined could not buy them. The majority of the rank and file are likewise incorruptible. I own up to you, gentlemen, I am puzzled. I am fearful that with all of our arguments, sophistries and plannings we are doomed to defeat in the end. Unless we at once lay plans, and lay them well, we will suffer an ignominious rout in the next Congressional election, in 1898. That is why I have revived the international agreement plan, and that is why I went to Europe. If we carry one more general election, and that the Congressional, I will think we

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have done well, and it is imperative that we work this international agreement proposition energetically, so that we may keep our party intact in 1898. The newspapers must be urged to discuss it and to encourage the people in the belief that the Republican party is a silver party, or else we shall go down in defeat at the next election. As for anything ever coming of the plan itself, you know, every one of you, and so do I, and, for that matter, every intelligent man in the world, that no such thing is possible. England never will consent to have the values of our commodities, with which we pay our enormous debts to her, increased."

"Mr. Wolcott," said Mr. Hanna, "I don't wish to be considered abrupt, but your arguments as to the danger of the Republicans losing the Congressional election in 1898 are bosh. The power of money will win it just as it elected McKinley. The trusts, combines and moneyed men must dig up the money to carry it. Purely a matter of business. Put up the money and buy the election."

"Let us take another drink," said the President, reaching for the bottle. "Talking about duck hunts—I mean (hic) elections—I say, as does Mr. Hanna, buy them, that is, unless you can invent some good innocuous desuetude catch-phrase to use as a decoy duck. If you can deceive them, do it; if you cannot (hic), buy them."

"I think a good strong force bill, made into law and backed up by regular troops, about as cheap a way as can be invented with which to carry elections for the right side," boldly asserted General Miles, adding:

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"Give me enough soldiers, and I'll regulate the ballot box."

"Coercion is pretty good," said Mr. Rockefeller, "as a side issue. How do you gentlemen think I helped carry Minnesota for McKinley, at the same time defeating Charles A. Towne for re-election to Congress? You could not guess in a thousand years, so I'll explain. Our company has full control of the mines in the Mescaba mining district, and we employ about three thousand miners. Now, these fellows had been hearing silver speeches about three times a week for a couple of months before election, and from a careful canvass of the men we became convinced that ninety per cent of the rascals intended to vote for Bryan. It would never do for us to permit it; so I thought out an ingenious plan to corral the entire three thousand votes for 'sound money.' The Australian system of voting made it quite difficult, but finally I hit on the way to do it. I secured three thousand bright-green cards, about six inches wide and twelve inches long, on which I had printed the following words:

I can neither read, write nor speak the English language, but I desire to vote the straight Republican ticket.

"Waiting until election day, I had the men brought up from the mines in gangs of twenty-five, each gang in charge of a trusty boss. I gave each boss twenty-five tickets, marched the men to the polls, and com-

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pelled each man, under the penalty of instant dismissal, to go into the voting-rooms, and, without speaking to the judges, hand them this ticket or card. Of course, under the law, the judges were compelled to vote the men; no evasion was possible. Slick trick, was it not?"

"Admirable," said Mr. Hanna, "and so much cheaper than buying them."

"Excellent, ha! ha!" cackled John Sherman. "Every big concern in the country must be instructed how to do this."

"It can be easily and cheaply done by coal and iron mining companies," said Mr. Clews.

"Yes, indeed (hic), the plan is all right," voiced the President. "Let us open a few more bottles."

Here Senator Sherman, who had heretofore said very little, remarked:

"It is my humble belief that this victory of ours, which has the appearance of being the result of a free expression of the sentiments of the people, is, from your own statements, gentlemen, no victory at all. Yet here we are all boldly planning to openly buy and coerce voters in future elections, really even more openly than we have done in the past. My advice is, don't do it so openly; follow my plans, be sly, devilish sly, and pretend to love the dear people. Buy up all the people's leaders; but be very careful; don't go too fast; keep your schemes under cover; don't get too bold. I think I understand the nature of the American people very well. Even my greatest act, the slipping through of the bill demonetizing the silver unit in 1873, was done by my usual tactics. If I had been bold and outspoken, do you suppose the bill would have passed? Take my advice; go slow; be careful; don't

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rile the people; don't undertake to drive them, Mr. Hanna; do as the farmer does with an unruly hog—coax. Our good friend Mr. Rockefeller and others among you may have your laborers so well in hand that you can handle them without coaxing; but the other classes must be fooled. The tariff is getting threadbare, and won't go as an issue much longer. It has worked well so far, but I am afraid it is done for now, for the people are watching things closely."

Here Mr. Clews observed that it was getting late, and as he had an appointment he would be compelled to retire. This was the signal for the others, and soon the gathering broke up. When they were safely gone, McDermott arose, drew the table into his room, closed and locked the door, and, turning to Wesley, said, as he mopped his brow with his handkerchief:

"This is the luckiest stroke yet. Old hand as I am at the business, this is the first time I ever had a chance to overhear a secret conference of that kind. I can scarcely realize I have it. And McDermott glanced lovingly over his shorthand notes.

The next morning, the two friends started out for a walk over the city. Their progress was slow, owing to the crowds and the constant procession of marching clubs and troops, which were arriving every few minutes. It was a noticeable fact that these troops and civil organizations all came from the Eastern and Middle States. The West and South were not represented. Many sharp-sighted politicians noticed this and commented on it. The railroad managers also noted the falling off in the volume of travel as compared with former inaugurations.

All that day and until late in the night, the streets

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of Washington echoed to the music of countless bands. The saloons and disreputable resorts reaped a rich harvest, securing many a shekel from "patriots" who had pinched themselves and their families for months to save the funds necessary for the pilgrimage. The Ohio contingent was large, of course, as Mark Hanna had spent the greater part of his "remainder" on the flambeau clubs and militia companies of that State.

The country people from Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut swarmed over the rooms of the Capitol, walked on the grass without fear of the policemen's clubs, and ate their luncheons and peanuts on the steps. Their conversation, with its peculiar drawl, gave oral evidence of their being natives of "way deown east, come to teown to see the President put in, be gosh." They "'lowed times would be all-fired good neow, for the taruff would fix 'em all right. There wuz money enuff, be gosh; all that wuz needed wuz taruff."

"Listen to them, Jack. They say there is plenty of money. Now look at that group over there, and estimate how much money they have among them."

McDermott surveyed them critically, and replied: "The men have about five dollars each and a return ticket to Turnipville. The women have each about fifty cents, and the children only a penny apiece. They are about as well fixed financially as Russian serfs on a feast day, and they are as contented with their lot. Imagine a Westerner going on a picnic with such a beggarly allowance. These people have lived so long 'skimpin' and savin',' they know nothing better. Perhaps after all they are as contented in their poverty and ignorance as are the other oppressed denizens of

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the world. They know only the same kind of people as themselves, and on this little trip to Washington are farther away from home than ever before in their lives. Such people cannot be as broad-minded and as well informed as the average Westerner. But they are not to blame; they are rather to be pitied. They know only their own township, that 'Bosting' is the largest city in the world and that politics is 'taruff.'"

"And yet, Jack, the inhabitants of Massachusetts threw overboard the tea in Boston harbor, and told old King George to go hang."

"Yes," replied McDermott, with growing earnestness; "but that was over one hundred years ago. The people have degenerated since then. The New Englanders of today are about as servile as their forefathers were independent. The love of the dollar has done the business."

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CHAPTER XX.

A YELLOW DAY IN WASHINGTON.

INAUGURATION day dawned bright and clear. At an early hour the crowds began to line the sidewalks on Pennsylvania avenue, pressing against the wire ropes stretched for several miles along the line of march.

The election of the "sound money" President was secured by the use of gold. It was therefore appropriate and very suggestive that this should be a very yellow day in Washington. Yellow gold braid on the liveries of the menials, the lackeys and the flunkeys; bright yellow gold braid on the uniforms of the regular army officers and foreign diplomats. *Very bright* and new yellow gold braid on the swell clothes of the militia "kunnels" and their aids and drum majors. The ceremony, the pomp and splendor, all a strident symphony in yellow.

"There is one thing for which I am thankful," said McDermott to Wesley, as they walked up Pennsylvania avenue.

"What is that?"

"We will soon see and hear the last of Grover Cleveland. Major McKinley is a refined gentleman; his private life is irreproachable. No matter how burdensome his administration may prove to the people, he cannot justly be subjected to any such criticisms of his private character as were lodged against Cleveland.

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Yes, the only reason Cleveland did not do worse was that he lacked the capacity and was deficient in his early training. No reasonable man can question his bad intentions. The only wonder is that, with his propensities, he did not do worse."

"There goes Russell Sage," interrupted Wesley, "and walking, too. I suppose the cost of a carriage is too great for his resources. Let us follow him. He will lead us to a good position to see and hear. Look; he is stopping at that fruit stand."

"How much for these apples, my good woman?" asked the great millionaire.

"Two for five cints, sor."

"I always make them give me three at home in New York," replied Mr. Sage.

"But I can't affoord to sell thim so cheap, sor."

"Oh, yes, you can; here are five cents—it's enough for you." And before the astonished old woman could utter a protest, the magnate put three apples in his pocket, and, mingling with the crowd, was soon out of sight.

Our two correspondents pressed on, closely following Mr. Sage as he tramped along, munching thirty-three and one-third per cent of his latest business transaction.

"Have you got our tickets to the Capitol grounds all safe?" asked Wesley.

"Yes; I will give you yours now, for fear we might get separated in the crowd," said McDermott, handing the precious piece of cardboard as he spoke.

At that moment an elegantly appointed carriage drove close to the curb; in it was seated Mr. Mark Hanna, his face beaming with smiles as he caught sight

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of acquaintances here and there in the throng. McDermott noticed a couple of roughly dressed men looking closely at the occupant of the carriage. Their faces wore a scowl, in strange contrast with the surroundings. Mr. Hanna noticed them too, and his coarse countenance paled slightly. Evidently he recognized the men, one of whom, with a threatening gesture, now forced his way to the carriage, while his comrade tried to detain him. Mr. Hanna, evidently alarmed, called a policeman, and ordered him to open a way through the crowds for his equipage. The officer obeyed orders, and a lane was at once opened through which the vehicle and its occupant vanished.

"Do you know that man?" asked McDermott of the man who had a moment before made for the carriage.

"Do I know Mark Hanna? Well, that's rich. See here, Bill; this feller asks me if I know Mark Hanna. Well, I guess I do."

Bill nodded a surly assent, and Wesley joined in:

"Tell us about him. We have a little time, Jack—hold on a minute."

"Know Mark Hanna?" repeated the man. "I think I ort to. He's our boss. Me and my mate worked for him."

"Where?"

"Borland, Pennsylvany."

"Are you and your friend coal-miners?"

"We are; we worked last in Mark Hanna's mines at Borland, but since the wages wuz cut last month, and because me and a few more of us kicked, we wuz fired; and me and my mate beat our way to Washington. I wish I cud catch that miserly old scoundrel out away

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from a crowd, where I could git at him; I'd slit his weazen, I would."

"Hush, Jim, ye'll only git 'rested," said Bill warningly.

"I don't give a damn," said Jim. "I cud eat then, anyway."

"Are you men hungry?" asked Wesley. "Come and take a little lunch with us."

"Have we got time enough?" asked Jack.

"Certainly," answered Wesley. "It is only eight o'clock;" and, leading the way to a restaurant, the four were soon seated before a substantial meal. The poor fellows ate like savages, and until the last crumb was swallowed they were not disturbed. Then Wesley asked for their story. One of the miners tilted back in his chair and began:

"My mate and me live down to Borland, a little town in Alleghany County, on Painter's Run Creek, on the Pittsburg, Chartiers and Youghiogheny Railroad; we have been workin' for the firm of M. A. Hanna & Co., this same duck as wuz in the kerrige. Now I reckon both of you fellers is well posted on nigger slavery, but jest let me tell you about white slavery in Pennsylvany. The nigger slaves never had the hell on earth that M. A. Hanna's white slaves has."

"But there be other outfits there jest as mean, Jim," chimed in the man called Bill.

"That's so, Bill—ye're right. Let's see; there's Osborn Seager & Co. (Frank Osborn is a cousin of McKinley) is one, M. P. DeArmitt of the New York and Cleveland Gas & Coal Company is two, Morgan, Moore & Bain is three, Ohio and Pennsylvany is four, Picksands, Mathers & Co. is five, and M. A. Hanna &

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Co. is six. Jest six big concerns who are a gitten rich off of white slaves. I wish somebody cud go down there. If the people cud only know how we are starved, worked and abused, I reckon this man Hanna would be a-going out of this ere town in an undertaker's waggin instid of ridin' in state in a bayrouche; but they don't know, because we have no newspapers on our side, to tell the people about us."

"As for me, Jim," said his comrade, "I say if the Lord lets the damn cuss live, it's maybe fur some wise puppose. I say, let him live till the Lord kills him. Besides, there's plenty jest as bad. All the rich are bad, I reckon."

"You have the right to your opinyun, Bill, and I have the right to mine," answered Jim. "I don't say all the rich is bad, but a pile of 'em air, and as fur Mark Hanna, he's airned the right to die. He has caused the death of hundreds, he has. If a man gits mad and kills one human being the courts hang him, but a man like Mark Hanna can be the death of dozens and git made United States Senator. I can't see the logic in it, kin ye?" appealing to the reporters.

"It is certainly mysterious," answered Wesley. "Go on with your story."

Clearing his throat, the man proceeded: "Ye see, the Panhandle mine works about two hundred men, and up to last December times wuz hard enough, you bet. Then the mines shut down until last month; then the company made us an offer of fifty-four cents a ton, we to pay for our powder and fuse, with us all to sign a contract to stay one year. But the company wuz to hold back ten cents on every dollar; if any man left short of notice, the company wuz to keep the ten cents.

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We wuz to trade only at the company's store, pay the prices asked thar, and not kick, live in a company house, pay the rent asked without grumblin'; in fact, sign up as slaves. Mighty damn few of 'em dared to kick, they wuz too near starvation."

"What kind of houses do the company furnish you?" asked McDermott.

"Houses?" repeated the man with a hoarse laugh. "Houses—hell. Miserable shanties, so cussed little you cudn't swing a cat in 'em; mostly two rooms; and the company charges six dollars a month fur 'em."

"How did you fellows vote last fall?" asked Wesley.

"Every mother's son of us voted for McKinley, by strict orders of the bosses; else we all of us and our families would be kicked out of doors," answered the man. "It wuz tuff, but when a man is about starved he'll do a'most anything. All last winter me and my woman lived on potatoes. About twice a month we had a little bit of soup meat. I have worked, fellers, for two months at a time a-livin' like that, and only have from one dollar and a half to two dollars a-comin' in at the end of that time; the balance kept by the company for rent and to pay the three prices charged at the store for the potatoes and corn meal we bought there."

"I now understand the enormous profits of the coal operators," said McDermott.

"Oh! fellers—friends," went on the miner earnestly, "we air in an awful shape. Our women air haggard, ragged; our children puny and sickly. When our people die, we air too poor to buy coffins. Our dead is jest wrapped in an old blanket and buried—without enny preacher, too. Jest three weeks ago my wife

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died [here the man's eyes glowed like coals of fire]—starved to death, by God. The day afore she died, I went to the chicken coop of one of the bosses and stole a chicken to make her some soup, but she was too far gone. The company doctor sed there wuz nothin' wrong with her. When she wuz a-dyin' I sent fur him in the night, but the damned dog sed he couldn't come. 'Wait till mornin',' he said. She wuz dead then. Do you blame me, boys, fur havin' murder in me? Would it be a crime to kill all of these damned mine-owners?" And the desperate man burst forth in a wild storm of passion. Wesley and McDermott said nothing—they felt it was better to let the man's passion spend itself.

"What Jim tells you fellers is true," said the man called Bill. "I am stayin' with Jim, tryin' to keep him out of trouble; fur he feels ugly, and the sight of all this cussed show grates the narves in both of us."

"Both my friend and myself have been much interested in your story," said Wesley, turning to Jim. "And I hope for your sake, and the sake of toiling humanity everywhere, that before long better days will come. We are poor men also, though not poor as you understand it, and we will help you a little. Here are five dollars; make them go as far as possible. I hope some day we will meet again. I thank you once more, and now we must be moving. Never mind the thanks, boys," as Jim and his friend began to stammer out their gratitude; "let us shake hands. Now good-by, keep up a brave heart, and try to do the best you can without violence. Good-by." And Wesley and McDermott turned away.

"A pitiful story, Jack."

"Yes, Wesley, it was. 'Man's inhumanity to man

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makes countless thousands mourn.' Oh, this greed, this lust of gold! It makes men cruel, barbarous, beastly. I am sickened at the horrible condition this country has been brought down to. And there is no excuse. We are overflowing with all the resources of all other countries combined, yet we are now in even worse condition than king-ridden Europe.''

"And notwithstanding all this misery, this inauguration is to outshine all previous displays in pomp, luxury and extravagance,'' replied Wesley.

The conversation was interrupted by the approach of a band on its way to the Ebbitt House, the temporary home of Mr. McKinley. Boom!—Boom!—Boom!—Boom!—Boom! sounded the marching beat of the big brass drum; at the signal of a deafening roll of the *tambours petits* came a crash of martial music, and around the corner swung an infantry regiment, a glittering, rhythmic mass of men, keeping step to the cadence of a Sousa march. Following the regiment came a detachment of sailors belonging to the Atlantic squadron; then two more regiments of infantry; after them, a regiment of cavalry; then platoon after platoon of militia, their uniforms and accoutrements all looking suspiciously new, and the bands playing stirring airs. Then, amidst a storm of cheers from the assembled partisans, appeared the magnificent carriage containing the President-elect, with the retiring President at his side. The vehicle was drawn by four bright-bay horses. In the carriage rode also Senator Sherman, and Senator Mitchell of Wisconsin.

Mr. Cleveland looked much older than when he rode to his own inaugural four years before. Mr. McKinley seemed pale; his face wore also an anxious and sad

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expression. Perhaps amidst all the blare of music and show of military splendor the curtains screening the future were parted sufficiently to catch a glimpse of the trouble and feverish care in store for him in his attempt to serve two masters, the people and the money power.

Surely no President ever went to his seat so heavily handicapped. Perhaps Mr. McKinley, as he raised his dark eyes and looked out over the throngs of the cheering populace, saw, above and beyond them, discontented, half savage swarms of idle men. Perhaps he heard, rising above the shouts of jubilant partisans and the beating of drums, the wailing and pleading of little children, the sobs of overworked and heart-broken women.

On the east terrace of the Capitol, on a broad platform draped with the stars and stripes, stood Mr. McKinley with uncovered head, while Chief Justice Fuller administered the oath. Beyond the stand were cheering multitudes and long lines of soldiery. At the side of Mr. McKinley was Grover Cleveland, who, with certain mental reservations, had taken the same oath of fealty to his country four years before.

The ceremony was soon over; the inaugural address begun and ended. The distant cannon boomed; soldiers and *hoi polloi* left the scene, and the newly made President hastened to his carriage. A new administration had been launched.

Wesley and McDermott occupied a place close to the platform, and they observed that the swell set of Gotham were very much in evidence. Among others they recognized the rather broad features of Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who was standing within two feet of the President.

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CHAPTER XXI.

"WHAT ABOUT THE TRAMPS?"

HAVING completed their work in Washington, the correspondents received instructions to return to Chicago. Before going, however, Wesley spent a few weeks with his mother in Boston. She was overjoyed to see her son after so long a separation. Wesley gave up his entire time to his mother. He confided to her his plans, and related many stories of his experiences. He showed her the complimentary letters he had received from Mr. Short, and as he read them the dear old lady's eyes shone with a mother's pride. He told her of McDermott and the continuance of their warm friendship, and he told her of Dorothy also. It is always a shock to a mother when her son makes known to her that another, and a stranger, is sharing his affections, and Mrs. Stearns' lips quivered as she listened to his glowing description of Dorothy. Like a brave woman, however, she concealed her feelings from Wesley, and when she clasped him in her arms as he bade her farewell, he never guessed the full meaning of her grief at the parting.

On the 25th of March, after bidding good-by to their New York friends, the reporters started home. On the journey west they filled their note-books to overflowing with memoranda. At every station there stood swarms of idle men, many of them waiting for a chance to "jump the trucks" and beat their way—some going

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west, some going east, but all hungry, dirty and desperate.

The conductor of the train on which Wesley and McDermott rode informed them that never in his long experience had the "tramp nuisance" been so bad.

"You see," said he, "every mill and workshop in the country is either on half time or shut down entirely, and the result is, of course, idle men by the millions. I have no doubt," he continued, "that I hauled plenty of these unwelcome passengers of mine many times last fall, when they rode inside the coaches, shouting pilgrims to the shrine at Canton. Now they are discarded after their votes have been cast for 'sound money and prosperity.'"

"Do you consider these men ordinary tramps?" asked Wesley.

"No, sir," answered the conductor. "Only here and there is a tramp; the great majority are mechanics out of a job, with a fair sprinkling of laborers, and even professional men." Here the whistle sounded for a station, and the conductor departed.

"I have just been wondering if President McKinley does not feel some compassion for the distress of so many people," remarked Wesley to McDermott.

"I hardly know," Jack replied. "He must be cognizant of it, and he must know, if he is a man of average intelligence, that the St. Louis platform contains no measure calculated to improve their condition. I have heard it said that he sympathizes deeply with the unfortunate people; but sympathy costs nothing. I am cynical enough to believe he is a good deal like the Czar of Russia when he heard that some thousands of his miserable serfs had perished in the disaster incident

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to his coronation. The Czar had spent $40,000,000 on the event and prepared a great feast on the plain, a sort of big barbecue. In their mad rush for food, thousands of the peasantry were crushed to death, and the plain ran red with blood. In the palace it was quite different, this ran red with wine. The press correspondents tell us that when the Czar heard of the disaster he wept, but as soon as he could dry his tears he danced. I am told, however, that President McKinley is not a dancer," concluded McDermott with a sarcastic smile.

The conductor now returned through the car, and stopped a moment to hand our two friends a newspaper clipping, saying: "Read it, gentlemen; it tells the whole story."

McDermott first read it carefully. "This is pretty good," he said; "it is signed by O. T. Fellows, of Pasadena, Cal. Shall I read it to you?"

Wesley nodded, and McDermott began:

"We were told when Grover Cleveland filled the Presidential chair
That the Democratic plan was a delusion and a snare;
That the waiting people languished for the tariff law of yore,
And the people only wanted to be taxed a little more.
So they said: 'We'll fix the tariff, and the wheels will start to hum
When McKinley's in the saddle and prosperity has come.'

Then we held a great election, Mr. Hanna at the head,
And we voted in McKinley, or so the papers said.
So we placed him in the White House, and we said: 'We'll shortly see
That this hobby of the tariff will his ruination be.'
But the Democrat is dumpy, and the kicker he is dumb,
Since McKinley's in the saddle and prosperity has come.

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Now the wheels have ceased from turning, and the workman is at rest
With the pangs of hunger gnawing, ever gnawing at his breast.
They are tramping o'er the country, all the men without a job,
And the story of their sufferings would make an angel sob.
While there's famine for the many, there is plenty yet for some,
While McKinley's in the saddle, and prosperity has come.

Now the tide of our prosperity it has so quickly spread
That the unemployed are clamoring for a chance to earn their bread.
They should not disturb the country with their cries of discontent,
But should think of all the money that they foolishly have spent;
For, though every honest worker be a loafer or a bum,
We've McKinley in the saddle, and prosperity has come.

Let the man who has a million pile another one on top;
Let the man who has a pittance have his pay forever stop;
Let the idlers wear the ermine while the toilers bear the cross,
And we'll raise the glad hosanna to the glory of the boss;
For there's nothing more can save us from the gutter and the slum
If McKinley keeps the saddle till prosperity has come."

"What do you think of that, gentlemen?" asked the conductor, holding out his hand for the clipping.

"I like it so well I have made a copy of it," replied Wesley, holding up his shorthand reproduction.

"Hello, you are reporters, are you?" said the conductor.

"In a sense, yes," answered McDermott.

"Well, you'll pick up some good points on this trip if you keep your eyes open."

On entering the smoking apartment that evening McDermott found a group of men talking politics and political economy. Dropping into a seat and lighting a cigar, he prepared to listen. The gentleman who

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was talking had boarded the train at Erie, and with him were three others, all fine-looking men. The three listeners were strangers to McDermott, but in the speaker he recognized Eugene V. Debs. There was no mistaking the tall form and the animated countenance, with its clear-cut features, the bright, expressive eyes, and the sincere, earnest manner of the man.

"As I was saying," said Mr. Debs, "there is something wrong. The people who build our houses are without shelter. I beg you to remember, gentlemen, that it is labor that gathers all the fleeces and transforms them into things of beauty; and yet if a man raises his voice for labor and for humanity he becomes infamous. Why should a ban be placed on the man who seeks to better the condition of the laborer, the creator of wealth, and a laurel wreath on the brow of the man who unjustly gains possession of the fruit of the laborers' toil? The country cannot become prosperous until labor receives its fair share. The outlook is gloomy. We have recently witnessed the inauguration of a President who promises us nothing but increased taxation. Think it over—is it not absurd? Yet the majority of the working people voted him in."

"All because of coercion and bribery," said one gentleman.

"Very true in many instances," replied Mr. Debs. "But they did it just the same. Instead of voting to stop concentration of wealth, they voted to continue that policy."

One of the gentlemen present now reached out his hand to Mr. Debs, saying:

"For a long time I have desired to meet you and hear you. From the descriptions I have read I sup-

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posed you were quite different from what you appear here. My name is Belford; I live in Denver, and have received some newspaper abuse in my time, too."

"Not James B. Belford, the 'red-headed rooster of the Rockies,' surely?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes called Jim Belford for short. My red head is pretty well known out West. But keep on, sir, I wish to listen to you."

Mr. Debs resumed: "I would have the people take possession of this country. I don't know why a few men should hold all the keys to the store-houses of nature. I don't believe the Almighty placed all the oil in the world for the exclusive use of John D. Rockefeller. The oil king gives money to the Chicago University, but I say, let us take the oil fields ourselves and build our own universities. Some people call me an anarchist, but I have quit caring for public opinion. Public opinion has sanctioned almost every crime in the catalogue. Public opinion put John Brown in his grave; public opinion crucified Christ; public opinion is now crucifying the people. The money power now dominates every department of justice, even to the Supreme bench. It is not possible for a poor man to get into the Supreme Court. It is omnipotent, and answerable to nobody. A short time ago Congress passed a law taxing the rich of the country, and this court adjudged it unconstitutional. If this law had been a tax on the poor, it would have been all right. Under the laws of the land the rich are always right, the poor are always wrong. Every poor man in this nation is a living certificate of a social crime. The cheapest commodity in the world is human flesh and blood. A railroad company would rather kill a brake-

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man than a hog, because it would have to pay for the hog. I am sure there is enough wealth; the trouble is in its distribution. There is work for every human being."

"What about the tramps?" asked Mr. Belford. "There are twenty or thirty of them now on this train."

"The tramp is the most melancholy phase of modern civilization, and I see in him the man and the subject of unfortunate conditions which he did not himself create," Mr. Debs replied.

"One of the main troubles," asserted Mr. Belford, "is the decrease in the sum total of American manhood."

"Right you are," said Mr. Debs, his eyes snapping. "There is a condition worse than being without work, and that is, as you say, being without manhood. I say to the workingman: 'Do not desert your self-respect, and do not crouch.' I am always sorry for the man who works for a corporation and trembles when he sees a boss approaching. I would say to that man: 'Do not doff your hat to any man who does not doff his hat to you.' This world does not respect those who do not respect themselves. I am also in favor of political equality, and every woman should be allowed to vote. Women have more honor than men. You cannot buy a woman's vote with a drink of whisky. Some one has said: 'A magnificent man always has a magnificent mother; but almost anyone would do for a father."

This last brought forth a round of applause, started by Mr. Belford. When it had subsided, Mr. Debs said:

"I believe with Lowell: 'He is true to God who is true to man.' And I also believe a better day is approaching."

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"It is coming through the medium of a revolution, though," remarked a quiet man who up to this time had said nothing.

"I believe you," coincided Mr. Belford. "There is an undercurrent of sentiment here which is in favor of it as the only way out of our troubles. Preparations for it are already under way, I hear; people are now almost ready. The newspapers, as usual, are belittling it, but an organization is now forming."

"How do you believe the revolution will start?" asked Mr. Debs.

"It will start first in some big strike, or in resistance by the labor unions to the mandate about to be issued by the Supreme Court."

"What mandate? Explain, please."

"I will. Before this year is out, the decision of the Supreme Court, just rendered, in relation to combinations of trade, which now seems to so alarm the railway managers, will be construed to include every labor union in the country; and as soon as the decision is published the deputy United States marshals will get orders to close the lodges and forbid the assembling of people to transact lodge business. The railroads are rich enough to evade interference if the decision was ever meant to apply to them, which I very much doubt; but the labor unions are not so situated. As soon as the plutocrats play this trump card the labor organizations will rebel, and the first outbreak will be the signal for the discontented to organize into secret clubs. These clubs will form the nucleus for all the revolutionary elements. As for myself, voicing my own opinions, I believe that instead of an armed revolution we should aim once more at a revolution by the

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ballot. I wish to be understood rightly. I am only informing you as to the facts, reserving my own views. If there is no chance for a turning over of present methods by the ballot, if the last hope of an honest election is gone, then a revolution is necessary; but I believe in the people making one more effort. True, they will have to wait until 1900, and it is to be a weary wait. Many must succumb before that time; but the end will prove a victory—I am sure it will. The sufferings of the people will open their eyes; they *must* vote right in 1900."

"There will be trouble before that," said the quiet man.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE RISING OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE next morning the train rolled into Chicago, and soon Wesley and McDermott hurried through the gates, anxious for a sight once more of the familiar Chicago streets. Calling a cab, they drove to their old quarters, and hardly had they finished unpacking before Mr. Short was announced. The meeting between the editor and his correspondents was most cordial and suggested a degree of friendship of much greater depth than usually exists between employer and employe; indeed, it was more like a reunion of father and sons. After some moments of desultory conversation, Mr. Short said:

"I am glad to welcome you home. Your work has been excellent and made a great sensation. I suppose you saw that Mark Hanna denounced your report as a falsehood, and also the savage editorials published by our Chicago rivals. The truth is," said Mr. Short without waiting for a reply, "they are puzzled. I published the Associated Press reports of the inauguration and your articles side by side. The whole city seems now to be reading the *Biograph*, and the outside subscription list is fairly booming; while as for advertisements, no soliciting is needed. Our columns are full at double our former prices, and the directors are fast becoming enthusiastic on all lines of reform." Here Mr. Short looked down over his spectacles in a quizzical

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way that caused his hearers to laugh outright. "But, gentlemen, passing from gayety to gloom, I must tell you that things are looking very serious here as well as elsewhere. In this city there are outdoor meetings of the idle men almost every day and evening. I attended one meeting last night, and I estimate that over twelve thousand people were present. I am reliably informed that there is in existence here in Chicago a revolutionary organization whose numbers run possibly into the thousands."

Wesley and McDermott exchanged glances. They thought of the words of the quiet man in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car.

"And furthermore, these societies are said to be starting branches of their order all over the United States."

"What are the authorities doing?" asked Wesley.

"From what I am able to learn," replied Mr. Short, "they are on the alert, and the secret service spies are everywhere; but their reports show the movement to be of such size that they are afraid to act. Many of the leaders are known to the police, but to arrest one of them now would only precipitate trouble. Yesterday there was a meeting of bankers and trust magnates, and instructions were given out to the police to 'go slow,' in hopes that the storm might be averted. Every paper in the city has received a request to call the attention of holders of fire insurance policies to the printed conditions in their policy contracts, wherein it is shown that the companies are not liable for the destruction of property caused by 'war, riots, civil commotion, military or usurped power,' and notifying policy-holders that, if they choose they can have their

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premium money refunded. If the government should commence to arrest people, not only would the jails be inadequate, but retaliation would be sure to follow. It is of no use, in a private conversation like ours, to conceal the truth. The leading lights of the money power are alarmed, and their actions show it plainly. I am sorry it has come to this, but I cannot feel sorry for these aristocrats. 'For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.' "

"Do you apprehend any immediate danger, Mr. Short?" asked McDermott.

"No, but I fear it is bound to come soon; it may come this summer possibly."

"What effect will the threatened war between Turkey and Greece have on this country, in your opinion?" inquired Wesley.

"Very little, for the war will be promptly squelched by the combined Christian powers. There is no danger of a general war in Europe yet—that is, if the money power of Europe can prevent it; it would involve too great a loss to them in securities. The money power does not want war. Undoubtedly the masses are clamorous enough, but all the strength of the armed Christian powers will combine to prevent it. The almighty dollar is too precious to be wasted on a European war. Senator Teller takes this view of it. Even if a war does break out in Europe, there will be no such great demand on the United States for supplies as some people believe. The war must spread largely throughout Europe before our producers will get a benefit in the way of higher prices. I am deeply concerned in this war feeling, for it is as contagious as small-pox. As our own people read the war news,

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they will unconsciously imbibe the war spirit; it will appear less terrible, become somewhat familiar, and hurry us into the throes of armed revolution."

"On our tour we saw so much distress among the people that we are not surprised at the turn affairs have taken," said McDermott." I suppose you intend to have us stay here for a time?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Mr. Short; "but be ready for anything. I believe I have not told you about Miss Dorothy and her aunt," continued Mr. Short, with a sly glance at Wesley. "They are both quite well, and will be pleased, I know, to learn of your safe arrival. What do you say to going out to Evanston this evening? On behalf of the ladies, I take it upon myself to invite you. Will you accept?—Yes?—Then I will be here to join you at six-thirty. And now, gentlemen, I will leave you. Don't bother about business today, but drop into the office tomorrow about ten."

"Dear old man," said Wesley, as he gazed after the retreating form of his employer. "He is one in ten thousand."

"An honest, kind-hearted man, and a good friend to you and me," added McDermott.

Promptly at half-past six the trio departed for Evanston. McDermott noted with what extreme care Wesley had attired himself, but on this evening he did not indulge in any joking. During the afternoon he had taken a stroll about the city, and had been seriously impressed with the many indications of impending trouble. These were not apparent to the casual observer, but to McDermott's alert eyes they were very plain. He observed the unusul number of police offi-

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cers walking their beats, and the numerous squads of unemployed men slouching along and gathering in little knots in alleyways and around the benches on the Lake Front. He returned from his stroll in time to dress for the evening's call, more taciturn than usual and in a very sober frame of mind. Opening his evening paper and glancing at the head-lines, he saw that the day had been prolific of crime and disaster all over the Union. He read of strikes of iron miners in Michigan and Minnesota, ditto of stevedores in New York, of a riot between iron-workers and police in Pittsburg; of an attempt by strikers from the mines at that place to burn the city of Leadville, which had called out all the militia forces of Colorado, and of the burning in effigy of Cleveland and McKinley, by exasperated Cubans and Cuban sympathizers at Jacksonville, Fla. He read also of the sensational failure of the Globe Savings Bank in Chicago, which would ruin hundreds; of bank and mercantile failures in over a dozen different localities, and of reductions in wages of from fifteen to twenty per cent in all the big iron mills of the country. On another page, devoted to foreign news, he read of tremendous losses of gold coin and bullion sustained by the Bank of England, ostensibly for shipment to Russia and Japan, of a semi-panic on Lombard street and on the Bourse of Paris, of the shocking brutality of the Spanish butcher Weyler in Cuba, and of terrific fighting between Turks and Greeks on the Turkish frontier. This record of one day's happenings and his own personal observations on the streets plunged him into a state of revery.

Wesley was as happy and joyous as a boy, and while

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McDermott could not himself shake off his own gloomy thoughts, he did not intrude them on his companion.

Dorothy and her aunt greeted the callers in a sincere welcome, most refreshing to the returned travelers after their experience with the artificial hospitality of the Van Noodles and the Van Poopendykes of Gotham.

"We have returned from the jungles of Manhattan Island safe and sound, ladies," said McDermott, as they entered the little sitting-room.

"Indeed!" the elder lady retorted. "Do I infer from that that you have been exposed to dangers from wild beasts?"

"Ah, Miss Thackery, you have no idea of the dangers we encountered in our strange adventures with the bulls and bears on Wall street, the hyenas on the curbstones, and the apes and monkeys all over the island. I assure you quite a complete collection of animals, reptiles and curiosities could be obtained in New York."

"You must be glad to get back to Chicago, where the animal kingdom is not so well represented."

"Yes, I am very glad to be home once more, but, nevertheless, Chicago has enough of the animal creation within its borders to start a very respectable zoological garden."

During the general conversation that followed, Dorothy and Wesley withdrew first to the library, and afterward to the veranda. How long they sat there, they never knew. Above them arched the violet heaven like an immense dome starred with fire. From the library window the lamp light shone dimly through the laces, full on the face of Dorothy.

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At first they talked of everything and anything. Wesley told her of his trip, how lonely he had been at times, and how often he had wished himself back in Evanston. And then Dorothy admitted that she also had often felt lonely. Sometimes, as if by tacit agreement, they would change the conversation back to commonplace questions, with answers not always in keeping, and somewhat incoherent. Then would come a long interval of silence which both seemed loath to break.

Suddenly Wesley felt himself seized with a desperate courage; he knew not how it came to him.

"Dorothy," he said, "Dorothy, I love you."

Dorothy made no reply; but Wesley could hear the quick beating of her heart as he leaned over her.

"Dorothy, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She turned toward him, and half rose from her chair, her wrap falling to the floor.

Wesley stooped and picked it up, and as he placed it around her shoulders his hands found hers, and, holding them fast, all the love that was pent up in his soul poured forth in a torrent of passionate words.

Dorothy raised her glorious eyes to his, as if to say: "Look, and you must know without my telling," then shyly answered:

"Yes."

Within the sitting-room the conversation did not flag; but both Miss Thackery and McDermott observed that Mr. Short talked very little. He was restless and preoccupied, and wandered from sitting-room to parlor, and from parlor to sitting-room, and when

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he did join in the general talk his remarks were oftentimes incongruous. He finally spoke up abruptly:

"Where are the young folks?"

Miss Thackery looked up in surprise: "Why, sure enough, where are they?" she answered, and, rising, she went in search of the truants. Soon she returned, saying:

"They are not in the house, but I think they are on the veranda; the evening is lovely and I don't blame them for getting out of the house. Shall I call them in?"

"No, Miss Thackery," said Mr. Short, "leave them alone. They are more interested in their own affairs, and, besides, I want to have a personal interview with you." At this the lady looked surprised, and McDermott, rising, said:

"In that event I will retire to the library, where, with your permission, Miss Thackery, I will take a quiet smoke, and finish looking over the papers."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Short, "we want your advice; for what I wish to talk with Miss Thackery about is of interest to all of us. To be brief, I think it advisable for both the ladies to leave Chicago before long."

McDermott gravely bowed assent. His ready mind grasped Mr. Short's meaning instantly.

"Leave Chicago? Why, pray?"

"For the reason, Miss Thackery, that Chicago will soon be an unsafe place for women."

"I do not understand? Chicago unsafe—why so?" said Miss Thackery, her cheeks paling slightly. "Do you mean riots?"

"You have guessed it," replied Mr. Short. "I have every reason to believe that serious trouble may soon

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begin, and I will feel very much better if my ward and you are in some out-of-the-way place, where the conflict, if any should occur, cannot reach you."

"You surely do not think it is coming to such a crisis soon?"

"I certainly do, or I never would make you this proposition."

"And the proposition is?"

"That within the next thirty days you and Dorothy arrange for a trip to the mountain regions of Colorado —to some remote little town where no sounds or scenes of war are possible."

"Oh, Mr. Short, this is terrible. Is there no possibility you are mistaken in your fears?"

"I should be happy to think so, Miss Thackery. I fear there can be no mistake. The trouble is coming —perhaps not so soon as we fear, but it is coming."

For some time Miss Thackery remained silent. Then she turned to McDermott:

"And you, Mr. McDermott, do you, too, see approaching danger? Do you share Mr. Short's alarm?"

"From my own observation I believe Mr. Short is right," McDermott answered. "The situation has grown very grave in the past ten months."

"Why have we not heard of this before? Why do not the newspapers inform us of this state of affairs?"

"Because the authorities believe in keeping the public in the dark as much as possible, and the newspapers have been given their cue," answered McDermott.

"How do *you* know of this danger?"

"I do not know it—I only believe it."

"Does Mr. Stearns also know it?"

"Not as fully as we do."

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"And I don't think it is best to say anything to the young folks tonight," broke in Mr. Short. "Tomorrow, Miss Thackery, you may talk it over with Dorothy. By the way, the streets seem unusually lively tonight; do you often have so many people on the streets at this hour?"

"Not every night," replied the lady, "but on some evenings there seems to be quite a crowd—like this evening, for example. I am told that some new secret order holds meetings in a hall near here."

Mr. Short and McDermott looked out over the square, and saw a stream of men pouring slowly from the hall entrance.

"And this sort of thing is going on all over the Union, is it?" whispered McDermott.

"Yes," answered the editor.

Here Miss Thackery broke in: "I have been thinking and puzzling my brain, and this thought comes to my mind: What will happen to the friends we leave behind if all this trouble comes? And, again, what will become of the helpless women and children all over the city?"

"I can only answer, that the men must of necessity get their families to places of safety; and as for those poor creatures who have no protectors, the public-spirited men of Chicago must see to it that they are also removed. I don't believe that the revolutionists propose to make war on women and children; but as many as possible should be sent to places of security, so that those who remain can be the more easily taken care of. I hardly think the danger is immediate, but Colorado is a delightful State, and no harm can result if you go, and much trouble may result if you stay.

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Think it over, you and Dorothy. Ah, here come the truants now." The front door opened and Dorothy and Wesley came through the hall.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ORGANIZATION.

THE next day Mr. Short called McDermott into his sanctum, and the result of an honr's conversation there was that McDermott was assigned to write up the revolutionary movement. Before agreeing to this, however, he exacted a promise that nothing in his reports should be turned to the injury of the revolutionary cause without his sanction.

"Your communications will be used, Mr. McDermott, solely to further the great cause of Right against Wrong, and will always be subject to your directions," said Mr. Short, with great earnestness.

McDermott proceeded on a plan peculiarly his own; he did not divulge the slightest details even to Wesley, but parried all questions with tact and ingenuity.

Wesley had been told of the plan of sending the ladies away for the summer, or until such time as the political horizon should clear, and approved it. He decided also that his mother should accompany them, fearing to leave her longer in a large city.

One lovely day in May, the three ladies departed for Colorado. Every detail for their comfort had been carefully arranged. There would be no change of cars between Chicago and Pueblo, and at the latter place they would enter a sleeper on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad which would land them in Del Norte, a quiet little town in the mountains, where a completely fur-

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nished house had been rented for the summer, with the privilege of a longer lease if desired. They were supplied with plenty of books, and Wesley promised to mail them newspapers and periodicals at regular intervals.

The next day McDermott had disappeared. On awakening Wesley found a brief note from him, saying that in due time he would return—perhaps in a few days, perhaps not for some weeks or months. Circumstances would govern the length of his absence. Wesley was worried, for in all the years of their friendship McDermott had never made a move of importance without consulting him. As soon as he had dressed he rushed to the *Biograph* office and disclosed the news of McDermott's departure to Mr. Short. That gentleman did not seem to be at all surprised. He vouchsafed no reasons for McDermott's absence, but told Wesley to have no fears.

Perplexed and chagrined, Wesley turned away from this unsatisfactory interview, but after deliberation he concluded to keep cool and await developments. Seating himself at a table near the window he commenced preparing his day's work from his stenographic notes —an interview with a Mr. J. B. Cory, a wealthy mine-owner from Pittsburg, and the originator of the famous "iron-clad contract scheme," which enabled the big coal companies to enslave thousands of miners and reduce them to beggary.

Unlike Mark Hanna, the Weyler of the coal regions, Cory, was lacking in brains and nerve, but in his way he was the equal of Hanna in cruelty and selfishness. In his interview, Wesley had found him so full of egotism that he could scarcely be induced to talk on

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any subject except himself and his "iron-clad contract," of which the fellow was as proud as was a negro slave driver in 1850 over a new rawhide.

After finishing his unpleasant task, Wesley devoted himself to the more congenial employment of writing a long letter to Dorothy. After finishing the letter and mailing it, the lonely young man felt that he must do something to break the monotony of the day; so, acting on a sudden impulse, he boarded a car for Lincoln Park.

At this time the park was a pleasant spot; the flowers were just beginning to unfold their beauties, and many varieties of trees were in full foliage, while others were just budding or waving with fragrant blossoms freshly opened. Seating himself on one of the numerous benches near a roadway, Wesley gave himself unreservedly to the enjoyment of his surroundings. No thought of impending danger troubled the light-hearted park visitors; and unconsciously Wesley found himself wondering if, after all, his friends were not needlessly alarmed; if they had not overrated the danger of an uprising; if it were not a foolish piece of business, this sending of Dorothy and his mother away. How he longed for Dorothy; how delicious it would be to sit with her here, and among all the beauties of the awakening of spring, listen to her voice, and gaze into her face. His imagination pictured her, daintily gowned, sitting beside him, listening as he poured into her willing ears the melody of that story so old, yet ever new. There came into his mind the lines of Shakespeare:

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"Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."

And with the egotism of a man he wondered if she were not at this particular moment thinking of him and wishing he could be with her. Deriving a little selfish comfort from this thought, he arose, walked to one of the summer-houses, seated himself outside on a bench almost entirely hidden from observation, and, taking out of his pocket a copy of Ik Marvel's "Dream Life," prepared to enjoy the beauties of the perfect day and the quaint sentiment of the charming book. After reading about half an hour, he was attracted by the sound of earnest conversation between two men in the summer-house. Wesley could not see them but every word they uttered could be heard distinctly. One voice said:

"Everything will be ready soon. Some think it may be a couple of years yet, but I think it will be sooner. At the last meeting of the Forum reports were read showing our organization to be absolutely perfect. In every town we have branch lodges."

"How many in Chicago?"

"Nearly nine hundred in Chicago, besides the Pullman lodges and others which are in a separate jurisdiction."

"Don't you fear traitors?" asked the second voice.

The first speaker replied: "They are apt to creep into every reform organization, and our leaders fully understand the dangers, and to guard against extensive betrayal by any of our members we limit the membership of each lodge to fifty men. Donnelly's idea,

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as shown in his book, 'Cæsar's Column,' was to limit the membership to ten, but we decided in the Grand Forum to make it fifty."

"I don't exactly understand why you limit the membership at all. I should think the more members the better," interposed the second voice.

"The limited membership makes it impossible for a traitor to betray more than 49 men," answered the first voice. Continuing he said: "My next door neighbor may be a revolutionist and I not know it; he may belong to some lodge of our faith, but not be a member of my own."

"But you said that you sometimes hold meetings where several thousand attend."

"True, but this is in almost total darkness. The only light in the hall is one dim lantern giving just sufficient light to enable us to find our seats, while the stage is totally dark."

"How do you guard against outsiders securing admittance?"

"In this way: No man gets in unless he is acquainted with the set of passwords, numbering four, having to pass four doorkeepers every meeting night, while once inside the test of the true membership of every person present is applied in the following manner: As each lodge consists of exactly fifty men, and as each general or combined meeting must of necessity be a combination of the different lodges of the town or city where the general meeting is held, it necessarily follows that of each lodge there may be present from one to fifty men—possibly only one man, possibly fifty or any intermediate number. As each person enters the room the four doorkeepers each drop a ticket in a sealed

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box. On opening the meeting the chairman, or chief commander, asks all lodge commanders present to announce the number of their respective branch lodges and to advance to the platform and give the lodge password. After doing this the chief commander announces the number of lodges reported by the local commanders, and asks if there are any individuals present whose lodge commander, being absent, has not answered the call and given the chief commander the lodge password, and, if such be the case, that such individual or individuals advance and report to the chief commander with the password. Then the chief instructs the members of each subordinate lodge present to group themselves together. When the subordinate lodges have grouped themselves around their commanders, they in turn stand up to be counted; and as the subordinate lodges are called for by the chief commander, they report the number of men present, which must tally exactly, on being added together with the number of persons in the hall, as shown by the tickets in the boxes. In case it does not, a recount is made. If everything tallies correctly the next move to detect intruders is this: Each subordinate lodge commander asks the members of his lodge to rise to their feet and repeat the first four lines of the subordinate lodge ritual. Each individual member listens to his neighbor, who, if he fails to repeat the lines correctly is taken by the arm and escorted to the chief commander, who asks him for further signs to prove his right to remain in the hall. Then, if everything is correct, the regular order of business proceeds."

"If there be an intruder what happens?"

"He is escorted to the door, where his features are

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scanned by a masked member in the light of a small dark lantern. He is then told to go with the warning that if again found in a meeting summary punishment will be meted out to him—which means, as I understand it, death."

"How do you recruit the order?"

"By personal solicitation, aided by carefully worded circulars. At first we had to be more careful than now, for at this time the organization numbers over two million men, and it is too strong a body to be trifled with. I want you to be initiated tonight, in No. 39. Have you thought over the matter since I talked with you last week?"

"Yes, and I have decided to join you."

"Good. Be at my house at seven this evening."

The men arose and left the summer house. Wesley got a good look at them, but he did not remember ever having seen them before.

Full of the importance of what he had just heard, Wesley hurried down town and immediately reported to Mr. Short. When he had finished the editor said:

"Never mind getting up this report for print. It is very important, of course, but I think it best not to publish it at present."

Wesley made no reply, but left in a state of perplexity and annoyance at the indifference of Mr. Short about what he considered a valuable piece of news.

"It isn't fair. I can't understand it," he said to himself. Then a sudden thought came to him like an inspiration: "I have it—I understand it all now. Mr. Short is a revolutionist, and Jack, too, has joined."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

THE more Wesley thought over McDermott's absence and Mr. Short's reticence concerning it, the more he became convinced that his chum was busy on some extremely important assignment. He was nettled because his friends had not chosen to let him into their secret, and as a balm to his ruffled feelings concluded to commence a few explorations of his own, to be conducted, of course, *sub rosa.* Ever since he had overheard the conversation in the park his curiosity had stimulated him to learn more of the secret revolutionary movement, and he resolved to get possession of all the facts obtainable. He took the earliest opportunity to join the organization, and soon was No. 21 of Lodge No. 409. The initiation ceremonies were a new and solemn experience, and after taking the obligations of the order he felt that he had bidden farewell to the old ties which bound him to modern society and that he had burned all bridges behind him. He was amazed to learn the strength of the order, there being over two million men thoroughly organized and subject to its laws. He learned that it was the intention to petition Congress and the President to first pass laws for the relief of all idle men and their destitute families, then to restore silver to free and unlimited coinage with gold at the ratio of sixteen to one, regardless of the consent of any foreign

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nation; to regulate immigration; to revive the income tax laws and to prescribe heavy penalties for their evasion; also, to enact laws making all mercantile and manufacturing combines unlawful, and to take immediate possession of all railroad and telegraph lines, paying therefor at their appraised valuation. These radical changes would, if put into immediate practice, do away with the necessity of revolution and its inevitable sacrifice of blood and treasure.

Few believed that Congress would inaugurate even a single one of the reforms enumerated, and time proved their belief to be well founded. When the memorials were presented they were promptly tabled, and in place of the legislation demanded, Congress passed a nondescript tariff law.

A commission, headed by Senator Wolcott of Colorado, was sent to Europe to plead with the foreign powers for an international agreement to restore silver coinage. This commission had a most unhappy time of it. They made way with a fund of $100,000 in legitimate and other expenses, only to be ridiculed at home and abroad, and they then came home a little the worse for wear, having accomplished nothing. By this time the people of the United States were practically bankrupt, excepting, of course, the cormorants who caused the existing laws to be enacted. These waxed fat and prosperous. John D. Rockefeller was at this time worth nearly half a billion of dollars, his income being one thousand dollars a minute. All the multimillionaires doubled their holdings. As they grew richer they grew more and more arrogant, and in August they caused the Supreme Court to render a decision declaring all labor organizations of

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whatever kind or nature to be unlawful. The President immediately issued a proclamation calling on all labor lodges to surrender their charters, and forbade them assembling to discuss the proclamation or its intent.

The black cloud of revolution, which at the close of the presidential election was no larger than a man's hand, now hovered murky and threatening from horizon to zenith. The sufferings of the people were growing unbearable; many were starving; no work of any consequence could be secured, even at low wages. Failures multiplied, and thousands of firms previously considered perfectly solvent, went to the wall.

Ninety-five per cent of all the railroads were in the hands of receivers, and the grass grew between idle rails. Banks were no longer considered safe, and fully two-thirds of the currency and metallic money of the country was hidden in private hiding places. In vain did the States issue proclamations giving extensions to debtors. This slight relief came too late to be of service, and, besides the majority of creditors had now no desire to press their claims. On the other hand, the miserable debtors in a mad scramble to get from under, threw their holdings onto an already overstocked market, with the result that prices sank to the very bottom.

On the farms the granaries were bursting with unsold grain. It now took twenty bushels of wheat to buy the money to purchase the farmer a rough pair of brogans or a pair of trousers. Hordes of unemployed men wandered over the country riding whenever they found a train going their way, and plundering unmolested the fruit and produce cars for subsistence.

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Semi-anarchy was everywhere. This being the condition of those who had once been fairly prosperous, it can be readily understood that the condition of the extremely poor was indescribable. To add to the rapidly accumulating list of horrors, contagious diseases broke out in the congested districts of the larger cities, bidding defiance to the disorganized health boards.

At last the plutocrats became alarmed. Congress was appealed to, and, in extra session assembled, voted to final passage a bill to increase the regular army to a quarter of a million men.

For a time the banking and Shylock element breathed easier. They fancied that the armed force begotten of their terror would prove adequate to quell the wretched victims of their greed. "The power of wealth," thought they, "is too much for the puny strength of starvation."

Within sixty days from the date of the passage of the army bill through Congress, 250,000 soldiers, rank and file were armed and equipped, and being drilled in the science of murder. All the forts and military posts were garrisoned with large bodies of troops, and in the vicinity of Washington and New York immense barracks were erected to shelter the military acquisitions of the nation.

It was now noticed that the average attendance at the lodge meetings of the revolutionists had fallen off in a marked degree. The military fever had gained such a foothold in these organizations that they instructed such of their members as could do so, to enlist either in the regular army or in the militia of the various States.

A selected recruit from each lodge was instructed

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to report once a week to his commander on the strength of this new army, giving full particulars of fortifications, number and disposition of cannon and field pieces, and the location of troops by regiments, with a full roster of the men at each station, and the percentage at these different places of the original twenty-five thousand men and officers composing the regular army; also to furnish as complete an inventory as possible of the kind, quality, quantity and location of the ammunition and military stores belonging to the government.

Whenever one of the new recruits was found competent and reliable, he was requested by the revolutionary commander to send in drawings of the forts and coast fortifications, marking the vulnerable points of attack.

Great caution was observed to prevent detection. The letters and reports were all in cipher, and as fast as they were received by the lodges they were transmitted to the grand chief commander.

Thus during all that year did the revolutionists continue to arrange and perfect their plans unsuspected, while their forces, armed and equipped by the government itself, received the best instruction afforded by the nation, at the hands of the tacticians and officers of the regular army.

Not a whisper of all this reached the ears of General Miles, the commander-in-chief of the army. Not a suspicion of the intrigues of the revolutionists disturbed the minds of the President or his cabinet.

As a decoy, and in order to gain time, the government was induced, by several carefully planned moves on the part of the revolutionists, to guard the front

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door while they had selected as their point of attack a more vulnerable opening. Hints of strikes and riots were bruited about. A war with Spain was brought on, complications with the natives of the Philippine Islands and other countries were inaugurated, and the representatives of the money power became convinced that by reason of these political intrigues they had succeeded in turning the minds of the people from their domestic troubles.

These troubles were the Philippine complications which followed in the wake of the war with Spain, in addition to difficulties in Cuba and Porto Rico, where, under the pretense of establishing home government, the administration was endeavoring to inaugurate schemes of conquest which met with deserved resistance on the part of the people inhabiting those islands. In the Philippines, open warfare on the natives was being prosecuted under the euphonious title of "benevolent assimilation." At home soldiers were to be found everywhere.

The admirable condition of the army emphasized the necessity for a reconstruction of the navy, and soon Congress ordered this portion of the fighting forces of the nation placed on an equal footing, comparatively, both in numbers and efficiency. Here again did the revolutionary schemers furnish the men; and thus it came to pass, that in just twenty months from the passage of the army bill, the entire United States fighting force was in possession of the revolutionists, without the knowledge of any person not in their secrets.

During that winter, while the government was unconsciously drilling the revolutionary army, it

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was a matter of remark among those who had no knowledge of the growing uprising, that never during the past four years had the country been so quiet. It was well known that a revolutionary party existed; that secret lodges of the order were in every city of the land; but the precautionary measures, such as limiting the membership, put it out of question for the government officials and police authorities to ascertain the strength of the movement, or the end it was seeking to compass.

A few of the revolutionists were arrested, but no evidence could be procured sufficient to convict them, each prisoner individually protesting that he proposed only to revolutionize at the ballot box, and no evidence to the contrary could be obtained. Besides, the percentage of traitors was small, much smaller indeed than was expected by the grand chief commander and his colleagues. Not over a dozen persons were arrested in Chicago, and not one was convicted.

Then again, the plutocrats, now that they felt so secure, with the entire nation so peaceful, and the subdued citizens suffering or starving so uncomplainingly, disliked to encourage severe measures calculated to further arouse or excite the masses. Did they not have a powerful army ready to deal out death at a moment's notice? What did it matter to them if a few of the disconsolate and hungry rabble chose to gather in secret lodges and talk vengeance on the rich? It could amount to nothing.

Every labor organization in the United States, in obedience to the order of the President, quietly yielded up its charter, and while in consequence wages for the few who still found work were forced down to a pittance,

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no general complaint was heard. While the employers feasted on fat capon or terrapin, washed down with costly French wines, the employes filled the gnawing emptiness of their stomachs with black bread, corn meal or potatoes, and covered their nakedness with coarse linsey-woolsey—but waiting, patiently waiting, nevertheless, their turn.

As months passed on and the expected revolt did not occur, Mr. Short and Wesley began to see that they had been too hasty in sending the ladies to Colorado. However, the ladies themselves were delighted with their new home. Mr. Short paid them a visit about three months after their departure, and arranged many comforts for them. Dorothy, assisted by Miss Thackery and Mrs. Stearns, had undertaken the compilation of a botanical work to embrace all the varieties of Rocky Mountain plants, and the three decided not to leave the mountains until the book was completed. Mr. Short personally, and Wesley by letter, encouraged this enterprise.

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CHAPTER XXV.

A LETTER FROM HEADQUARTERS.

McDERMOTT had been gone a long time and Wesley's discontent was growing daily, when at last came this letter:

Dear Friend Wesley: (*Strictly confidential.*)

In my former short notes I begged forgiveness for so suddenly leaving you, but in none of them did I give you my reasons for doing as I did, nor the particulars of my work. It is now your due that you should be made acquainted with the circumstances which led up to my unceremonious departure, and the nature of my adventures since that time.

On the evening before I left I wished to tell you all, but our dear friend and employer did not agree with me. I have no doubt you have more than once felt out of patience and perhaps angry with me, but I trust that when you learn my reasons you will forgive me.

The day before my departure Mr. Short and I had a long talk over the close proximity of the trouble we have so long expected. The result was that he ordered me to get at the facts relating to the insurrection then seemingly so close upon us, in order that he might determine whether the movement was entitled to the support and sympathy of the anti-plutocratic people of this country. If it was, he proposed to throw the weight of his influence and the influence of the *Biograph* on the side of the revolutionists; if it was not, he proposed to make public the schemes of the rebels, and to do his best to frustrate their plans. Mr. Short felt my mission to be a dangerous one, for my intention at first was to act only in the capacity of a spy, and the pun-

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ishment usually meted to a spy is death. The more I questioned myself concerning the matter, the stronger became my conviction that it was best I should go alone. I reasoned thus: "Here I am, a bachelor with no relations and none dependent on me. If I go to my death, there are few to mourn; while as for Wesley, he is just on the threshold of his career, and with a mother and sweetheart depending on him." Fearing that the result of an interview with you might cause me to relent, I resolved to go without even saying good-by. While my investigations were not, as I thought probable, very dangerous, I have no reason to blame the forethought which prompted me to act as I did.

I have gone to the very bottom of this revolution, and I am convinced that its aim is to establish the freedom of this country from the chains of financial and industrial bondage. Its aim is not to destroy, but to build up; not to do away with our Constitution, but to add to it such amendments as will render it impossible for a few men to corner all the resources of the earth. As to the particulars of the plans, I will more fully enlighten you when I see you, which will be very soon; or, go to Mr. Short, show him this letter, and he will tell you everything.

I will now tell you something which may or may not surprise you. I have joined the revolutionists, and am now a member of the staff of the grand chief commander, with the rank of colonel. I am to be given command of a regiment when the time for action comes. Our organization is complete and the day is not far distant when its stability will be tested. I most sincerely hope the climax will come without bloodshed, but should the plutocrats attempt to meet our army with a force of hirelings, then I fear the trouble will be serious, for the rank and file are thirsting for vengeance and will fight like demons. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and I fear the possibility of a slip in our plans.

Now, a few words as to our leader. You remember

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that during the great strike of the A. R. U. in Chicago, an officer of the regular army, a graduate of West Point, resigned his commission in the United States army and offered his services to Mr. Debs. Well, he is our leader. I will describe him.

Imagine a man not yet fifty years of age; hair and beard already quite gray; tall, straight as an arrow, with keen piercing gray eyes, looking out under heavy eyebrows; a face somewhat thin, and bronzed by exposure; a prominent, aquiline nose, and a chin whose firmness the luxuriant beard cannot quite conceal—in fact, a man whose personal appearance indicates that he was born to command, and whose very presence inspires the utmost respect. He is idolized by his friends, and his courage, capability and tenacity of purpose cannot be doubted.

With him in our councils sits a staff composed of the best men in our confederacy, men of large military experience, education and courage. So far our plans have come to maturity without disaster and with very few discouraging incidents. As our leader remarked the other day: "We have the people with us, and if our first aggressive movement proves successful we cannot fail."

Nor will we fail, Wesley. We will, on the day named for the struggle, quietly arrest the old officers of the regular army and lock them in the various prisons of the country under heavy guard. Simultaneously we will arrest the commanders and officers of the various warships then in our harbors, and transport them to the prisons under guard. In order to do this successfully, it is necessary that nearly all of our warships be recalled from foreign ports. Perhaps you have observed in the naval dispatches that already the fleets are on their way to American stations. If this movement should indicate to you that the revolutionists already have tacit control of the naval authorities at Washington, you will have guessed very close to the truth. Our members are in the present Congress in considerable

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numbers, and our navy has been recalled by authority of the present executive and his cabinet, who have been led to believe by our Washington and New York allies that the large coast cities are in danger of destruction by the anarchistic element within their confines. The President, his cabinet and the money power are now resting in fancied security, having, as they believe, a large and loyal land and water force, sufficient to subdue the discontents in a very short time.

Providing our plans do not miscarry, within forty-eight hours of the proclamation of revolution we will be in possession of the whole of the vast machinery of state. The militia forces of the various states are controlled and officered by our men, and they will take possession of the smaller cities, and proclaim martial law acting under the direction of the central body. To citizens who do not annoy or harass us, full protection will be given. So far as we are concerned there is to be no rapine, robbery or riot. You will see the wisdom of this, for it would be impossible to inaugurate a destruction of life and property without endangering the lives and property of our own members. I also tell you this, that you may have no fears as to the safety of Dorothy and your mother, who are, I learn, still in Colorado. They are perfectly safe, and I doubt if they will ever during this crisis hear a single gun fired. It may be different in the large cities, for here resistance may involve terrible destruction.

Immediately on our gaining control of the government, a proclamation will be issued calling on each state to hold an election to send delegates to a convention which will adopt a new Constitution. Until such election, and until the universal ratification of a Constitution, the country will remain under military rule. The proclamation will be published in conjunction with a new Declaration of Independence, which will mean fully as much to the oppressed people as did the original declaration reported by the committee on the twenty-eighth of June, 1776.

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There is one class of people, Wesley, who will not be looked out for in our new arrangement of the laws, and that class is the bondholders. Their rights will be left with the people for determination. I am in favor of repudiating every outstanding bond. I think I hear you say: "European bondholders will have something to say as to that—the Rothschilds and the Jews of Lombard Street." Allow me to say that the foreigners have the considerable task before them of quieting their own discontented people. If the powers of the continent should undertake to interfere in the troubles of the United States, a recall would soon be sounded to suppress revolution at home. The people of England, Germany, France, Austria, Spain, Italy and Russia, are practically on the verge of revolt right now. No! the foreigners have fish of their own to fry.

Now, I suppose, Wesley, you are curious to know where I am. Well, I am in headquarters in New York City, right in the heart of the metropolis, and we are waiting the dawn of the day when the powers of good are to unite to conquer the powers of evil. As to when the conflict will begin, I am not prepared to say positively, but I think about May first.

It is now many months since I left Chicago, and this is September. Yes, I think May next we will declare ourselves. Destroy this letter. I trust to your sense of honor and loyalty never to divulge a word of this to anyone, with the exception, of course, of Mr. Short.

We were a little premature in sending Dorothy and your mother to Colorado, but it has given them a chance to get settled, and contented, I hope, with their surroundings.

In your answer I especially caution you not to dwell on any points in this letter, outside of personal matters. Write me all the news of yourself, Dorothy and Mr. Short, and don't forget to answer this as soon as you can, for I may be ordered away from New York any day.

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Wesley, my dear friend, my warm-hearted *compadre*, it seems rough that the fortunes of war have interfered with our journalistic partnership, but now all will soon be over. We have done our part to assist in delivering humanity from the power of organized wealth, and whether the future unites us or continues the separation, remember that I am now and for all time, Your loving friend and partner, JACK.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MYSTIC SYMBOL.

THE winter has passed away and May day has come. As the sun comes up out of the ocean, the boom of the morning gun on Governor's Island echoes over a quiet city. As it rises higher, the streets of New York resound with the measured tread of the squads of police, marching to relieve their sleepy-eyed brethren, who have been on duty all night. The huckster wagons begin to appear. The wharf rats creep out of their holes, and start to hustle for breakfast. Vagrant thieves slink from their lairs and skulk down the alleys near the docks, keeping a keen lookout for stray policemen. The janitors are putting the great office buildings in readiness for their occupants. In the big hotels the scrubwomen are leaving, having cleaned and polished the marble floors. In the Jewish districts on the Bowery and adjoining streets the shutters are coming down, and the clothing dummies are being set out in front of the small shops. The white-uniformed street cleaners and their carts are vanishing. The rumble and jar of the elevated tramways come sounding on the ear with ever-increasing volume. The gongs on the cable and electric cars clang their warning notes, and the pertinacious newsboys commence to shout.

But the plutocrat still sleeps secure in his luxurious couch, far from the increasing roar of the streets. It

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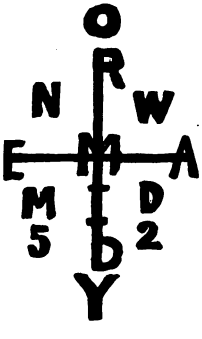
is not yet his hour of awakening. He will possibly awaken earlier before many days; but today he sleeps, and in his restless dreams he sees himself and his fellow plutocrats hard at work clipping interest coupons from the margins of government bonds, or immersed in planning future raids on the nation's treasury, under the skillful guidance of the Secretary of the Treasury himself. Let the poor devil dream on! He is now more to be pitied than the murderer who will be awakened this bright May morning by the touch of the hangman. In the murderer's case it is only death that is coming—the agony is soon over; in the case of the plutocrat it means the loss of that which he holds dearer than life—the loss of power, prestige, and above all, money—his whole existence.

Oh, Mr. Plutocrat, this first day of May has been a long time coming, but it has dawned at last—the day is here.

As people begin to throng the streets their eyes are greeted on every hand with a mystic symbol:



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It is pasted on every billboard, and on the fronts of vacant buildings; it is chalked on the sidewalks, on the fences—everywhere. Hundreds of thousands of cards bearing the same strange sign litter the hotel corridors, the hallways of buildings great and small, the elevated railway news-stands, the docks and the ferry-boats. The police sergeants discover the mysterious cards on their desks as they return from breakfast. It cannot be a sensational advertisement; it has come too suddenly—the signs are too numerous.

As the morning drags along the Associated Press bureau begins to receive messages asking if New York can explain the meaning of the sign. Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore are among the first to ask for information, their questions mingling with telephone calls from Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Harlem—all on the same subject.

As the day grows older queries came in rapid succession from Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Paul, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Denver, New Orleans and all the Southern cities. This announcement comes from San Francisco:

"This city flooded with a peculiar symbol chalked on the sidewalks and printed on billboards. Advices from all over the State say that every town and village is filled with them, every cross-road fence has one or more placards. What do they mean?"

To which New York replies:

"We do not know. New York is also covered with them."

The excitement grows as the crowds pour down town; the police are kept busy dispersing groups of

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excited citizens, all intently discussing the phenomenon.

"Can it be a practical joke?" ventured one man to another.

"Nonsense," answered the other. "Did any person ever hear of a practical joke extending from the lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific?"

"Look!" shouts a street gamin, "there goes up a bulletin."

Sure enough, the newspapers are putting out bulletins. The crowd makes a rush to surround them. Those in front read and pass the news back to those behind. All sorts of remarks and conjectures are voiced by the interested and excited people.

It is said that "the unexpected always happens." These old saws, so oft repeated, sometimes come true. When the grand council of the revolutionists conceived the idea of this symbol, as a means of notifying its members of the day and the hour of the beginning of the conquest, it was considered very improbable that any person outside the revolutionary order could translate the sign, and so far as literal translation went, their judgment was correct. But, mingling with this heterogeneous mob of wildly excited people was one who, by a chance begotten of inspiration, solved it. True, only a portion of it, but that portion contained its primary meaning. This individual was not a learned judge, a lynx-eyed detective, nor an alert reporter; but a creature of less than ordinary intelligence—an old woman almost in her dotage. This chance interpreter came shuffling up, elbowing her way to the bulletin board which bore, together with the bulletins, the strange device. Mumbling and

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grumbling, she wiped her watery eyes with her soiled apron, peered long and earnestly at the inscription, then, turning to the gaping crowd, she burst out into wild shrieks of hysterical laughter:

"Ha! ha! ho! Hooray! The devil fiddles for his imps to dance. It's sweet music when old Nick plays. Ha, ha! Oho! Hee, hee! Say yer prayers, ye wicked sinners—this means *Revolution! Revolution*, I say! D'ye *hear* me?"

"Get out, you drunken drab," growled a policeman, reaching for her; but the old woman, with a deftness acquired by much practice, eluded him, and, wriggling into the crowd, continued chuckling and laughing, and still calling out: "*Revolution! Revolution!*"

For the space perhaps of one minute the crowd stood as if stupefied.

"*Revolution!*" shouted a messenger boy. "*Revolution!*" echoed a hundred throats. A panic seized the mob, and, like all mobs, this was cruel and selfish—each for himself. The drunken old woman had kindled the sparks so long smouldering. Her cry of revolution was accepted by them all as sounding the keynote of the mysterious placard.

Park Row, where this episode occurred, was soon a seething mass of humanity. The news spread fast; telegraph and telephone told it to other cities; it was caught up and multiplied; lightning flashed it over land and under sea.

Political bosses and office-holders in every State of the Union grew white to the lips as they scanned hundreds of bulletins. In Chicago the excitement and turmoil was even greater than in New York. Cultured

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Boston, slow old Philadelphia, and aristocratic Baltimore writhed in the throes of a senseless panic.

The multitude can well be likened to the inmates of a burning building suddenly awakened at midnight by the cry of fire. Men now rushed bareheaded through the streets, their clothing torn, their eyes wild and glaring. The offices of the great steamship lines were overrun with applicants for cabin passage to Europe. The railroad offices whose lines run to Canada were likewise thronged.

All this lasted till past midday. By this time the people had partially recovered from their first fright, and gathered in groups to discuss the situation with some degree of calmness. The President telegraphed from Washington:

"Actual revolution impossible. Calm your fears. Our army, navy, State militia and police amply able to protect property. There is no danger. The entire United States army is already ordered to the large cities. I command all good citizens to disperse to their homes, and to aid local authorities in preserving the peace and the rights of property.

(Signed) "McKinley."

This quieted the fears of the multitude to such an extent that business was again resumed, but only in a spasmodic manner.

The evening papers announced a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden for that night, to discuss the scare. The entire police force, reserves and all, were now on duty, and the militia were kept in their armories under arms. Edition after edition of the papers was printed, turned over to the newsboys and sold so rapidly that the presses were kept at work without in-

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termission. Even then the demand for news was not supplied. Thousands of excited people constantly surrounded the bulletin boards, and when night fell the news was flashed in huge characters by search-lights from the different newspaper offices. This news was somewhat reassuring, being to the effect that all the military forces, National and State, were under arms, ready at the first sign of insurrection to establish the strength of the government.

While this quieted the majority of the people, it was not sufficient for the money kings. A meeting at Madison Square Garden was called by them, and presided over by Chauncey Depew. Every prominent rich man in New York was there, and it was resolved that "an army of volunteers be at once enlisted to assist the regular and State troops to subdue the mobs, if any should materialize."

For once the plutocrats became generous. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were quickly subscribed for war, where before only hundreds had been given for sweet charity. A call was at once made for volunteers to report to the different armories, commencing the next day at six o'clock under the supervision of the Brigadier-General of the First Brigade of the National Guard. Telegrams were received at the meeting from the Governor, stating that special trains were already on the way with arms, uniforms, and ammunition sufficient to equip ten thousand troops. This news was received by the plutocrats and their friends with loud and prolonged cheering, and when the meeting adjourned the great men felt that they had been successful in their scheme to avert possible disaster. As the crowd surged out of the garden their ears caught the

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sound of "tap——tap——tap—tap—tap," and looking up Twenty-sixth street as the sound came nearer, they saw, swinging along to the beat of drums, a long line of regular soldiers, rifles on shoulders, with heads erect, in full fighting trim. After them rumbled artillery and clattering cavalry, with heavy baggage wagons bringing up the rear. These troops had been sent from Washington to help protect the citizens of New York City. They were to camp that night in the streets, ready for instant service if called on.

The citizens greeted the soldiers with shouts of joy, but the troops marched on in sullen silence, looking neither to the right nor left.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CRIMINALS ARMED BY PLUTOCRACY.

ALL that night trains loaded with regulars kept rolling into Jersey City. Immediately on leaving the train the men embarked on the waiting ferry-boats and were transported across the river to New York, where they went into camp in the different parks and squares.

About five o'clock on the following morning the special trains loaded with rifles and ammunition sent by the Governor arrived, and these equipments also were transported by ferry to the city, and thence by wagon to the various armories.

When day had fully dawned, the city was a vast military camp. Fires were lighted on the side streets, and the army cooks were soon busy getting breakfast. The fragrant aroma of boiling coffee permeated the cool morning air, and mingled with the appetizing smell of frying bacon.

The morning papers were filled with the incidents of the day before. More than one editor asserted in columns of sarcasm that the whole thing was a senseless scare, and many wound up their effusions with a reference to the presence of the regular troops, and the foolishness of believing that any set of revolutionists under the sun would dare to start a rebellion under the very muzzles of the rifles and cannon of the many regiments then quartered in the city. Business was

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entirely suspended, excepting only at the hotels, restaurants and markets. All the banks were tightly closed, as were also the Stock and Produce Exchanges and the insurance and brokers' offices. Hundreds of private guards, many wearing improvised police stars and armed with rifles and revolvers, patrolled the streets, or lodged in the banks and the buildings of the trust companies. In Brooklyn the same scenes were being enacted.

The dispatches in the morning papers told that every large city was protected by regular troops. One paper made this the subject of an editorial, praising the chief executive for "so quickly disposing of the troops that every city in the United States is beyond peradventure safely guarded," and expressing astonishment at its being done so expeditiously.

"It certainly speaks wonders for our great government," said this editor, "that within twenty-four hours of the first hint of a possible revolt these troops were so quickly distributed. If there are any rebels in this city they must surely feel disheartened this morning," etc., etc.

At six o'clock volunteers began to besiege the armories for enlistment, and the officers stationed there quickly enrolled them, after which the recruits were uniformed and armed and given instructions. They were then disposed of in squads to guard the banks and safety deposit vaults of the big trust companies. At the Sub-Treasury, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, were camped two regiments of United States troops with four Gatling guns.

A wave of amazement swept over the city when it was discovered that the harbor was literally dotted with

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men-of-war. The surprise of the citizens soon gave way to gratitude at the increased protection this naval strength assured. Strange as it may seem, the events of twenty-four hours had culminated so rapidly that not a single individual thought to inquire how it happened that this grand array of war-ships was in home waters on this eventful day.

All this time the curious symbols still alarmed the city, and now men began to appear wearing badges bearing its imprint. It was first noticed that only here and there a man appeared wearing one, and also that he was invariably a workingman, but by the time nine o'clock had struck thousands of men had donned the mysterious decoration, and occasionally a militiaman was seen with the little emblem pinned on the lapel of his coat.

Again the telegraph reported the same occurrences in every city of the country. The plutocrats once more became uneasy. Russell Sage, who was especially nervous and frightened, telephoned to the chief of police, asking why he did not arrest the men found wearing these badges. The answer came back as quick as a flash: "Because there are one hundred men wearing badges to one policeman."

It was not to be supposed that the criminal classes could see the remarkable demonstrations going on over the city without instinctively planning for a harvest. Since the beginning of the anxiety, every thief and lawbreaker had been on the *qui vive* for the revolt, with its opportunities for looting and destruction. Little did the plutocrats imagine, in their mad haste to enlist volunteer protectors, that they had unwittingly armed the refuse of the city. The few police officers

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who knew of it had been dismissed with incredulous sneers. "The enrolling officers knew what they were about." Subsequent events will prove that they did not.

After four o'clock in the afternoon the excitement began to abate, and by six o'clock the city seemed to have returned to its normal state of quiet, the only apparent abnormal symptom being the presence of the troops and the suggestive grimness of the cannon trained and pointing down certain streets. In response to queries sent to other cities the answer came back: "All quiet here." Yet over all, in defiance to this semblance of tranquillity, there hung an indefinable dread, a nervous fear, a premonition of some danger not yet apparent. The streets were almost too quiet, too death-like. The very elements themselves seemed to contribute to the uncanny feeling. The sun went down behind a mammoth bank of black clouds, which, as darkness came on, increased in size until they covered the entire heavens, finally spreading and breaking into thousands of fantastic shapes. The air far above the city seemed to be in a tumult, but on the streets the wind had died away entirely. The waters of the river and harbor, reflecting the blackness overhead, were the color of ink, and rolled and heaved in a greasy swell. The dark sky and the still darker water made the hulls of the war-ships loom up ghostly white in the gathering darkness. On the battle-ships there appeared no lights except the customary night signals; otherwise they also were in total darkness.

At five in the afternoon placards begun to appear announcing that the entire city was under martial law, and ordering all persons to "refrain from assembling on the streets after eight o'clock, then to retire to their

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homes and there remain." They commanded all houses of amusement to close their doors, and saloons and barrooms were required to close promptly at eight. The hotels were compelled to close at nine o'clock. The proclamation called forth strong protests on the part of those who were accustomed to seek their pleasures after nightfall, but when the time arrived to vacate the streets the patrols of soldiers had little difficulty in inducing the night prowlers to go home. Very few arrests were made. The local police assisted the troops in this work. By ten o'clock the streets were entirely free from pedestrians and vehicles. There were no sounds save the echoing footsteps of sentinels or police, and the occasional challenges of the sentries on the corners.

Harbor traffic also was stopped by order of the military authorities. Not a boat moved on the waters; tugs, ferry-boats, barges, steamships, and sailing craft of all kinds were compelled to anchor or come to moorings.

The Brooklyn bridge was closed to all kinds of traffic at nine o'clock. Not an elevated train, cable, electric or horse car was permitted to move. Not a cab nor omnibus. New York seemed to have taken an overdose of some powerful narcotic; it was in a death-like sleep. The silence was ominous. Not a human being in all this vast hive but felt a creeping dread at the suddenness of the transition from bustling noise to almost absolute silence. With thousands, sleep was a thing not to be thought of. Inside their stone and marble mansions the millionaires grouped their families around them, and for the first time in their exist-

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ence experienced an uneasiness not to be cured by the opening of their purse-strings.

In the dwellings of the moderately well-to-do, in the homes of the poor, and in the overcrowded tenements the occupants were likewise fearful. The great American Sodom was for once silenced, and it relished not its temporary subjngation.

At army headquarters the preparations for the final climax went on quietly. The arrangements had long since passed the stage of indecision, and the final orders were being rapidly given to orderlies and officers. Already the revolutionists had seized every important telegraph office, placing the regular operators under arrest and putting soldier operators in their places. This movement extended to the railroad offices also, soldiers permitting the train dispatchers to run their trains only to the nearest stations. At all the smaller stations, where it was impracticable to locate regular troops, the depots were taken in charge by armed bodies of local revolutionists. Only in a few cases was resistance made, but in every instance it was quickly overcome without shedding a drop of blood. The gigantic insurrection now bade fair to succeed without the loss of a single human life.

The military headquarters, by a strange inconsistency of fate, was at the Waldorf Hotel. Dispatches received there successively announced the peaceful capture of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all the coast cities. At Washington, no trouble was experienced in capturing the President and such members of Congress as were present in the city. The United States Treasury and the seat of government were now in the hands of the rebels.

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The officers on board the war-ships, such as were not revolutionists, were quietly arrested and taken to shore, where they were taken by the patrol to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and placed under guard. Their places were filled by adherents of the revolutionary cause. As the evening progressed the news from all points outside of New York was most gratifying. As soon as the various cities fell into the hands of the revolutionists, martial law was declared as a temporary measure to insure safety for all.

Up to this time the citizens of New York had not realized the great change. Plutocrats and plebeians had alike succumbed to the fatigues and trials of the day, and nine-tenths of the people were in bed. Many had not retired as usual; some were lying down fully dressed; but at 11:30 P.M. nearly all of New York's population was sleeping.

Now comes the one black page in the history of this strange and unparalleled revolution, and the responsibility for all the ruin, death and destruction told herein will be laid by future historians at the door of those who alone were culpable. Not at the door of the revolutionists, for it was by their efforts that the carnage was stopped, but at the door of the cowardly owners of the treasure of the city. Determined to protect their wealth, they armed and equipped as desperate an army of cutthroats as ever enlisted under the banner of plutocracy.

Always before had deputies, detectives, and guards been a good investment, whether used as detachments of United States deputy marshals or in conjunction with militia regiments, and no thought of failure troubled the minds of those who had crowded Madison

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Square Garden and subscribed the money to organize the guards. The only memories suggested were strikes put down and workingmen killed. All their triumphs of the past thirty years were so many potent reasons why they should at this time administer to the discontented plebeians the same dose which had always proved so efficacious. Poor, deluded plutes! They prescribed the medicine, paid for its preparation, and then were compelled to swallow the bitter dose themselves.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

AS a sentinel of the revolutionary army was pacing his beat near the Broadway Central Hotel, a little past midnight on the morning following the events narrated in the preceding chapter, he saw a man in the act of entering a hallway leading to the elevator shaft of the large building directly opposite the hotel. The soldier rushed in after the intruder, but failed to find him, even after a thorough search. Finally, thinking he must have been mistaken, the sentry resumed his beat. Again passing the building on his return round, he discovered it to be on fire near the elevator shaft. Rushing to the nearest corner, he attempted to send in an alarm, but, not understanding the mechanism, failed at the first attempt to get the box to work. As he stood fumbling the hook he heard the clanging of fire gongs, and looking down Broadway saw coming at breakneck speed a string of fire engines and trucks. Still standing by the box, he awaited their approach. The first to come up was a battalion chief in a buggy, his horse on a dead run. The fire chief, instead of stopping at the box to learn the location of the fire, swept past the astonished soldier and whirled around the corner of Broadway into Bond street. The engines, hose wagons and ladder trucks followed the same route, which of course led them directly away from the fire opposite the Broadway Central. At this mo-

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ment a police officer rushed up, and, pushing the sentinel aside, jerked open the alarm box and pulled the hook. After waiting about two minutes, and no firemen appearing, the officer pulled the hook again, and then, muttering a curse, ran for another box a block above. It now seemed to the excited soldier that the entire street was full of hurrying engines which, instead of coming to this box, rumbled past him up Broadway, or else turned into the streets leading out of that thoroughfare.

From the time that the sentinel discovered the fire until now, not more than five minutes had elapsed, but the smoke was pouring out in great wreaths, and soldiers and policemen were coming from every direction. Finally a solitary engine drawn by horses almost dead with fatigue came slowly rolling up. Its number showed that it belonged to a remote station.

"Where in hell are the others?" howled out a policeman to the driver.

"Great Scott, man, look about you! There has been one continual alarm for twenty minutes," shouted the driver as he sprang from the seat to help connect the hose.

"Holy Virgin! the city is on fire in fifty places," yelled another policeman, running down the street and firing his revolver to help awaken the sleeping people. His shots were followed by others from the rifles and revolvers of the guards, and amidst the sounds of the fusillade the public alarm and church bells broke into a discordant jangling. Bell after bell took up the wild notes, until every brazen throat in the city rang out in the fearful chorus, into whose tumultuous clangor

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broke the shrieks of hundreds of whistles from the tugs and other steam craft lying at the piers.

But this was only the prelude to the symphony. The heavy bass of the hellish allegro now struck in with a jarring and shaking of windows. It was the booming of the great guns of the men-of-war anchored in mid-stream, roaring out their own sonorous fire alarm.

Martial law now failed to keep the people off the streets, for they came swarming out like bees, a motley crowd of soldiers, policemen, sailors, plutocrats and plebeians, all for the time being wild with the insane fear and excitement of the new crisis.

When the revolutionary placard was partially translated by the drunken old woman on the morning of May 1st, it did not inspire terror in the hearts of the hordes of thieves and criminals in the city, nor did it inspire fear among those desperate men and women who had been for the past four years bordering on starvation. On the contrary, they noted the alarm of the aristocratic classes with fierce exultation.

There is a sort of freemasonry among the criminal poor and the ruffian element of every large city, and their leaders were alert to take advantage of the opportunities given them by the confusion. While the plutocrats and their friends were organizing their forces at Madison Square Garden, the thugs and thieves and all the outcast population of New York were also in close confab and fully awake to the chances which the situation offered.

Such of them as did not manage to enlist as deputies hung around the edges, ready to begin plundering as

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soon as trouble should begin. It was astonishing how quickly the leaders, generally noted burglars and cracksmen, perfected their plans of action. The first move was to start a number of fires up town to attract the attention of the soldiers and citizens to that portion of the city, while the newly armed detectives and deputies, by the aid of dynamite and giant powder, blew up the vaults of the big down-town banks. For a time they thought of blowing up the Sub-Treasury, and probably would have tried to do so but for the fact that early in the evening it was taken possession of by a large force of revolutionists.

In their frantic zeal to quickly organize their deputies, the plutocrats did not scrutinize the new recruits, and as the respectable members of society are not prone to join such private armies, the outcome was that fully ten thousand of the very lowest strata of New York were fully armed and disposed inside and outside the buildings containing the money and treasure of the city. Millions of dollars in gold, silver and currency bonds and securities were placed under the guardianship of these land pirates.

All day long and until late at night did the false guards work. As soon as they took possession of the banks they bound and gagged the regular watchmen on duty, and then, in perfect security, commenced their task. They managed to obtain plenty of dynamite, gun cotton and other high explosives, which they skillfully placed in holes drilled into the inner vault doors. They secured entrance to the corridors leading to the vaults by forcing the watchmen at pistol point to unlock the doors. The thieves worked with the energy of madmen. Without the massive structures

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all was calm and peaceful, while stolid-faced sentries walked back and forth. Within, all was bustle and industry. Desperate men placed terrific charges of dynamite and gun cotton in the drill holes made for them, while others laid long lines of fuse and electric wires which at the proper time would conduct the deadly spark to the explosives. The watchmen, bound and helpless, noted the progress of proceedings with fear-crazed brains.

Along in the afternoon everything was finished; every mine was laid, and the tired conspirators hastily snatched a lunch which they washed down with deep draughts of wine stolen from near-by wine-cellars. The excitement and nervous tension prevented even the weakest from becoming intoxicated. Besides the explosives so generously provided as the result of raids on distant magazines (also guarded by the newly equipped deputies), a large quantity of emery powder was brought in and carefully distributed among the cutthroats.

The conflagration began, as already stated, about midnight, and fires broke out in so many different places at once that the firemen and citizens became bewildered. Messengers came rushing into engine-houses only to find the station empty and the men and apparatus gone in answer to an earlier summons from some more distant alarm box. Perhaps in all only five or six fires were started as far down town as Bond street. One was started a little farther down the street, diagonally opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. But on upper Broadway, or rather the boulevard, many blocks to the north, fully fifty were in progress at this time.

An enormous crowd was watching the fire near the

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Metropolitan, on the corner of Prince street, when all at once there came a terrific roar from down town. All eyes turned in that direction. A column of white smoke was visible in the sky in the direction of Trinity Church. A shuddering "Ah!" went up from the throng; but before the mind could grasp the probable meaning of the explosion another one followed, then another, and another, until the entire sky in the vicinity of lower Broadway was full of drifting columns of white smoke hanging in the heavens like immense balloons. These explosions were followed by others in different portions of the city, and suddenly every light was instantly extinguished. The robbers had blown up the gas and electric light stations.

Horror and panic now prevailed. Military discipline counted for nothing. In vain did officers with drawn swords implore the people to stand back and let the cavalry, fire apparatus and artillery make their way through the dense masses. In the darkness, lighted only by the glow of burning buildings and the flashes of explosives, the terrified populace fought and struggled to get away—to go somewhere—they knew not where. One howling crush of terror-stricken people rushed down Broadway, only to meet another equally frantic crowd rushing up. When they came together they were like two opposing regiments meeting in a charge. Mixed in with them were policemen, firemen and soldiers, equally crazed with fear, and lunging viciously with their weapons. A cry of horror went up from the surging thousands as in the fitful glare of the flames they saw bearing straight for their struggling masses a runaway artillery team, drawing a field piece and caisson. The poor people in the street tried

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to escape the danger, but they were so inextricably wedged together that they could only sway helplessly backward and forward. Right in the thickest of the jam, like a catapult, plunged the six terrified horses, plowing a wide furrow. The heavy brass cannon toppled over on the struggling, kicking horses, while the caisson flew up in the air and then came down wheels uppermost, instantly crushing to death several men and one woman, and breaking the back of one of the wheel horses.

Mobs in their fear always tend to crowd away from danger in the direction of comparative safety, and as the greater danger now seemed to be down town, this mob suddenly, as of one accord, started up town, tearing up Broadway, still scrambling, fighting and cursing.

Excepting only the guards engaged in plundering the shattered bank vaults, all humanity in lower New York was now pouring up town in endless procession. That main artery of traffic, Broadway, was one compact jam of hurrying men, women, and children, some carrying baskets or bundles containing keepsakes, while here and there could be seen a truck or dray loaded with merchandise. One man was staggering along with his invalid wife in his arms. He was the janitor of a big office building in William street, and he had barely escaped with his burden before the building was blown up.

The first mine was exploded in the nine-story building on the corner of Wall street and Broadway, known as the National Bank of the Republic. Before destroying the building the vaults were blown open with dynamite, and the money, bank notes, gold and silver

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stolen. The bonds and mortgages and other securities were scattered about the counting-room. This rule was followed with all the others, the vaults first being burst open and robbed, and the building afterward destroyed. The principal banks thus wrecked were the following, in the order named: National Bank of the Republic, Bank of New York, Merchants' National, Mechanics' National, Bank of America, Chemical National, Merchants' Exchange, Gallatin National, National Bank of Commerce, Hanover National, National Shoe and Leather, First National, St. Nicholas Bank, National City Bank, Tradesman National, Market and Fulton National, East River Bank, and National Park. Besides these some twelve up-town banks were looted.

The revolutionary troops made strong efforts to stop the pillaging, but they were seriously embarrassed by the piles of debris in the narrow streets, and further by the impossibility of reinforcements reaching them. It was only after they had lost a number of their men at the hands of the deputies that the revolutionists comprehended that these were the men engaged in the work of destruction. The soldiers were outnumbered in this section of the city three to one. The deputies and detectives crowded the hallways and house-tops, and poured down a terribly effective rifle fire, besides throwing many bombs. After an hour's hard fighting the revolutionists were compelled to flee, leaving over two thousand of their number killed and wounded. It was hoped early in the fight that reinforcements might reach them from Brooklyn, but the New York approach to the bridge had been destroyed by the deputies.

During all this time, those of the criminal classes of

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New York who did not belong to the enlisted bands of deputies swarmed through the streets looting and plundering right and left. Among them were many women, some even more vicious and desperate than the men.

When the troops were overpowered by the surpassing numbers of the deputies they fled in confusion, and as they passed in disorder through Park Row the editors and printers connected with the great newspapers deserted their posts and joined the flying crowd speeding northward. The whole of lower New York was thus abandoned to arson, plunder and destruction.

By two o'clock in the morning the banks had been looted, and the job, so far as the deputies were concerned, finished, with the possible exception of an uptown bank or two. The rapidity with which this work was done indicated that most of the deputies enlisted were either crooks or men whom the crooks could influence. The amount of money secured was enormous —probably about $700,000,000. This cash, however, was the smallest part of the loss, over $900,000,000 worth of bonds and securities having been totally destroyed, besides the personal property and buildings.

Seven hundred of the deputies were killed in the down-town holocaust, while the revolutionary troops (formerly government regulars and the National Guard) lost over three thousand men. To these should be added a loss of probably another thousand for persons outside of these organizations. But few plutocrats had yet been killed, because these kept as far out of harm's way as possible.

By three o'clock in the morning the fire was rapidly spreading south from lower Broadway, Wall street,

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Nassau, Liberty and Maiden Lane, to the East River piers and Battery Place. The docks from South Ferry to Clinton street were burning fiercely, and the shipping moored to these docks, becoming ignited, was also falling a prey to the devouring element. The wind veering a little to the northwest, carried the burning embers and sparks over the roofs of the buildings to the piers on North River, and by four o'clock the sheds, buildings and shipping there were burning northward, taking in turn everything between Battery Place and West Forty-seventh street.

The conflagration now began spreading out in the shape of an enormous triangle, the point being South Ferry, the right angle East River, and the left angle North River, with the center about the vicinity of Canal and Center streets. Every building inclosed in this triangle, embracing within its area the most stupendous aggregation of wealth in America, was doomed.

At the breaking out of the fires farther up town, all the fire apparatus had been sent there, and when the explosions began down town, as before described, the firemen found it impossible to return, owing to the blockaded streets filled with refuse, iron beams and the ruins of masonry. The thieving deputies abandoned this section as quickly as possible, leaving their dead and wounded to the mercy of the flames, while the soldiers, following the citizens, fled northward for their lives, leaving behind their arms and equipments. The incidents of this stampede were frightful. The strong trampled the weak; neither age nor sex was considered. The pavements were strewn with dead, and some also were there in whom life still remained,

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and who, with broken limbs and bleeding wounds, implored deliverance from the roaring flames overtaking them. Besides those lying helpless on the thoroughfares, many invalids and cripples were abandoned in their apartments in hotels and tenement-houses.

As the fire moved northward, its confines narrowed into an irregular space between two approximately parallel lines running north and south—the eastern boundary the East River, the western boundary the North River. The fire department, assisted by hundreds of volunteers, here made a gallant stand. For a time it seemed that the effort would prove successful, and it was thought possible the onward sweep of the flames might be checked before the remainder of the metropolis succumbed. The firemen and volunteers fought with desperate courage and admirable skill. Formed in two long lines, in battle array, instead of retreating, they advanced to meet the flames. They crouched behind hastily erected barriers, which in a measure protected them from the heat, and with the streams from eighty-one engines, aided by three fire-boats, two in North River and one in East River, were gradually checking the northward progress of the fire, when it was noticed that the engines one by one stopped their puffing.

While the chief was wondering what caused the stoppage of the machines, an engineer ran up to him, shouting: "Some fiend from hell has ruined my engine; it is impossible to make it work."

The chief and his assistants sprang to the steamer, where a hasty examination disclosed that some miscreant had thrown a handful of emery powder in the pistons and eccentrics of the engine, completely dis-

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abling it. Soldiers and policemen were at once dispatched to the other engines to protect them, but it was too late; the terrible work had been done, and so quickly and secretly that not even the engineers had seen it.

It was now plain why the deputies secured quantities of emery powder at the same time that they secured the dynamite and high explosives. It was a premeditated plot to make sure of the city's destruction by rendering the fire engines useless.

Besides ruining the engines, the plotters disabled the fire-boats in the same manner. Up at Harlem High Bridge the crooks drove away the watchmen guarding it, and placed heavy charges of giant powder under the aqueduct. When this exploded it blew out over thirty feet of the structure, which let the entire flow from Croton run off into Harlem River. This left the city entirely dependent on the water in the reservoirs at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, Central Park, Jerome Park and Williamsburg.

When the discovery was made that the engines were useless, the firemen, cutting loose their horses, abandoned the apparatus and fled, leaving the fire to burn itself out. Their example was contagious, and within three minutes the crowd fled in every direction, a howling, frantic mob of soldiers, firemen, policemen, plutocrats and plebeians, men, women, and little children, while the fire came roaring behind them.

Those owning property or living in that part of the city yet untouched by the fire rushed toward their homes, hoping to save their families and something of their valuables. Thousands had fondly hoped that the firemen could stop the fire at the point where they had

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made their last heroic stand, and when the news reached them that the engines were ruined pandemonium reigned. On came the fire, leaping, wreathing and roaring up Broadway, devouring, as if they were cardboard, the great buildings in its path. The costly piles of iron and marble fairly melted long before the flames reached them. The gutters ran liquid lava. The smoke rose straight into the air a thousand feet, and then spread like a funeral pall over the city.

On Fifth avenue and the adjacent streets consecrated to the mansions of the financial magnates, the terror and consternation was greater than anywhere else. Stripped of their power of wealth, reduced in a few short hours to the level of those whom they had plundered, with white faces dirt-begrimed, and torn clothing, the late millionaires and multi-millionaires darted in and out of their costly dwellings, carrying sacks of plate and jewel cases, while wives and daughters followed with tear and smoke-stained faces, their arms full of relics and trinkets. All prayed for help and protection, but neither help nor protection was possible. Every human being in New York was too busy looking out for himself. Their servants had vanished, and their prestige counted for nothing with the fire fiend; nor did it count for anything with the murderous conclave of criminals whom but yesterday these millionaires had decorated with tin stars. Such of these gentry as had failed to get the lion's share of the booty from the big banks were on hand here to force tribute from the aristocratic mansions of uppertendom.

One man, in an agony of fright, ran up the avenue in the direction of Central Park, leaving his wife to the mercy of two ruffians, who seized her and robbed her

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of her valuables. Another man, crazed with fear, ran out of his mansion, leaving his family to save themselves as best they could. The helpless females he left behind would probably have perished but for the timely arrival of two soldiers who escorted them to the park, now crowded with refugees. Chauncey Depew was seen running for life up the avenue beyond Sixty-fifth street, heading a procession of runaway plutocrats.

Among the women and children left behind, and in the deserted homes of these degenerates, the looters reaped a rich harvest before the fire drove them in turn to seek safety for themselves. No war party of Apache Indians could have been more cruel than these freebooters from the slums of the great city. Insane with liquor, fired with savage lust for plunder, murder and rapine, they surrounded the unresisting little bands of deserted women and children, and savagely tore the gems from their white fingers, and from their arms their little boxes and bundles of treasure.

The ferocities of the deputies did not end until the revolutionary troops sent patrols through the residence districts and to the parks.

Hastily improvised camps were formed in the parks and shelter was provided in such buildings as had escaped the ravages of the fire. These bivouacs were under the protection of the dreadful rebels; but oh, how eagerly the impoverished citizens availed themselves of their hospitality. Haughty millionaires and their families were well taken care of, but no better than were the poor working people.

Hospitals were established under the supervision of revolutionary surgeons, assisted by such volunteers from the medical fraternity as were in a position to

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render aid. The sick, the wounded and the dying were carried to comfortable cots, and all the attention possible was given the sufferers. The trust magnate or railroad president lay side by side with the hod-carrier or the engine-stoker; the society belle side by side with the washerwoman. All this, while not in accordance with the "established order of things," seemed eminently right and proper. No doubt the burns and wounds of the washerwoman were fully as painful as those of the dainty favorite of fortune lying next to her, and there seemed no just reason why the sufferings of both should not be relieved with equal promptness.

As it appeared by daylight, the proud city of New York, on the morning of May 4th, was merely a red-hot mass of embers and smoking ruins, from Battery Park to the extreme northern limits of the city. Tall buildings, docks, shipping, magnificent dwellings, tenements and slums—all were gone. Over twenty thousand of its population had been killed and over one hundred thousand maimed and crippled.

Had not the wind blown straight from the south, the fire would surely have spread across East and North Rivers, to Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Williamsburg and Long Island City. This circumstance, while it insured the total destruction of the city, prevented the southward, eastward and northward spread of the conflagration.

But for the timidity of the wealthy classes the catastrophe would never have occurred. In other cities the revolution caused little or no damage. They were all taken possession of by the regular troops so suddenly that the lawless element had no time to organize.

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In Chicago, Baltimore and Boston attempts at arson and violence were made, but a few volleys from revolutionary rifles soon dispersed the disorganized thieves. With the exception of New York, the conquest was peaceful, and when it was accomplished, hundreds of thousands of converts joined the revolutionists and swore allegiance to the new military authorities.

President McKinley and his cabinet were sent to Denver, where, while given the freedom of the city, they were kept under strict surveillance. Such officers as refused to renounce their allegiance to the old government were sent to Texas, where they were placed separately in various cities of that State. No violence was offered, and their families were permitted to accompany them. The naval officers who refused to serve with the new government were removed to California. All these persons were considered military prisoners, and they were warned that any overt act of rebellion or any attempt at communication with each other would be punished by death. Thus began and ended the most unique revolution the world ever saw.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE REBELS TO THE RESCUE.

THE receipt of McDermott's letter created in Wesley a burning desire to be in New York, and he soon found his duties in Chicago very irksome. As time passed on his sense of dissatisfaction became more and more pronounced, and one day, about six months after receipt of the letter, he besought Mr. Short to send him to New York. Mr. Short consented, partly because Wesley pleaded his case with much intelligence, but principally because the time of McDermott was now much taken up by other duties, leaving him very little in which to prepare his correspondence for the *Biograph*, and Mr. Short felt the necessity for another man in either the metropolis or Washington.

On the 25th of April Wesley arrived in New York and proceeded at once to the headquarters of the revolutionary leaders. That night McDermott introduced Wesley to the officers of his regiment, and also told him the day the revolutionists would take possession.

When the mysterious symbol was partially translated by the old woman, as previously told, both Wesley and McDermott were in the crowd, and they witnessed many of the exciting scenes which followed. Acting under instructions from McDermott, Wesley attached himself in the double capacity of aid and war correspondent to the regiment commanded by his friend.

When the fires first broke out, McDermott, Wesley

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and the adjutant of the regiment were riding slowly up Broadway, returning from an inspection of the guards at the Sub-Treasury. At that time they, as well as every one else, including even the Grand Chief Commander, attached very little importance to the first alarm, believing it only a weak attempt on the part of unorganized thieves, but when the explosions began down town the true significance of the diabolical plot became at once apparent. Turning their horses, they attempted to pass down Broadway, but were caught in the terrible jam below Prince street. They witnessed the charge of the runaway artillery team, and after the panic-stricken crowd had passed, leaving the killed and injured lying on the pavement, it was Wesley, McDermott and the adjutant who summoned help for the poor creatures in whom life still remained. All that night they worked together, saving the lives of women, children, invalids and cripples, and when daylight dawned, they were still busy hurrying the terrified people onward in advance of the flames and the menacing danger of falling walls and explosives. It was not until broad day that they learned of the peaceful capture of the whole United States. In the presence of the sufferings of distressed humanity they had forgotten for a time the great revolutionary cause.

When the military leaders were first informed of the sacking and plundering in the aristocratic residence section, McDermott's regiment first and then two others were ordered to the scene. McDermott divided up the three regiments into patrols of twenty-five men, each under the command of a non-commissioned officer, with orders to clear the streets of the roughs, and to load the women and children with their

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packages of valuables into the big army wagons which accompanied the expedition. "Let the men, if not ill or disabled, follow on foot," were McDermott's orders.

As these platoons charged through the streets, the scowling cutthroats, dropping their plunder, sought safety in flight. Now and then a rifle shot rang out, and a ruffian leaped into the air only to drop into a quivering heap, his days of deviltry ended.

Galloping around the corner of Fifth avenue into Forty-second street, McDermott and Wesley met a man rushing furiously across the pavement and shrieking with terror, while close behind him came a villainous looking thug. Wesley, who was the first to see this, quickly raised his revolver, and, taking careful aim, dropped the thug with a bullet through the lungs. His companion, spurring his horse, overtook the other, who, on perceiving his pursuer to be an officer, implored McDermott to save his "monish" and jewelry. "Quvick," he cried, "hellup me up; my bishness is ruint, mine vife halluf killed, mine ponds all burnt up."

"But where is your wife, my man?"

"No! no!" screamed the man. "Leaf mine vife go, put save mine monish; dot vas bishness, and bishness alvays first. So hellup me Moses, there vas mine vife now; I vonder if she has safed te tiamonds. Ach! vas you hurt, Repecca? Vas te tiamonds safe?"

"Get into that wagon, both of you," growled McDermott in disgust. And away went the two horsemen, leaving the couple to clamber into the relief wagon as best they could.

"That was Ickelheimer, the bullion broker," said

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McDermott; "one of the working partners of J. Pierpont Morgan."

"Well, I guess he'll never buy or sell any more bullion," suggesed Wesley.

"Nor his Gentile partner either," retorted McDermott.

"Zip! Psing!" And Wesley's horse gave a plunge, for a bullet from a deputy's rifle had cut a gash across the crest of the charger's neck, and a tiny stream of blood dripped through the mane to the ground.

"Steady there, Wesley!" shouted McDermott. "I see the rascals. There are ten or fifteen of them crouching behind that high board fence. Come, men," as the platoon came up. "Give them a volley. Aim low down on that fence. Fire by company. *Company, ready! Aim! Fire!*" Twenty bullets pierced the fence, and half of them found a human cushion behind it; for the men obeyed orders and aimed low.

The smoke of the burning city was now fairly stifling, and houses a block distant were already igniting; but through the smoke and under a rain of sparks and flying brands the sturdy soldiers rapidly cleared the locality of the prowlers. The officers now shouted hoarse orders to the men to get back. The heat was becoming unbearable, and the men were so begrimed with smoke and dirt that they looked like negroes. Gradually they retreated toward Central Park.

"I wonder if there could possibly be anyone still left in any of those dwellings," shouted Wesley, for the roar of the conflagration made it necessary to shout.

"If there are any, God help 'em, for we can't," yelled back a sergeant.

"God Almighty!" suddenly cried out a soldier,

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"there is a woman on the fire escape of that building. Look, Colonel, she is waving her handkerchief."

"All right," bellowed McDermott, coolly, "we must save her. Come on, Wesley. Come on, men—never mind military order, but follow me. And McDermott spurred his shrinking horse right into the hot smoke, which closed around him like a pall. Wesley galloped after him, but the men who were on foot were left hopelessly behind.

"This must be the place," gasped McDermott. "Here—quick, jump off—run the horses in this areaway; it will partially shield them from the heat and smoke. Tie them fast, for God's sake, for we'll need 'em before we get out of this."

Springing off the frightened animals, and tying them securely, the two men crouched behind a stone wall for shelter, and then made a run for it, while stinging sparks showered down on them like hail.

"Oh, for a fireman's helmet," said Wesley. "But what is the matter, Jack?" as McDermott staggered and fell. "Are you hurt?"

"Only a scratch; a piece of slate must have fallen from that roof, and the sharp edge has laid my cheek open, that's all. I'm all right now. Push on, Wesley —here's the door."

"This is the house, I think," shouted Wesley; "I can hear the woman screaming."

"Up the stairs, then! This is a relief." For the smoke and heat were not quite so oppressive inside. "Up with you." And the two men dashed up the stairway.

"My God! what's this?" shouted McDermott, as he trod on a body lying on the first landing.

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"It's a man, Jack, and he's still alive."

"All right. I see a bath-room in yonder and hear the water running. Drag him in there, throw him in the tub and soak him. I'll save the woman." And McDermott raced up the next flight of stairs, burst open a door, and out on the fire escape discovered a fainting woman, whose clothes were already catching fire. He dragged her inside, took her in his arms and scrambled down to the bath-room, where he held her under the water in the brimming tub till her clothing was soaked. Then, taking her out of the tub, he jumped in himself, and it was well he did so, for his coat was on fire in a dozen places. The cold water revived the woman, and, as she made a feeble effort to rise, she wailed out:

"Save me—and my husband, too. He is lying in the hall—I fear he is too drunk to help himself."

"Your husband is safe. Now lie perfectly still, and we'll save you, too. Where are you, Wesley?"

"Here, Jack, and for God's sake hurry; the entire street is a mass of fire."

How Wesley managed to drag the heavy form of the drunken man to the place where the horses were fastened, he never was able to tell; but it was finally accomplished. McDermott followed, carrying the now unconscious woman, over whose head he had thrown his coat to shield her from the heat and flying brands. Through the strangling smoke and amid the crackling of the blazing buildings the two brave fellows staggered to the shelter where they had left the horses. The poor brutes were crazed with fear, and some precious moments were wasted in the attempt to mount.

The soldiers who had attempted to follow their lead-

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ers had been beaten back by the smoke and retreated some two blocks farther north, where they reported to the next officer in command the probable loss of Colonel McDermott and his friend. No sooner had the report gone the rounds of the troops at this point, when there burst through the ranks two badly scorched horses, bearing McDermott and Wesley and the limp forms of the rescued. Willing hands took their burdens, and then pulled from the horses the scarred, scorched and almost swooning men.

"I'm all right, boys," gasped McDermott. Then, catching sight for the first time of the woman's face as she lay on the ground, her head pillowed on his coat, he reeled like a drunken man, and, with the single word "Saidee," fell senseless to the pavement.

A few short, sharp commands as an army ambulance rattled up, and the two victims and their rescuers were loaded in. The driver whirled his team northward, and started at a gallop for the park, where medical attention could be obtained, while the platoon of soldiers in their turn hurried away before the steady advance of the fire.

When the ambulance reached the headquarters in the park, the surgeons made an examination, pronounced Wesley all right except for the burns, the rescued man still very drunk, but otherwise all right, the woman suffering from shock and excitement, and McDermott possibly in a serious condition.

"A stroke of some kind," muttered the old army surgeon as he knelt beside him, holding McDermott's wrist in his hand. "Seems like a sunstroke. Wait a minute." Taking a surgeon's thermometer, he applied it to his patient's arm-pit. "No, it is not in the nature

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of a sunstroke," the doctor continued. "Temperature too low, only ninety-seven. If it were sunstroke, it would be at least one hundred and eight. It is a complete collapse from exhaustion and exposure to the heat. He'll come around soon." And the surgeon forced a few drops of brandy between the set teeth and put three or four soldiers at work rubbing and chafing his patient's feet and limbs. Presently McDermott opened his eyes and looked about him.

"That'll do, boys," said the doctor, cheerily; "wrap him up warm, and carry him to a cot in one of the hospital tents. I want to dress that cut on his cheek. He will be all right in a day or two." And the surgeon passed on to the next patient.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Fayette were removed to the field hospital. Wesley followed the soldiers who bore McDermott away, and before seeking rest or refreshments for himself saw his chum safe on his cot and sleeping soundly. Then, after drinking a cup of coffee handed him by the hospital steward, and nibbling a little hardtack, he too sought rest, and soon, rolled up in a blanket, was sleeping as sweetly as an infant, despite the turmoil and confusion around him.

All that night the fire ate its way northward, until, when daylight came, the entire city was one vast area of smoking piles of brick, marble, stone and mortar. New York had paid the penalty for her crimes against society. Her great highways were piled high with debris. Here and there could be seen the remains of a fire engine. The rails of the elevated tracks were piled in twisted and distorted confusion with the iron supports and the collapsed iron columns. Where a few hours before had stood the great modern sky-scraper

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buildings there was now nothing but towering steel skeletons, curled and warped out of all semblance to the recent architectural triumphs. Gone were the banks—their treasures stolen, their buildings destroyed, their owners and stockholders paupers, many of them dead, wounded or missing. Vanished were the miles of docks and wharves with their sheds, warehouses and offices. Burned to the water's edge and sunken were the hundreds of steamships and other craft but yesterday moored in their docks. Almost demolished was the great Brooklyn Bridge. The electric roads were now merely serpentine lengths of warped rails, winding through labyrinths of steaming ruins. The hired protectors of plutocracy had acted well their part.

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CHAPTER XXX.

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

WHEN Wesley awoke the next morning his first thought was of McDermott, and great was his joy to find that he was still sleeping. It was fully ten o'clock before McDermott opened his eyes and inquired what had happened. Then, as he put up his hand to his bandaged face, the events of the day before became clear to him, and with the remark that "no little scratch like that was going to keep him in bed," he insisted on getting up.

"No," said Wesley, "you lie still. I am going to let you have some breakfast, for I know you must want it. Aren't you hungry, Jack?"

McDermott nodded a rather feeble assent, and Wesley, calling a steward, gave him the necessary directions.

While McDermott drank his bowl of broth, and nibbled his toasted crackers, he kept up a running fire of questions. The first queries concerned the outcome of the revolution and the extent of the fire; then he asked about the man and woman they had saved from the burning house.

"I have not learned the woman's condition, Jack," said Wesley, "but her husband is in a bad way. It seems that he is a chronic drunkard, and the fire found him drinking. It really was the wind-up of a big spree, and the terrible heat, combined with the alcohol

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in his system, brought on an attack very similar to sunstroke. The surgeon told Lieutenant Lovejoy that he had very little hope for the man's recovery. It seems that his treatment requires plenty of ice, and it was long past midnight before any could be procured. There is very little prospect of saving him. Ah! there is the doctor now. Doctor, Jack and I are just speaking of the man we carried out of the house yesterday. How is he now?"

"Mr. Fayette has just died," answered the doctor. "He was in a complete stupor until the end, which came ten or fifteen minutes ago."

"May God forgive him his sins!" faintly ejaculated McDermott.

"What did you say?" asked the surgeon.

McDermott vouchsafed no answer, but lay very still, his lips slowly moving.

When the doctor was gone McDermott said:

"Wesley, those people we saved yesterday—do you know who they are?"

"Yes, Jack, I think I do. The woman is your old sweetheart, and her husband, the man who has just died, was Mr. Fayette, the Congressman who swindled you and Mr. Dever out of your mine."

"To think," went on McDermott, as if conversing with himself, "that we should meet under such circumstances. And he is dead—he, my enemy, who robbed me of a lifetime of happiness. I hope," continued McDermott with something like his wonted fierceness, "that he recognized me; it would be revenge enough for me. No, I don't hope it—I ought not to hope it—I should not think of revenge. Wesley, I believe the fearful scenes we have just passed

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through have changed me. For twenty years I have nourished my hatred of that man, and for twenty years I have fanned the embers of my hate, hoping for ultimate vengeance. And now that I have met him, and have seen *her*, I have become as forgiving as a child. Yes, Wesley, something has changed me. And Saidee —poor girl—I forgive her, too; for I believe she has suffered much. But I must get up, Wesley; please hand me my clothes."

"No, Jack, you are to lie quiet today—the doctor says you must."

The tent flap parted again, and an orderly entered. Saluting, he handed Wesley an envelope. "With the compliments of Lieutenant-General Rucker," said the orderly as he stood at attention.

"Orderly, be seated," said Wesley, as he glanced at the address: "Colonel John McDermott." "Here, Jack, this is for you."

McDermott eagerly reached for the missive, and, tearing open the envelope, read:

"General Rucker wishes to call, as soon as Colonel McDermott is able to receive a visitor, and personally return his congratulations to the Colonel for his brave conduct during the conflagration and conflict of yesterday. The General is happy to inform Colonel McDermott that telegraphic advices from every State in the Union point to the successful termination of the revolution. It was a glorious, and well nigh a bloodless victory. Kindly advise orderly bearing this when it will be convenient for the General to call.

"HARRIS,
"Acting Adjutant-General."

"Give General Rucker my compliments," said McDermott, "and tell him that his convenience will be mine."

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"But are you strong enough?" interposed Wesley anxiously, after the orderly had gone.

"Certainly I am. Why, a visit from General Rucker will be worth a hundred doctors."

"Very well; you always would have your own way. But see here, old man, I must fix you up a bit."

Wesley procured hot water, soap and towels; then, seating himself at Jack's side, he bathed his friend's face and hands, helped him into clean clothes and combed his hair.

"There," said Wesley, as he critically surveyed his friend, "you look something like; you are clean, anyway."

"Thank you, Wesley. I don't deserve such devotion."

"Yes, you do, Jack, and I don't want any thanks either. Do you forget how much you have done for me?"

"I rather guess, Wesley, that we are a sort of latter-day edition of Damon and Pythias," replied Jack. "And," he added, "I hope we always will be; we have shared each other's fortunes too long to ever be anything else."

When General Rucker entered the tent he saluted McDermott and Wesley, and gave to each a cordial handshake, after which he seated himself near the cot, and thanked both for their fidelity and bravery during the riots.

"I am informed by Surgeon Benton that you will soon be able to be out again, and I am exceedingly thankful that such is the case. Many of our brave soldiers have met a soldier's death and will never again meet in our councils." And the General called over

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the names of some of those whom death had claimed. "I had fondly hoped," he continued, "that the crisis might be passed without any sacrifice of human life on either side. I thank God that we are not responsible for the fearful blunder of arming the criminals. But it is now over, and I have telegraphed orders which will make it impossible for the lawless element in other places to work such fearful destruction. Out of this chaotic condition of things we must evolve a perfect system of government. Our task is only just begun," he added, "but I believe we are capable of finishing the work. Nearly all men who have the nation's good at heart are with us. You must hurry and get well, Colonel McDermott, so that we may have your help. We need all our brave and capable men now."

"I will be all right in a day or two, General, and again subject to your orders," answered Jack. "But you must not forget my friend here, Mr. Stearns; he was with me in the thick of the dangers and is as much deserving of praise. But, after all, we only did our duty as we understood it. If praise is due to anyone, it is due to you, General."

"I expect criticism because I could not prevent the awful calamity. I fear more blame than praise will be my portion," said the General sadly.

"Excuse me, General, but the way you handled the rescue of the people of this city has brought out the highest praise from all. Even the plutocrats must admit that their personal safety depended on your skill and intrepidity. Believe me, General, notwithstanding the antagonism of the rich people of New York to our cause, they will be compelled to acknowledge your generosity, bravery and ability."

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"I am glad to hear you say that," rejoined General Rucker, "for I feared that perhaps I was remiss to a certain extent in not anticipating the action of the thugs. However, nothing remains to be done, now that the mischief is over, except to arrange for the care of the stricken people as well as we can. I am sending out of the city all who are able to travel, quartering them on the residents of other cities. I am having some trouble in this, as some of the wealthy citizens of Philadelphia, Boston and other places are averse to sheltering the homeless. But I am in no mood to be trifled with, and have given orders to levy on the stores of food, medicine and clothing to supply the immediate wants of the people. I have also taken possession of such buildings as are needed for shelter. I am shocked to think such orders necessary, for I supposed that all citizens would willingly contribute to alleviate distress. The transportation problem does not worry me, for we have full control of all the railroads, and run our trains to suit ourselves. We are now performing the painful task of searching the ruins for the victims of the fire. Sanitary reasons compel prompt action in this regard. I suppose, Colonel, you have heard of the death of the man you rescued?"

"Yes, I heard of it a short time ago," answered McDermott. "But it was Mr. Stearns here who rescued him. I took care of the lady."

"The lady has entirely recovered; she has not even a scar to show as the result of her experience."

"I am thankful for that," said McDermott. "Has the time been fixed for Mr. Fayette's funeral?"

"No funerals are possible now. We can only furnish rude coffins and then get the bodies under ground

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as quickly as possible. We must treat all alike in this respect. By the way, Colonel McDermott, some one has told the lady that she owes her life to you. The information has affected her quite strangely." Here the General paused.

McDermott did not reply, and the General tactfully led the conversation back to the subject of the revolution. He impressed Wesley and McDermott with his sturdy integrity and the breadth of his ideas. And yet he was as unconventional and unaffected as a child. Although a soldier, he valued the palm of peace higher than the laurel crown of bloody conquest. He expressed an earnest hope that a new government, a model for all the world, would be built up on the ruins of the old.

"If," said the General, "we can establish a form of self-government which shall do away with the inequalities now so burdensome, if we can make it again possible for individual merit, goodness and honesty to rise above degrading drudgery, and if we can compel a fair division of the profits of labor, and establish at least an approach to the 'Universal Brotherhood of Man,' we can then declare as a living truth that government has kept pace with mechanical inventions in the march of progress. While every art and science has kept climbing upward toward the summit of perfection, human greed and selfishness have prevented improvement in our form of government. We are behind the times in that respect. While the people have been busy in their various pursuits, and engrossed in the never-ending struggle for advancement or perhaps existence, the money power, intrenched behind the barricades of usury, has maintained the sway over all

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governments. In plain words, the House of Rothschild with its manifold agencies has governed all the world. Under a proper form of government there is no need for debt. Interest must finally be abolished, and at once controlled. It has grown from a puny cub to a full-grown tiger, and its food is human flesh and blood. Everything is under the awful cloud of debt—church, state and individual. No class is exempt. The laws and the courts are all against the debtor. Shylock was a neophyte; he never passed beyond the kindergarten stage in the school of finance. He only demanded his pound of flesh; he did not force his claims for five-fold the original obligation. I often wonder how he would fare if brought into competition with a Russell Sage, a Pierpont Morgan or a Rockefeller."

"They would pick poor Shylock of his last pin-feathers," interposed Wesley.

The General smiled at this and resumed: "The new government must prevent the accumulation of enormous fortunes—either by taxation or confiscation, or both, if found necessary. A limitation must be placed on the accumulations of any one individual. Corporations must be either restricted or abolished."

Toward evening of the next day, in spite of Wesley's remonstrance, McDermott arose, dressed himself and started for a walk through the streets of the camp. Occasionally he met a sentry, and he mechanically returned the soldier's salute. There were other convalescents strolling about, but these he passed without notice. On all sides of the park there still rose the steam and smoke from the ruins of the city, and the air was laden with the peculiar odor of smouldering

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debris. Daylight was merging into twilight. Off in the northeast the moon was rising dull red through the steaming haze.

McDermott drew the folds of his military cape closely about his shoulders, and turned to retrace his steps. Coming toward him out of the gathering gloom was a woman; but with his lowered eyes he did not see her until she was almost beside him. He then turned slightly to one side, to allow her to pass.

"Mr. McDermott!"

McDermott faced about, lifted his hat and stopped.

"Did you speak to me, madam?"

"Oh, John—Mr. McDermott—don't you know me? I am Mrs. Fayette."

Although both startled and surprised, McDermott retained sufficient presence of mind to again lift his hat and reply:

"I beg your pardon; I did not recognize you."

"I recognized you the instant I saw you, and resolved to speak to you."

"I am very glad you did. I hope that you have fully recovered from your fright, and—"

Mrs. Fayette, observing his embarrassment, broke in: "I am physically myself again; but mentally, I am almost a wreck from worry."

"Let us hope that most of our worries are over," McDermott replied. "However, this air is positively cool. May I have the privilege of escorting you?"

Mrs. Fayette accepting, they turned in the direction of that portion of the hospital camp reserved for the women and children.

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About ten days after this meeting Wesley came into the tent and found his comrade quite excited.

"Sit down, Wesley; I want to tell you something," said Jack. "You remember the story of my early life, which I related to you that Sunday afternoon in Chicago?"

Wesley nodded affirmatively, and Jack proceeded:

"After twenty years I have learned why Saidee Fowler jilted me, and I have learned it from her own lips. Her mind was poisoned against me by infamous stories sent back to Millford concerning my mode of life while in Leadville. It appears that Fayette, having learned from the Millford people of our love affair, resolved to break it up in order to have a clear field for himself. After I had been gone from Millford some time, an uncle of Saidee's died, leaving her quite a fortune. From the time that Fayette learned of this he began to lay siege to the hand of Saidee Fowler. Finding that as long as I stood in the way he could make no headway, he resolved to blacken my character. Accordingly he went to Leadville and induced a woman there to write to Saidee a long letter filled with falsehoods concerning me. Well, you know the result. Saidee tells me today that after her wedding she received a letter from this woman, confessing that the contents of her first letter were willful lies, and that Fayette had paid her to write it. When she showed the two letters to Fayette and taxed him with his scoundrelism he laughed her to scorn."

"I am sorry we didn't let the cur burn, Jack;" interrupted Wesley.

"Never mind," said McDermott. "But you can imagine how it humiliated the poor girl. To be brief,

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their married life was a most unhappy one. Fayette drank and gambled, and in less than ten years squandered away not only her fortune, but also the enormous sums that he took out of the 'Spirit Lode.' He finally hypothecated his shares in the mine, was unable to redeem them and lost them also. At the breaking-out of the fire his fortune was practically gone, and he was a mental and physical wreck."

"I cannot believe that she is sorry he is dead," said Wesley.

"She says nothing on that score. She is going back to Millford, to keep house for her father, who is now a very old man."

"She is wise to leave this scene of woe and return to her childhood's home. But, Jack, answer me this question: Do you still love her?"

"As God is my judge, I do."

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CHAPTER XXXI.

PREPARING FOR THE NEW ORDER.

THREE weeks had passed since the revolutionists had compassed the peaceful conquest of the government. Martial law prevailed, and every county, city, town and village was governed by a provost marshal and his subordinates. The strictest discipline was maintained. Criminals arrested by the local peace authorities were dealt with as before the revolution, the acts of the courts being ratified each day by the various provosts. Petty offenders were tried under the ordinances and police regulations as before. If the offense was of a serious nature, the culprit was given a preliminary trial, and if sufficient evidence was produced, he was remanded to jail to await trial in regular order under the new laws of the young republic, after such laws should have been promulgated. In civil cases the courts were restrained from proceeding until such time as the new order of government was perfected. Until then there could be no foreclosures, tax, trustee or sheriff sales. All such performances were indefinitely postponed.

By a public proclamation issued on May 6th, all state, county and municipal officers, together with the clerical forces and employes under them, were commanded to appear before a provost marshal and take the oath of allegiance to the new government. This order was signed by Lieutenant-General Stephen

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Rucker, the new commander of the army. It was a matter of universal comment that not two per cent of the officials refused to take the oath of allegiance. The only anxiety the others manifested related to their salaries, which it was feared might be reduced.

It must not be supposed that this sudden change from the old government to the new was accomplished without friction. Unexpected emergencies sprang up here and there all over the country which required a strong hand to master successfully. Among the first difficulties was the attitude of the foreign legations at Washington. The gentlemen composing the diplomatic corps believed, almost to a man, that anarchy would prevail. It was not until the military commander had placed armed sentries at their disposal that their fears were somewhat allayed. Every opportunity was afforded them to promptly cable to their respective governments the successful outcome of the rebellion.

The rulers of Europe were astounded at the ease and celerity with which the American revolution had been accomplished, and they were alarmed for fear that the discontented elements of their own society, encouraged by the audacity of the revolutionists, should organize for the overthrow of monarchy. Their uneasiness was such that they forbore to extend encouragement to the plutocrats of America, and the hope of European interference entertained by the American Tories went glimmering as they became cognizant of the shaking and quaking of the thrones of Europe in the breeze of popular discontent.

The aristocracy of the civilized world, fearing that liberty might prove contagious, established a quarantine against the spread of the disease by suppressing

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all news relating to the United States and jointly and severally concluded to keep hands off. Cunning old Rothschild, with true Semitic shrewdness, deemed it the better policy to lose his investments in American bonds rather than to incite European opposition to the American revolution. He foresaw that the governments of Europe would surely go down under revolutionary conspiracies if their armies and navies, so much needed at home, were used to assist American plutocrats out of their trouble.

The difficulties experienced by the original founders of the American republic in establishing a new government were duplicated many times over in the case of the revolutionists. The country was now much larger, both in area and in volume of population, and its interests were more varied and more widely scattered. Besides, the inhabitants were a conglomerate mixture of races. This condition made the problem of self-government a most perplexing one. In spite of the strict observance of martial law, the actual state of the country for some time after the revolution was semi-anarchical, the lawless elements of society being held in check only by their fears. Fortunately there was a strong undercurrent of public opinion which favored giving the builders of the new commonwealth ample opportunity to deliberate and to adopt only such laws as would insure the greatest benefits for the greatest number.

The Grand Chief Commander, General Stephen Rucker, on the fourth day of June issued a proclamation for a national convention to be held in the city of Chicago on the fourth day of July, to celebrate the reorganization of the United States of America, to

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nominate a President and Vice-President, and to declare the absolute political and financial independence of the rejuvenated republic. There was no Continental Congress to issue this proclamation, as was done one hundred and twenty-three years before, but there was a leader who had performed the surpassing feat of conducting to a successful termination, and without the loss in actual warfare of a single human life, the greatest revolution the world ever saw.

The proclamation, while issued by Stephen Rucker and signed by him, was also signed by fifty others who had been prominent in the councils of the revolution, and whose names were revered by all interested in the cause of humanity.

Immediately on receipt of the proclamation, the authorities of each State issued a call for a special election to be held on the twentieth of June, to elect twenty delegates to represent each commonwealth in the convention. The territories were also to elect the same number of delegates.

The issuing of the call and the holding of the convention were opposed by many of the more radical revolutionists, on the ground that the assembly might possibly be packed in the interest of the very power the revolution had conquered. The objection was met by the rejoinder that if the whole people could not be trusted to elect a proper set of delegates, it was an opportune time to discover their incapacity.

The more intellectual among the revolutionists favored the plan under such regulations as would insure perfect representation and embody the spirit of true democracy. The leaders argued also that the money power was as much entitled to representation as the

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masses of the common people, and should be protected in the endeavor to secure representation, but, as one speaker dryly observed, "by purely legitimate methods." Going farther, he said: "If a plutocrat, or any one else, should undertake to pack this convention by any of the threadbare old tricks, or by new ones either, let him be immediately sent to the place ordained by kind Providence for the final convention and abiding-place of all the bribers of the past, present and future."

No public or private canvass was allowed, and there was only permitted to be published a list of nominations for the office of delegate. All nominations were made by petition thus: Any person desiring a name to appear in the published list of candidates for delegate was required to produce before the provost marshal a petition asking that the person named in the petition be allowed a place in the list of candidates. One hundred signatures were required in all cases, except where the population of the county was less than two thousand and over one thousand; then twenty-five signatures were sufficient.

Three days only were allowed for petitions to be circulated, and no person was permitted to sign more than one petition. In counties having less than two thousand population and over five hundred, the proof of such population, based on their last county election, had to be presented to the provost marshal when the petitions were handed in, and in such case five names on the petition were sufficient. In counties of less population than five hundred no petition was required, the voters writing their choice and voting in

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the ordinary way. In all other instances the Australian system was used.

The judges and clerks of election were appointed by the provost marshal of each district together with the acting clerk of the county, each being entitled to the selection of one judge and two clerks for each polling place, these functionaries to be guided by the election laws formerly governing the locality.

The ratification of the count was to be made by the provost marshal and county clerk, which ratification, when signed, was to be a final settlement of all controversies. No person was to be permitted to vote who was unable to read and write the English language, or who was not a bona-fide citizen of the United States.

This new method of voting gave rise to much discussion. In the rural districts the debates on all other topics gave way to exciting controversies over this new rule, and the village solons gave out a great variety of opinions as to its practical working, while in the cities the comments favorable and otherwise were none the less prevalent. The city ward heeler grew very despondent. Gone were his chances for earning ducats and imbibing free drinks, for buttonholing aspiring candidates and levying blackmail. The politician also suffered great mental torture. If such iconoclasm should continue, he would be forever compelled to take pot-luck with some political neophyte in the struggle for office.

When election day came, the electors walked soberly to the polls, and in silence cast their ballots. No brass bands, no confusion, no heelers, no importuning friends. Instead there was a quiet, dignified procession of serious people walking to the voting-places,

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their minds intent only on who in their judgment would make the best delegate.

For a first attempt, the new rule worked excellently, and the people saw in it the first sign of an absolutely honest ballot.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

A CONVENTION OF THE PEOPLE.

AGAIN the Coliseum in Chicago, where in 1896 the true Democracy of the United States shook off the thraldom of combined Shylockracy, re-echoes with the ringing appeals of American patriots. The convention is composed of men who are the pick and flower of the nation, armed with credentials from the sovereign people, to meet in solemn conclave to devise ways and means to deliver the people of America forever from the rule of Mammon.

The convention was opened with prayer by the Rev. Myron W. Reed of Colorado, who, in a voice vibrating with earnestness, invoked the assistance of Almighty God to aid this deliberative body in its work, to guide it, to fill it with the lowly tenderness of Christlike humanity, and incline it to follow the sublime teachings of His Holy Word. During the delivery of the invocation the multitude sat with bowed forms, and when the disciple of the humble Nazarene closed his appeal, there floated through the vast building, like an echo of his prayer, the massive chords of "My Country." Carried away by the spirit of the grand old anthem, the delegates and audience with one accord arose to their feet, and, to the accompaniment of the military band from Fort Sheridan, joined in a mighty chorus.

When the music ceased General Rucker advanced

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to the front of the stage. Patiently waiting for the cessation of the thunders of applause which greeted his appearance, his eyes glowed with enthusiasm. In vain did he raise his hand in dumb appeal for silence; the delegates could not control themselves. Finally the demonstration ceased, and in a voice of singular power and resonance General Rucker began to speak:

"Gentlemen of the Convention: Just one hundred and twenty-three years ago today, on the fourth day of July, 1776, in the city of Philadelphia, there was born a new nation—the republic of the United States. It was regarded by the people of the civilized world as the beginning of a reckless governmental experiment. Kings, queens and emperors were amazed at the audacity of the men who founded this nation, yet they nevertheless prophesied for it disaster and ultimate confusion. The parliaments and cabinets of all Europe, excepting only France, derided it; yet they started in dismay on learning of its birth.

"The thirteen American colonies had found themselves reduced to the alternative of abject submission to socalled royal masters or of armed resistance. Already there had flashed over the length and breadth of the Colonies the fiery words of Patrick Henry: 'We must fight. An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is' all that is left us. I repeat it, sir, we must fight.' When the colonists, during this trying time, asked George Washington to give them advice, the father of his country replied: 'Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, can possibly do.' It was then, gentlemen of this convention, that the spirit of resistance to tyranny entered the souls of those sons of liberty, and their magnificent enthusiasm burst forth in a mighty wave of public sentiment which rolled through the portals of Independence Hall and engulfed the members of the first Continental Congress there assembled in a flood of pious patriotism.

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'Then Freedom sternly said: I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.'

"Gentlemen, we are the descendants of those illustrious men who, despite their poverty and numerical weakness, dared utter defiance to kings. Shall we be less brave than they? Can we proclaim our kinship to the patriots of 1776 and refuse to take up, where they left off, the work of freeing slaves? I can see on the countenances of this audience the signs of American manhood. A century and a quarter has not dissipated the external marks of the intelligence and nobility of your forefathers. May you, in this work now begun, prove yourselves worthy of your ancestors, so that your children and your children's children one hundred years hence will be proud to say of you all we are proud to say of the men of '76. It will be a glorious heritage to leave to them, if we are as wise in our day and generation as were Washington, Jefferson, Morris, Paine and Adams in theirs.

"The problems we are now called upon to solve are more complex than those confronting the members of the Continental Congress, and they will tax to the utmost every resource of reasoning we possess. It is true we have already thrown dogma and precedent to the winds, and it is equally true that we have accomplished by peaceful combinations what brute force could never have accomplished—peaceful revolution. The word revolution, as heretofore used, had a sanguinary meaning, and it remained for the people of the United States to associate with it the blessed word 'peaceful.' And having done this, we cannot stop until, as a fitting sequel to our victory, we have inaugurated a system of government which shall protect the weak from the onslaughts of the strong.

"From no earthly source was derived the inspiration of the people of 1776 to rise up and shake off the gyves of kingly rule. From whom and whence, then, did it come? Gentlemen of this convention, the inspiration came

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from the God of Hosts of Patrick Henry, and it came down from high heaven on the wings of prayer, for—

'Liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.'

The inspiration of Colonial days is ours. Heed it we must, as did our sires, else count for naught the battles won by Washington. Our army of peace has overthrown the hordes of avarice, and it remains for you to complete the task and prove to all the world that our labors have not been in vain. And may the historians of the future tell of this day as the beginning of an epoch of contentment the like of which the world has never seen. Do your whole duty, honestly, fearlessly, and save your country for all time; and then return to your homes to enjoy the fruits of your labors, and to train up your children in the ways of righteousness and feed them with the bread of wholesome doctrine.

'Where hast thou thy mines, but in their industry?
Thy bulwark where but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety and thy pride?
Oh, grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There shall be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring unto its parents' soul no joy,
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth
And on her withered knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent.'

"May God forbid. Gentlemen, do your duty. I thank you for your kind attention and I will now ask this convention to name a temporary chairman."

Wm. M. Stewart of Nevada was elected to the office of temporary chairman, and his election was followed by the choice of W. H. Harvey, of Illinois, as temporary secretary. These gentlemen assumed the duties of their office in silence, and after some preliminary

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work, Benjamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina, arose and moved that the temporary organization be made permanent and that three additional secretaries be selected. The motion prevailed, and John C. Bell, of Colorado, B. O. Flower, of Massachusetts, and J. R Sovereign, of Iowa, were chosen for the positions embraced in Mr. Tillman's motion.

Mention should be made here that on the day before the opening of the convention a number of Chicago millionaires sent a petition to General Rucker requesting to be allowed the privilege of attending and sitting in the seats reserved for the public. On receipt of this request General Rucker announced in the columns of the local newspapers that the admission of persons not delegates would be limited only to the capacity of the building. That the answer was satisfactory to the gentlemen who signed the petition was evidenced by their presence in considerable numbers each day during the continuance of the convention. Whether the visitors were pleased with the proceedings is, however, a matter of doubt. They were perhaps as well pleased as the British officers who were present in the town hall in the city of Boston on the 18th of July, 1776, when Colonel Crafts read aloud to the people assembled there the first Declaration of Independence.

Chairman Stewart, in a short address, stated the object of the assembly to be the formation of a new civil government. He paid a glowing tribute to General Rucker, whom he characterized as a second Washington, but even a greater general than Washington, for his victory had been a bloodless one. "Thank God, we chose as our leader one who, besides being pos-

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sessed of a heart full of the milk of human kindness, was also a military genius, and who, by virtue of this genius and Divine guidance, was enabled to free his country without the sad aftermath of the lamentations of widows and orphans. And now, gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

John P. Altgeld, of Illinois, immediately moved that a committee on credentials be appointed. The motion prevailed and the chair selected ten delegates to act as the committee. In a short time they returned and the roll of the delegates was read.

On motion of Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, the next order of business was the appointment of a committee of ninety, two delegates from each State, to formulate a new Declaration of Independence, to be presented to the convention for ratification, the same committee also to prepare a new Constitution to be presented to the convention for its consideration.

After some deliberation the following persons were named to serve on this committee:

Alabama—John T. Morgan, Milford W. Howard.
Arkansas—Henry C. Caldwell, Jas. K. Jones.
California—Stephen W. White, O. T. Fellows.
Colorado—Henry M. Teller, T. M. Patterson.
Connecticut—Joseph Sheldon, Dr. Wm. F. Hinckley.
Delaware—John F. Salisbury, B. Lundy Kent.
Florida—D. S. McKennon, James McHugh.
Georgia—Thos. E. Watson, A. H. Colquitt.
Idaho—Frederick T. Dubois, J. W. Waldron.
Illinois—John P. Altgeld, Henry D. Lloyd.
Indiana—David Turpie, Benjamin F. Shively.
Iowa—Jas. B. Weaver, Jas. R. Sovereign.
Kentucky—J. C. S. Blackburn, Jas. M. Richardson.

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Kansas—Wm. A. Peffer, John W. Breidenthal.
Louisiana—W. B. Marston, E. C. Gesseux.
Maine—L. C. Bateman, Solon Chase.
Maryland—Winfield Peters, Hiram Vrooman.
Massachusetts—George Fred Williams, B. O. Flower.
Michigan—Timothy Tarsney, Benjamin Colvin.
Minnesota—Ignatius Donnelly, Charles A. Towne.
Mississippi—John M. Allen, Frank Burkitt.
Missouri—Richard P. Bland, Wm. J. Stone.
Montana—Lee Mantle, Thomas Merrill.
Nebraska—Wm. J. Bryan, Wm. V. Allen.
Nevada—Francis G. Newlands, J. B. McCullough.
New Hampshire—A. Whittier, K. L. Armstrong.
New Jersey—Allen McDermott, Eltweed Pomeroy.
New York—Samuel Gompers, Henry George.
North Carolina—Marion Butler, Jeter C. Pritchard.
North Dakota—Robert T. Warner, Walter Muir.
Ohio—A. J. Warner, J. R. McLean.
Oregon—Sylvester V. Pennoyer, A. Miller.
Pennsylvania—Joseph C. Sibley, Wharton Barker
Rhode Island—E. Benj. Andrews, T. S. Lucitt.
South Carolina—Benj. R. Tillman, C. H. Peck.
South Dakota—A. Peterson, A. E. Clark.
Tennessee—Benton McMillan, J. H. McDowell.
Texas—Joseph W. Bailey, Milton Park.
Utah—C. C. Goodwin, James Hogan.
Vermont—E. T. Monroe, F. J. Feldkamp.
Virginia—John W. Daniel, Edmund Randolph Cocke.
Washington—H. T. Bartine, James Hamilton Lewis.
West Virginia—John T. McGraw, Col. Nat Ward Fitzgerald.
Wisconsin—Robert Schilling, John Burton.
Wyoming—A. S. Simpson, Richard Turpin.

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The committee retired to the Auditorium Hotel, there to remain until they had finished their labors, and the convention adjourned for six days, to await their report.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NEW CONSTITUTION.

WHEN the convention next assembled, on July 10, the committee of ninety was ready to report. After the usual preliminaries, Ignatius Donnelly, who had been chosen as chairman of the committee, arose and walked to the front of the stage.

When Mr. Donnelly raised his hand the audience was as still as death, and as the words of the new Declaration of Independence fell from the lips of the reader the thousands of men and women present, leaning forward in their seats, held their breath in an ecstasy of eager anticipation:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of this Convention: We your committee, appointed by your honorable body to draft a new Declaration of Independence for this nation, beg leave to submit the following:

"When a government, founded upon equality of citizenship, becomes the instrument, in the hands of the few, of injustice and oppression for the many, it is the right and duty of those who suffer to do such things as shall promise to restore to their government its former glory, and insure to themselves those equal blessings of which they have been deprived. For a third of a century the United States have been misgoverned. The great common people, relying on the native justice of those whom they elevated to power, and resting in full faith that the exalted spirit of the fathers presided in the councils of the nation, hopefully labored on, ascribing their increased distresses to this or that

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transient cause—to find at last that they were bound hand and foot by conspirators; their opportunities taken from them; their toil rendered profitless; the hope of an improved condition forever destroyed; their liberties gone. In this extremity, animated by like sentiments with those who dared to resist the tyranny of George III. and erected an independent nation in 1776, we have justly deposed all those who usurped authority over us, set aside the Constitution and laws, and instituted a new government, of the people, for the people and by the people. In proof of our right to do this and to avoid bringing down upon us the criticism of those whose friendship on honorable terms we seek, and whose opinions we respect, we submit to the world the following list of grievances:

"Our property wealth is rapidly concentrating into the hands and control of a small minority of our population.

"Our volume of money, both circulatory and redemptory, is entirely inadequate for the legitimate needs of commerce.

"Our laboring classes are rapidly becoming pauperized.

"Our producers of wealth are suffering from a constantly diminishing wage.

"Our city streets and country lanes are overrun with men seeking alms and employment, who have been made tramps by reason of the concentration of the wealth of the land into the hands of the few.

"Our ports are open to the pauper and criminal immigration of Europe, forcing our wage-workers to compete with them in every department of industry.

"Our tax laws and system of taxation, by which the monopolies, corporations and millionaires can avoid the payment of their just proportion of tax, impose heavy burdens on those who are least, and exempt those who are most able to bear them.

"Our system of protective tariff has been so constructed and manipulated, as the result of the corrupting

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influence of bribery in Congress, as to protect the trusts, syndicates and moneyed corporations from foreign competition, thereby permitting these institutions to increase their profits and the tax on the consumers, without any accruing benefits to the artisans and producers.

"Our national resources of wealth and subsistence are owned and controlled by these trusts, which arbitrarily fix prices and limit production.

"Our jails, penitentiaries and reformatories are filled to overflowing with men and women who were driven to crime by the necessities of nature, and who were denied the opportunities to acquire such necessities honestly.

Our insane asylums and alms-houses are crowded with human beings whose minds have broken down under the awful strain of the unequal struggle with conditions imposed by the strong.

' Our means of transportation and of communication are owned by gigantic monopolies which have dishonestly watered the stock of their corporations, in many cases tenfold the value of the original cost, with the result that our people are unjustly taxed in order to pay traffic profits on imaginary sums of capital.

"Our agriculturists are compelled to have the prices of their products, after the larger part of their values has been absorbed in transportation and commission charges, fixed by gambling exchanges in the large cities.

"Our rule of exempting church property from sharing in the financial burden of maintaining society is abused by certain of such organizations who now own large real estate holdings which under the present laws are not taxable.

"Our Congress and our courts of justice are dominated by the officers and owners of railways, trusts and monopolies.

"Our election laws and the present safeguards for the purity of the ballot are not sufficient to prevent frauds and the perversion of the will of the majority.

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"The financial policy of the nation is dictated by the corrupt money kings of foreign countries.

"The demonetization of silver and the measurement of all values by the standard of a gold unit has reduced the price of all commodities one-half, and in consequence has doubled the burden of every debtor in the nation.

"The laws relating to the adjustment of differences between debtor and creditor have been construed and enforced in favor of the creditor, giving the latter an undue advantage over the former.

"In defiance of the Constitution, the right of *habeas corpus* has been in numberless instances denied by the Federal judiciary. These deviations from constitutional rules have resulted in the arbitrary arrest and unjustifiable imprisonment of many persons.

"The producers of wealth are permitted to enjoy and possess only a small proportion of their productions, while the non-producers take the lion's share of the fruits of their toil.

"By the subversion of laws intended to provide limited tracts of the public domain for the homes of *bona fide* settlers, vast areas of land have been acquired by aliens who have, contrary to the customs and usages of a liberal republic, established game preserves, fencing in thousands of acres to which they have no just right and which they do not use for any useful purpose.

"In consequence of bribery in high places, railway and other rich corporations now hold without equitable title millions of acres of the public land, notwithstanding the vast tracts which they first acquired by fraud and afterward sold to *bona fide* settlers.

"Corrupt Federal judges, in utter defiance of the Constitution, and at the request of large moneyed corporations, have issued sweeping injunctions restraining laborers from walking on public highways or meeting in peaceful assembly to discuss their own misery, and these judges have sanctioned the murder of unarmed men on the public roads for alleged violations of unjust and unconstitutional mandates.

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"For many years the oppressed people have suffered these grievous wrongs, hoping against hope for the hour of deliverance. The masses have at last arrived at the conclusion that individual merit, individual industry, perseverance and honesty are no longer factors in their attempted progress toward the heights of their ideals. They see with dismay their homesteads taken away and swallowed up in the maelstrom of commercial and industrial chaos; they gaze on their overworked wives, on the pinched faces of their children, and then on their own toil-calloused hands, and their manhood rises in rebellion against those who 'toil not, neither do they spin,' and who are nevertheless arrayed in purple and fine linen.

"The responsibility for the conditions as they now are, does not rest with the people themselves, for the untrammeled voice of the majority has not been heard in the United States for a quarter of a century. The result of every election has been brought about by the use of money in bribing election judges and clerks, in coercing and browbeating voters, and in subsidizing truculent newspapers, thereby compassing the election of the enemies of the people, and subverting the rights of our toilers: Therefore,

"We, the representatives of the people of the United States of America, in general convention assembled, appealing, as did our forefathers, to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the people of this nation, solemnly publish and declare that these United States of America are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the Constitution of the United States as ratified by the convention of States held on the 17th day of September, 1787, together with all and singular the amendments therein attached and appertaining to the said Constitution, and that they are also absolved from all allegiance to the President and Congress, and from the observance of any and all

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laws made by them or their predecessors. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Almighty God, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

At the conclusion of the reading, Mr. Donnelly stated that the Declaration as read had been signed by every member of the committee. When Mr. Donnelly had resumed his seat, Mr. T. M. Patterson, of Colorado, arose and moved that the report of the committee be received and that the Declaration be "accepted as the voice of this convention, and furthermore that it be countersigned by all the delegates present."

This motion was seconded by C. F. Little of Missouri and I. Lowenstein of Illinois, and was carried by a unanimous vote. The Declaration was then countersigned by the delegates. This took up the remainder of the day.

The next morning, July 11th, the convention again met. After prayer by the chaplain and the transaction of some routine business, Mr. W. J. Kerr of Colorado arose and asked for the further report of the committee relating to the Constitution. The chair, having ascertained that this report was ready, made an announcement to that effect, and again called on Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota to submit the report of the committee. Mr. Donnelly then came forward and said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of this Convention: Before proceeding with the reading of the committee's report on the Constitution, I desire to state to you briefly that what we are about to present for your consideration embraces many changes from the orig-

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inal Constitution adopted by the Congress held in Philadelphia on May 25, 1778, but these changes, while radical, are in our judgment necessary. We have tried to embody sufficient governing rules to prevent the continuance of the evils which have been, for the past third of a century, the curse of honest human endeavor. As the chairman of your committee I hope and pray that if we have erred in our judgment or in our expression, you will not be hasty in condemning us, but prompt in correcting our errors."

On motion of D. S. McKinnon, of Florida, seconded by Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, it was agreed to take up the Constitution section by section, and discuss it thoroughly. The reading and debate which followed consumed nearly two weeks' time, and at some stages became very earnest. At no time, however, were the proceedings marred by bitterness. Toward the close of a hot July afternoon, the convention reached the last paragraph. A vast crowd was present, for, notwithstanding the length of the debate, the enthusiasm of the public had not diminished.

In a voice which, in spite of evident physical weariness, was clear and distinct, Mr. Harvey read:

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Preamble.

We, the people of the United States, in order to rectify apparent errors in the old Constitution and to secure to all the people the beneficent results intended by that instrument, but which failed of its purpose by reason of gross misconstruction and perverted interpretation, do hereby make, declare and establish the following Constitution:

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ARTICLE ONE—LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT. CONGRESS IN GENERAL.

Section One—All legislative power herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Section Two—I. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State legislature.

II. No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not when elected be an inhabitant of that State in which he or she shall be chosen.

III. The number of representatives shall not exceed one for every four hundred thousand of the population, but each State shall have at least three representatives. Enumeration shall be made every term of ten years, in the same manner as formerly provided by law.

IV. When vacancies occur in the representation from any State, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

V. The House of Representatives shall choose its Speaker, committees, and all its other officers. The Speaker shall be the servant of the House, and shall have no power, by virtue of his office, to prevent or retard legislation, control the action of committees, or refuse recognition to any representative. He may be removed at any time by a vote of "want of confidence," and another Speaker immediately elected to fill the vacancy.

VI. The House of Representatives shall have the sole power of impeachment.

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SENATE.

Section Three—I. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, to be chosen by the electors thereof in the same manner as Representatives are chosen, who shall, after the expiration of the first Senate chosen under this Constitution, each serve for a term of six years, and each Senator shall have one vote.

II. Upon the assembling of the first Senate under this Constitution, the Senators shall be divided into three classes. The terms of the Senators of the first class shall expire at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one-third of the entire number of Senators may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies occur by resignation or otherwise, the executive of the State from which a vacancy occurs shall issue writs of election to fill any such vancancy.

III. No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, nor shall any person be eligible to the office of Senator who has not been a citizen of the United States of America for at least nine years, and who shall not, when elected, be an actual resident and inhabitant of the State from which he is chosen.

IV. The Vice-President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall not vote, except in the case of a tie.

V. The Senate shall choose its committees and other officers, including a president *pro tempore*, who shall act in the absence of the Vice-President or when he shall exercise the office of President of the United States.

VI. The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose the Senators shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside, and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members of the Senate.

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VII. Judgment in case of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States, but the party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment and punishment according to law.

BOTH HOUSES.

Section Four—I. Congress shall by law prescribe the time, place and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives in Congress.

II. Congress shall convene on the fourth day of March following its election and shall remain continuously in session, except during such times as the Senate and House may concur in declaring a recess, which recess shall in no event exceed ninety days.

III. Congress shall in joint session, the President of the United States presiding, with closed doors, make treaties, elect ambassadors, and other ministers, and consuls general, judges of the Supreme, Circuit and District Courts of the United States. All officers so appointed shall at the close of their official terms be forever ineligible to hold any public office by appointment. They shall also elect from the commissioned officers of the army and navy all general officers, regard being had to merit, rank and length of service.

THE HOUSES SEPARATELY.

Section Five—I. Each House shall be the judge of the election and qualifications of its own members, and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day and may compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide. The power hereby conferred on each House to be the judge of the election and qualifications of its own members is limited to but one session, and if the constituency of any Congressional district return a member the second term who has been

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unseated by the action of either house, such re-election will entitle the member absolutely to his seat, provided he is not constitutionally disqualified.

II. Each House shall determine the rules of its proceedings and punish its members for disorderly conduct, but in no event can it expel a member who has entered upon his duties and once taken his seat.

III. Each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings and publish the same, and the yeas and nays of the members of either House on every question shall be entered on the journal. Full and complete copies of the journal shall be forwarded to each county seat in the United States from time to time, and shall be accessible during all business hours to any citizen who may desire to examine the same.

IV. Neither House during the session of Congress shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two houses shall be sitting.

PRIVILEGES AND DISABILITIES OF MEMBERS.

Section Six—I. The Senators and Representatives shall receive, as compensation for their services, not less than ten thousand dollars per annum, to be paid out of the Treasury of the United States. They shall be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses, and in going to or returning from the same, and for any speech or debate in either house they shall not be questioned in any other place.

II. No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either house during his continuance in office.

III. No person having served in either House of

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Congress for a period of twelve years shall thereafter be eligible for election to Congress.

Mode of Passing Laws.

Section Seven—I. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills.

II. Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States. If he approves he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration, a majority of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be considered, and if approved by a majority of that House it shall become a law, notwithstanding the objection of the President. In all such cases the votes of both houses shall be determined by ayes and nays and the names and votes of members entered on the journal of each House respectively. All bills shall be returned by the President within ten days after being presented to him, and if any are not so returned, the same will be taken as formally signed and shall become law.

Powers of Congress.

Section Eight—I. The Congress of the United States shall have power to lay and collect a graded income tax up to a certain maximum amount, and declare all incomes in excess of said amount forfeited to the use of the people of the United States; to lay and collect an inheritance tax; to lay and collect duties and excises; to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States.

II. To issue money on the credit of the United States; to coin gold, silver, and other money, regulate

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the value thereof and of foreign coins, and to fix the standard of weights and measures.

III. To regulate foreign, and maintain, conduct and regulate inter-state commerce.

IV. To establish uniform naturalization, bankruptcy and divorce laws throughout the United States.

V. To provide for a uniform code of procedure for the conduct of all cases, civil and criminal, within the United States.

VI. To provide for the purchase by condemnation, whenever practicable, of all existing railroad, telegraph, telephone and canal lines and their future maintenance and operation by the United States. To establish, maintain and operate throughout the United States, post-offices, railroads, canal lines, telegraph lines, telephone lines, roads, highways, bridges, bicycle roads, public parks, gardens, baths, savings banks, banks of deposit and exchange, universities, colleges, schools, institutions for the reformation and confinement of criminals, homes for the helpless and indigent, asylums and sanitariums for the treatment and maintainance of the insane, idiotic, feeble-minded, blind, deaf and dumb and other unfortunates, and hospitals and dispensaries for the sick.

VII. To provide for the storing of waste waters; the building of irrigating canals and irrigating ditches; the distribution of the water, and the reclamation of the arid lands.

VIII. To provide for the opening up, development, distribution and disposition of all natural deposits of coal, iron, stone, marble, gypsum, salt, alum, soda, lead, zinc, copper, silver, gold and mineral oils.

IX. To provide speedy means for the condemnation and restoration to the people of the United States of all lands, water, coal, minerals of all kinds, mineral oils, natural gases, mineral and medicinal waters, now the subject of monopoly, and more especially when controlled by aliens, foreign and domestic corporations (excepting to the use of the latter such land or water

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absolutely essential to the performance of their legitimate corporate functions).

X. To extinguish the Indian title to land in common, and place the Indian on exactly the same footing as other citizens with respect to the occupancy and use of land and the enjoyment of public and private rights.

XI. To promote the progress of science and useful arts by rewarding authors, scientists and inventors, and giving to the public the free enjoyment of their respective writings and discoveries.

XII. To constitute and establish tribunals in such numbers as will insure the speedy determination of all controversies, and for the dispensation of justice to all citizens, absolutely free from costs of any kind, and without let, hindrance or delay.

XIII. To define and provide for the prompt punishment of offenses on land or sea.

XIV. To make such laws as will absolutely prevent the gambling in bread products or in any product of the soil.

XV. To restrict foreign immigration and confine it to the healthy, moral, intelligent and self-supporting.

XVI. To encourage, foster and promote co-operation and prevent the evils incident to individualism.

XVII. To punish, prevent and prohibit the formation and growth of trusts and powerful combinations of capital.

XVIII. To declare war, maintain armies and navies, and grant letters of marque and reprisal.

XIX. To provide for the establishment, maintenance and discipline of a national militia.

XX. To provide for the early submission to the people of the question of the adoption of the initiative and referendum as a part of the legislative system of the United States.

XXI. To make all other laws which may be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or office thereunder.

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XXII. To declare the Stars and Stripes to be the emblem of the United States.

POWERS DENIED TO THE UNITED STATES.

Section Nine—I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

II. The right of free speech is an American right, blood-bought and inviolate, and cannot be abridged. No restrictions of this right may be exercised by any department of the government.

III. There shall never be established a censorship over the American press. A free press is the safeguard of the people's liberty, and neither courts nor Congress may abridge it. Like individuals, the press is liable for only libel and slander.

IV. The American people have the right to assemble themselves together and discuss openly and fearlessly any question they think affects their interests. This right, like the right of free speech, may not be abridged, lessened or impaired by any department of the government.

V. Congress shall not infringe on the right of the American citizen to possess and carry arms.

VI. The home of the citizen is his castle and must be held inviolate. It may not be forcibly entered except when necessary to prevent the commission of murder or other felony. The citizen is hereby guaranteed security for his person, and no forcible searching of the person shall be permitted except for the purpose of disarming in case of arrest.

VIII. No soldier shall, in peace or war, be quartered in any home without the consent of the owner.

IX. No person shall be held to answer for a felony unless on information duly filed and based on the affidavit of a reputable citizen, nor shall any person be subjected for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or liberty, nor be compelled in any criminal case to give any testimony tending to criminate or disgrace himself, even though he testify in his own

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behalf; nor be deprived of life, liberty or property in any form of judicial proceeding without trial by jury, if he so desires it; nor shall any private property be taken for public use without just and adequate compensation.

X. In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right of speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the locality, and to be informed in ample time of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted face to face with the witnesses against him, to have counsel assigned him without cost for his defense, and to have compulsory process for obtaining the presence of witnesses in his favor.

XI. All persons in all proceedings (except in the army and navy, for violations of the articles of war) shall have the right to a trial by jury.

XII. Bail shall be graded according to the nature of the offense and the ability of the accused to furnish it. In all bailable offenses, this constitutional right shall not be abridged by fixing bail at such excessive sum as to amount practically to its refusal.

XIII. Excessive fines shall not be imposed, nor harsh, degrading, cruel or corporal punishment be inflicted.

XIV. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist within the United States.

XV. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex, race, color or previous condition of servitude, nor shall any property qualification be annexed to the right of suffrage. This however, is not to be construed to deny to Congress the right to impose an intellectual qualification to the exercise of suffrage.

XVI. No bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall be passed.

XVII. No title of nobility (so called) shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under the government shall accept of any present, emolument, office or title of any kind whatever from any king, prince or foreign state.

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Powers Denied to the States.

Section Ten—I. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin and government notes a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility.

II. No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts laid by any State on imports or exports shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States, and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress.

III. No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or contract with another State or with a foreign power, or engage in war unless actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

Article Two—Executive Department. President and Vice-President.

Section One—I. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of eight years, and, together with the Vice-President chosen for the same term, shall forever be ineligible to re-election to either office. They shall be elected by a direct vote of the qualified electors of the United States in such manner and on such date as Congress may provide; but such election shall be held in all the States on the same day, and the method of voting shall be uniform.

II. No person except a natural born citizen shall be eligible to the office of President. Neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years.

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III. In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

IV. The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during his term of office, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

V. Before he enters on the execution of his office he shall take the following oath or affirmation:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Powers of the President.

Section Two—I. The President shall be commander in chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officers in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment.

II. The President shall have power to fill all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Congress, by granting commissions, which shall expire at the end of the existing session.

III. The President shall appoint, by and with the consent of Congress, all Cabinet officers, and all other

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officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which are or may be established by law. All officers appointed under the provisions of this Constitution shall hold their respective offices for the term of eight years, and shall thereafter be forever ineligible to hold any public office.

IV. The term "officer" as used in the foregoing paragraph does not apply as to tenure of office in the military or naval service of the United States, nor does it apply to employes of the United States in industrial, educational or eleemosynary institutions. Congress shall adopt a civil service system, based on merit, which shall govern all such employes. And when any person shall have served the government for a period of twenty-five years, he or she shall be retired on half pay during the remainder of his or her natural life.

Duties of the President.

Section Three—The President shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

Impeachment of the President.

Section Four—The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

Article Three—Judicial Department. United States Courts.

Section One.—The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in Circuit and District Courts and in such inferior courts as Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the Supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices for the term of eight

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years; and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

JURISDICTION OF THE UNITED STATES COURTS.

Section Two.—I. The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the law of the United States and treaties made or which shall be made under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party, to controversies between two or more States, between citizens of different States and between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States.

II. In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

III. The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the State or Territory where the said crimes shall have been committed.

IV. Injunction shall not be granted for light or trivial causes. No court shall have power to issue an injunction restraining a citizen or citizens from leaving the employment of any individual or corporation or from assembling on the public highways.

V. No court shall have power to fine or imprison any person for a violation of any rule or order of said court, unless a jury shall have first found such person guilty after a fair and impartial trial before some judge other than the one making such rule or order. Provided, that this section shall not apply to the preservation of order and decorum in the court-room of any court or justice within the United States.

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Treason.

Section Three.—I. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies and giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

II. The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment for treason; but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture, except during the life of the person.

Article Four—The States and the Federal Government. State Records.

Section One.—Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records and proceedings shall be proved and the effect thereof.

Privileges of Citizens, Etc.

Section Two.—I. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

II. A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

New States and Territories.

Section Three.—All territories now within the jurisdiction of the United States shall be admitted to statehood upon the adoption of a State Constitution not inconsistent with this Constitution, and shall be guaranteed the same rights and privileges as other States.

Guarantee to the States.

Section Four.—The United States shall guarantee to

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every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the executive when the legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence.

ARTICLE FIVE—POWER OF AMENDMENT.

The Congress, whenever the majority of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or shall have the power to call a Constitutional Convention for this purpose, whose amendments shall be valid, to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by a majority of the legislatures of the several States.

ARTICLE SIX—PUBLIC DEBT. SUPREMACY OF THE CONSTITUTION. OATH OF OFFICE. RELIGIOUS TEST.

I. All debts contracted and engagements entered into before the adoption of this Constitution, save and except such bonds as were issued in time of peace, shall be valid against the United States.

II. This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

III. The Senators and Representatives before mentioned and the members of the several State legislatures, and all the executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

ARTICLE SEVEN—RATIFICATION OF THIS CONSTITUTION.

The ratification of this instrument at the ensuing election for President and Vice-President of the United States shall be sufficient for its establishment.

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Done in convention, in Chicago, Illinois, this twenty-third day of July, A. D. ——. Witness our hands in testimony thereof.

(Signed,) IGNATIUS DONNELLY,
Chairman.

Immediately following the final reading a motion was carried to ratify the instrument, after which it was signed by the members of the committee. It was then ordered that it be engrossed and filed temporarily, together with the Declaration, in the vault of the Custom-house; after which the convention adjourned.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I MOVE THAT NOMINATIONS NOW CLOSE."

THE convention had finished its labors with the exception of choosing presidential and vice-presidential candidates. The delegates were divided in their opinion as to the selection of candidates for these offices, but they were destined to overcome this division unconsciously and without prearranged concert.

General Rucker implored the convention to proceed deliberately, and to make sure that the nominees possessed the strong qualities of mind as well as heart so essential to the success of the new government. Without intimating that he was aware that many of the delegates favored his nomination, the General, in careful and diplomatic language, convinced the convention that he was in every sense a military man, and in no sense a statesman, and that his chief ambition was to serve as commander of the army, under the instruction and guidance of a patriotic President and Congress.

After the customary preliminaries, Wharton Barker, of Pennsylvania, moved that the convention proceed to nominate a candidate for President and a candidate for Vice-President, and that no nominating speeches be permitted. This he embodied in the following preamble and resolution:

"It is in accordance with the fundamental principles which we have just adopted that when men are placed before the public as candidates they come before the

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people to stand or fall on their records. Neither they nor their friends should be permitted to arouse the people by oratory, which might prevent a calm, unbiased decision. Therefore, it is

"*Resolved*, That this convention do now proceed to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, and that in making nominations for these offices, delegates shall be confined to a statement of the names and residences of the nominees."

This resolution was adopted by the convention without debate.

Richard P. Bland of Missouri placed in nomination William J. Lyon, of Nebraska, for President. This nomination was seconded by Joseph W. Bailey of Texas, O. T. Fellows of California and Robert Kinnear of Maryland.

The convention hall became as still as death. Closing one's eyes, one could almost have believed the building empty. For fully five minutes Chairman Stewart stood gavel in hand.

"The chair is waiting for additional nominations," came at last in ringing tones from the chairman.

Still the delegates sat silent. Another five minutes passed. The delegates shifted uneasily in their seats, and looked into each other's eyes in amazement, but no one arose to make a second nomination. For the further space of one minute Chairman Stewart stood looking expectantly at the convention; then, striking the desk a ringing blow with the gavel, he cried out:

"Are there any further nominations?"

No reply from the convention; but from the farther gallery there broke on the silence the shrill pipe of a childish voice:

"I move that nominations now close."

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All eyes turned toward the gallery, where a dirty little street gamin, carried away by enthusiasm and impatience, had shouted out the motion. For a second or two the delegates were lost in astonishment; then the appropriateness of the child's words dawned upon them, and fully a hundred sprang to their feet and called out a "second."

"Question! Question!" demanded the delegates. "Question!" howled the spectators.

At last the excitement died away and the convention again settled down to business. The first motion now made was a repetition of that of the gamin. It was immediately seconded, and was followed by a burst of enthusiasm from both convention and visitors.

"It has been moved and seconded," said the chairman, "that the nominations for President now close. Are you ready for the question? All those in favor of the motion signify it by saying 'aye.' "

"Aye,' called out the delegates unanimously.

"It is so ordered," declared the chairman, adding:

"The question now recurs on the original motion, and I will call for the vote by States."

"I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the nomination of William J. Lyon for President be declared unanimous," shouted out Joseph R. Sibley of Pennsylvania.

Twenty delegates at once seconded this motion.

"All in favor of the motion as made will rise to their feet and say 'aye.' "

With a surge which sounded like the rushing of the wind, the entire assemblage, delegates, spectators and all, sprang to their feet, and a thunderous "Aye" literally rent the air. As the noise began to subside,

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again arose the childish treble of the gamin: "Hurrah for Lyon!"

All caught the inspiration. It seemed as though the convention, having been for so many days bound to comport itself with dignity, could no longer restrain itself, and the delegates, like a lot of schoolboys just turned loose, commenced a harum-scarum march around the hall, beating time on the floor with canes, sticks, hand-clapping and stamping of feet, shouting "Hurrah for Lyon!" until finally the band, the members of which were as enthusiastic as the rest, burst into the stirring tune of "Yankee Doodle," quickly followed by "Dixie" and "Hail Columbia." As the music rang through the hall the delegates took up the words, while the audience cheered and yelled. The galleries were a sea of waving hats and fluttering handkerchiefs.

Chairman Stewart, trying to restore order, broke his gavel into splinters. Picking up a piece of board which he found on the stage he renewed his thumping, but the convention did not come to order until most of the delegates had tired themselves out.

When quiet had been partially restored, the chairman advanced to the front of the stage, and, with both hands to his mouth, forming a trumpet, thundered out: "The ayes have it."

More cheers, hand-clapping and waving of handkerchiefs. When the convention had once more become an attentive body, from a distant corner of the hall arose Mr. Walter Thomas Mills, of Illinois, who placed in nomination for the office of Vice-President Mr. E. Benjamin Carews, of Rhode Island. This was seconded by Davis B. Waite of Colorado, and John F. Daniel of Virginia, and, as there were no further nomina-

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tions, the nomination of Mr. Carews was made unanimous by a rising vote.

The chairman now advanced again to the front of the stage, and, raising his hand to command silence, said:

"Gentlemen of the convention, your duties are ended. I most earnestly hope the good people of the United States will by their votes ratify your actions. You have upheld the principles of true Americanism and administered a scathing rebuke to the oligarchy of plutocracy. And if the people of our country do not fail us, there will soon begin an era of contentment, peace and prosperity. You have placed the making of the laws and the responsibility of their enforcement actually, and not theoretically, in the hands of the people. If a law proves to be offensive it can immediately be repealed. If a servant of the people proves unworthy, he can quickly be removed. The power of the government now rests in fact with the whole people, and not with an arrogant minority. Let us disperse to our homes and our families, taking with us the knowledge of work well performed. The session has been long and fatiguing, and I desire to thank you for your uniform patience and attention. I bid you farewell and Godspeed. This convention is adjourned *sine die*."

To the reverential strains of the doxology the delegates arose, and soon the great hall was empty.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"INNOCUOUS DESUETUDE."

IT must not be supposed that the moneyed classes of the United States were idle all this time. When the Declaration and Constitution were made public, their consternation knew no bounds. The first thing they did was to throw their holdings on the market. But distrust was universal. American purchasers could not be found, and foreign investors of course held aloof. A panic ensued, but the plutocrats had as strong a corner on the panic as they had had before on the necessaries of life, and as a result the stampede did not go outside of the select circles of organized wealth.

Standard Oil stock shrunk ninety per cent, while most other stocks fell to zero. Bonds, mortgages and corporation securities of all kinds went at once to bed-rock. There was no excitement—simply apathy. The wealth of the multi-millionaires had vanished; there was no way possible either to save or redeem it. In consequence, the forlorn plutocrats wandered about the streets dazed and bewildered. Many went insane; others committed suicide. Before the revolution the coroners of the various cities had been kept busy with suicides from the ranks of the poor. After the revolution, the suicides came from the ranks of the millionaires. No doubt their mental anguish was terrible. Nevertheless their situation was much better

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than that of their former slaves. They at least had enough to eat and lived in their own homes.

After the adjournment of the revolutionary convention the moneyed men of the United States met in Boston and decided to place candidates in the field for the offices of President and Vice-President—"not," said Grover Cleveland, the chairman of this convention, "with any hope of winning, but merely to preserve party unity, and to prevent our grand old principles from dying of 'innocuous desuetude.'" After several days of travail Thomas B. Reed of Maine was nominated for President, and John M. Palmer, of Illinois, for Vice-President. The convention was divided into two factions, one desiring a republic, and the other favorable to a stronger government, hoping that the "better class" would take kindly to a monarchy, even if its extent should be limited to the boundaries of New York State.

For a time it seemed that the advocates of monarchy would win, as the scheme was championed by Cleveland, Carlisle, Sherman, Hoar, Palmer, Wolcott and many others, but Thomas B. Reed turned the tide. He pointed out that if by some miraculous chance the people should ratify the acts of the convention, enough power could be placed in the office of President to satisfy the most implacable enemy of democratic government.

"If I am your choice, gentlemen," said Mr. Reed, "and I am fortunate enough to be elected, I assure you on my honor as a plutocrat that I shall do your bidding. I consider myself well qualified to enact the role of czar to your entire satisfaction. My experience as Speaker of the House of Representatives has ren-

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dered me peculiarly fitted for the office. If elected I shall surround myself with a court or cabinet composed of the most honored members of aristocratic society, and make the arrogant sons of toil to know I am their master. If backed by a strong army, I shall crowd the rebellious plebeians into the Pacific Ocean."

This speech saved the day for the element favoring the continuance of the government nominally on the lines of a republic. From that time forward the business of the convention moved along as smoothly as a ship on a sea of oil, until the close, when Mark Hanna secured recognition.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Hanna, "in the name of Beelzebub and Rothschild what are we here for? To make ourselves the butt and the laughing-stock of the entire world? Where is our party? Where is our magnificent organization? I'll tell you where it is. It is sunk a million fathoms deep in Hades. We cannot muster two hundred thousand votes, and yet we sit here and blink and wink at each other as solemnly as a convention of horned owls, and make high-sounding speeches and talk about 'grand old principles' and such rot, for all the world as we used to do when we were a party. I don't like the idea of sitting here like the ossified man in a museum of freaks. You have talked republicanism one minute and monarchy the next. Have you lost your senses as well as your money?

"I told you two years ago where we were drifting; I told you that, unless we adopted harsh measures, we would be ruined. I begged and implored the executives of the government to have the agitators arrested and imprisoned. I warned you what would come of

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permitting free speech; but the government dilly-dallied along, and let the country be captured by a set of paupers, by the turn of as slick a trick as man ever invented. We can do nothing without money, and our money is gone. Our mainstay is broken. Before this damned revolution, I could boodleize the whole country, and thereby easily elect the Devil or even G. Cleveland. But boodleism is done for now. There is not a man here present, unless there be one in the last stages of paresis, but who knows I am speaking the truth and good common horse sense. I suppose you think I could express myself in a more pleasing manner, but I am angry, I am disgusted at this silly pretense of a convention. I for one propose to walk out of this hall and take no farther part in these proceedings." And with this telling peroration Mark Hanna ended his harangue, mopped the beads of perspiration from his pudgy face, grabbed his hat and vanished.

Mr. Rockefeller then arose and made a few remarks deploring that Mr. Hanna should choose to speak to the convention in so forcible a manner, but expressing some doubts as to the desirability of placing the candidates chosen by this convention before the people. "I will not say for election, gentlemen," said Mr. Rockefeller, "but for rejection, for that is about what it means."

The discussion then grew warm; but when the test vote came it was decided that the candidates should go before the people of the country "for rejection," as Mr. Rockefeller had said.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE NEW REGIME.

MR. ROCKEFELLER and Mr. Hanna proved true prophets, for when election day came around the ticket headed by Reed and Palmer received barely eighty thousand votes, while that headed by Lyon and Carews received over fourteen million votes. In like manner did the Congressional elections go.

The ex-millionaire classes, or rather the more intelligent persons among them, had discounted the ill effects which the election of Lyon would have on their interests and arranged their affairs accordingly. Many of them removed to England, where they could bask in the rejuvenating sunshine of royalty, and, under the tutorship of Mr. Astor and the Prince of Wales, study and perfect themselves in the ways of good old English society.

His Royal Highness encouraged this migration to his realms, for the reason, as given by one of his London friends, that "the blarsted Americans are so jolly easy dontcherknow; so deucedly easy to borrow money from, bless their unsuspecting souls. And," continued the friend of the Prince, "they adapt themselves so readily to our convenient moral code that no difficulty is ever experienced in initiating them into the mysteries of our royal amusements."

The Tories who were compelled by the force of circumstances to remain in the United States came

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around to the changed condition of things with much less fuss and friction than was expected.

When the newly elected Congress met after the simple ceremonies attending the inaugural of Lyon and Carews as President and Vice-President, its members at once commenced the task of making new laws in accordance with the new Constitution. Stephen Rucker was made Commander in Chief of the land forces and Albert Sherwood Admiral of the Navy.

After three months' hard work, Congress passed a number of bills, the general tenor of all being along the lines of radical reform. Over nine-tenths of these bills were passed pursuant to the recommendations of President Lyon, and received his official sanction and signature.

The first bill passed provided for the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of sixteen to one; the second for taking possession of all lines of transportation. This bill carried with it a rider ordering the Secretary of the Treasury to issue legal-tender paper money to an amount sufficient to pay for the lines, and authorizing him to make payment according to the findings of a commission. The third bill contained similar provisions and related to telegraph and telephone lines and street railways.

By another bill, which passed Congress without a single dissenting vote, the government appropriated all the mines of coal, iron, silver, gold, lead, copper and all other minerals, and mineral oils, and springs of mineral and medicinal waters.

All industries thus nationalized were to be operated by men skilled in their respective callings, at a fair

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and just wage; six hours per day, emergency cases excepted, was made the limit of a day's labor.

The government contemplated the establishing of free libraries in every town, city and village, and to operate in connection with them such national schools and colleges as the requirements of every community warranted. Education was made compulsory, and religious training was encouraged under the supervision of the various denominations, with equal privileges to all.

Postal savings banks were gradually extended to cover the whole country, and saving and thrift were thereby greatly encouraged. Estates of less value than $10,000 were under no circumstances taxable. No incomes of less than $5,000 per annum were taxable. The burden of taxation for the maintenance of society was placed on the shoulders of the rich.

Instead of liquor and tobacco sellers and manufacturers being the only members of society subject to tax, all branches of private business were taxable, but only when the profits exceeded $5,000 per annum. A heavy penalty was imposed for false returns, and for every form of evasion or concealment.

Street cars carried school children and students to and from the government schools and colleges free of charge.

The penal institutions were placed in charge of humane men. Competent instructors were employed in these institutions to teach the illiterate, and skilled artisans to train the convicts in various lines of handicraft. Penal institutions were transformed from places of punishment to places of reform, and the substitution

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of kindness and education for "discipline" and neglect worked wonders.

The liquor traffic was placed under national supervision. The production of liquor was so restricted that only the best quality was manufactured. The saloons and drinking bars were placed under the control of officials whose positions depended on their observance of laws which prevented the sale of drams to minors, or to habitual drunkards. The number of saloons permitted was as one to one hundred before the revolution.

The charters granted to insurance companies under the old laws were declared by act of Congress to be revoked; and the companies were granted two years in which to wind up their business. An Insurance Bureau was created to establish governmental insurance offices in each county of the United States.

As these and kindred improvements in social conditions continued, the masses of the people found themselves wondering why they had so long submitted to the crude methods in vogue before the revolution.

The surplus in the public treasury was expended in public improvements, such as paving, bridging, new lines of railways, public highways, public parks, museums, for the maintenance of bands of music for parks and places of amusement, for art galleries, etc. Legitimate and chaste amusements rapidly took the place of the vulgar orgies once so plentiful.

The universal prosperity did much to dispose of the perplexing problem yclept the "social evil." Women were no longer compelled by poverty to exchange their virtue for gold, and men did not fear the financial responsibilities of marriage. The brothel, with its pan-

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dering to perverted sexuality, became every year less and less an alarming feature of society, and the vices of the people diminished rapidly.

The Pinkerton detective agencies and kindred concerns found their occupation gone under the new order. Some of the members of these man-killing societies followed their plutocratic employers to Europe, but the majority returned to the slums.

The militia organizations, now that they could no longer be used to kill and coerce workingmen, ceased to have attraction for the puppy-dog class of young men. This left the citizen military bodies in proper shape to recruit their ranks from among the honorable youth of the nation.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

A REUNION IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ONE glorious morning in September a big canvas-covered wagon loaded with camp equipage and supplies stood before the dwelling in Del Norte where Dorothy, Miss Thackery and Mrs. Stearns had lived since their exile from Chicago.

The past six months had been a period of great anxiety for them. The Denver papers had given full accounts of the burning of New York, and of the complete success of the revolution; besides, many items of general news had been received through letters from Wesley and Mr. Short. Wesley was always careful to explain that he would not expose himself to peril, and he had never divulged to Dorothy or his mother his connection with the insurrection. Consequently the ladies believed that he was in New York only in a journalistic capacity; but as they read of the horrors of the time they were often depressed with dread and anxiety. But to Mrs. Stearns during this period of suspense Dorothy proved a comfort and a solace. Miss Thackery became ill as the result of the excitement, and she also depended on Dorothy and looked to her for the management of the sorrowful little household. So Dorothy found herself compelled to dismiss her own cares and to devote herself to the comfort of the others, thus bringing out all the latent strength of her character.

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When the news came that the revolutionists had been successful, and that none of their friends had been injured, a feeling of thankfulness pervaded the Del Norte household, and once more all its occupants took up their daily duties. The little book describing Colorado plants was now almost completed, but, having heard from a neighbor of the floral beauties to be seen in the vicinity of Sierra Blanca and Baldy Mountain, Dorothy induced her aunt and Mrs. Stearns to join her in an expedition to those famous peaks. She engaged for the trip two brawny young men noted for their knowledge of the country, and who on several previous occasions had piloted the ladies on short excursions. Besides the young men, who were to drive and to do the heavy work of the camp, Dorothy decided to take also Dolores, a Mexican girl who lived under their roof in the capacity of housemaid, to assist with the cooking.

The ladies were helped to the very top of the bedding and camp traps which formed the bulkiest portion of the load. Dolores and Dave, the driver, occupied the front seat, while Jim Parker followed on horseback. Dorothy, Miss Thackery and Mrs. Stearns burrowed down among the blankets, and the jolting soon had the effect of settling them into a "close bunch of sociability," as Jim Parker said. The canvas cover of the wagon was looped up on each side to give the occupants an unrestricted view of the scenery.

By half-past six the merry party were well clear of the town and headed eastward over the valley of the San Luis, with Fort Garland "just over the ear of the nigh hoss," as Dave put it.

To the southeast, fully sixty miles away, loomed up

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the Cumbres range, while straight ahead, stretching north as far as the eye could see, was the Sangre-de Christo, its jagged peaks notching the sky-line with snow-tipped points, the highest being Sierra Blanca and old Baldy.

The sun gradually slipped from behind the bank of clouds which hovered over the summits before them, and its slanting rays streamed across the beautiful valley, brightening up the range of mountains they were leaving, and turning the cold grays of the crags into warm russets, olives and transparent greens, while the patches of snow in the depressions of the rocks glistened in the early morning light, appearing, as Dorothy said, "like splatches of pink ice cream."

"This way of traveling," remarked Miss Thackery, "reminds me of the overland journeyings of the early pioneers. Look, there is our scout riding ahead with his gun," indicating as she spoke the manly figure of Jim Parker loping along the trail, with his rifle crosswise in front of him, ready for instant service. "Oh, Mr. Parker," she called out, "do you think there is any danger of our being attacked by Indians, or stopped by highwaymen?"

"What's that?" asked Jim as he reined up his horse.

"Auntie wants to know if there is any chance of the monotony of our ride being broken by adventures with 'hold-ups' or Indians," said Dorothy laughingly.

"I reckon not," replied Jim. "Injuns left the valley years ago, and ever since the one-legged man robbed the coach over in Wagon-wheel Gap there has been nary a hold-up in these parts. You wimmin are not scared, shorely? There's nothin' can hurt ye, unless it mought be tarantulas, centipedes, rattle-

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snakes, mountain lions, bears, wild-cats or coyotes, and they won't hurt ye unless ye distarb 'em. Me and Dave is along; jist remember that if yer narves git to pullin'." And Jim turned his horse behind the wagon, "to see how the traps was ridin', and that nothin' shook off."

"Well," said Mrs. Stearns, when Jim had vanished, "I am glad to hear that the only objects we need fear are snakes, venomous insects and wild beasts. Mr. Parker seems to be an adept in soothing one's fears."

"As for me," said Miss Thackery, "I am sure I won't sleep a wink to-night."

This was too much for Dave, and he proceeded to enlighten the ladies on the subject of camping, explaining how the light of the camp-fire kept all wild beasts at bay, and how easy it was to keep snakes out of the tents by the simple device of stretching a horse-hair lariat on the ground around the camp.

"We've got two lariats, and we'll stretch both of 'em to make sure. Besides, when we get up on Ute Creek there ain't no snakes anyway, and we have only to camp oncet this side of the creek."

This expert explanation tended to reassure the ladies, and fear soon gave place to interest in the panorama of mountain and plain surrounding them.

The midday lunch was eaten by the side of the wagon, the ladies sitting on a piece of canvas stretched in the shade of the vehicle, for the midday September sun beats down hot in the San Luis valley, and no trees or rocks are there to cast a grateful shadow. Except for that portion occupied by ranchmen and watered by the irrigation ditches and streams, this valley is a vast stretch of sand on which nothing grows

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but sage-brush, cactus and greasewood, and in places water for camping purposes and for the horses must be carried in barrels.

After luncheon the ladies sat quietly waiting. They were drowsy from the combined effects of the heat and the extreme quiet of the day. The banks of clouds visible in the morning were gone, and only here and there floated a cumulus cloud high up in the brassy sky. The air was so clear that as they looked up and down the valley they could see objects at a distance of sixty or seventy miles.

"How cool and pleasant it must be up there where we can see that snow," said Dorothy, gazing wistfully at Sierra Blanca with its snow-flecked summit.

"It looks cool, miss, but if you wuz up there, and in the sun as you be here, you would find it pretty hot, I tell you. Howsumever, it is sure cool in the shade, or after sundown. When we make noon camp tomorrer, miss, we will be well up yander cañon, and instid of drinkin' this warm water we will have a whole creek full of ice-water within ten feet of us."

"That will be delightful, Dave; and are there also plenty of wild flowers?"

"Well, I should smile," replied Dave. "There's cleome, goldenrod, larkspur, daisies, and hundreds of flowers I don't know the names of, and there's trout, too, in the creek. But here's Jim with the hosses." And Dave jumped up to help his partner, while Dorothy roused the remainder of the party from their after-dinner nap.

That night they reached Fort Garland, now no longer a frontier army post, but merely a small collection of houses and a store or two.

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The luggage was unloaded, the horses watered and picketed out to graze, after being given a good feed of grain, and then Dave and Jim set to work to pitch the tents. After arranging the bedding inside, they brought water and invited the ladies to take possession of their camp quarters. In the meantime Dolores had been busy preparing a repast, and just as the first star of evening peeped out of the darkening sky they all ranged around the big piece of canvas on the ground, and commenced to eat what was to four of the party their first camp supper. How good everything tasted! The fried bacon, hot camp bread, stewed tomatoes and hot coffee made up a meal to which all did ample justice. After supper the dishes were washed, provisions stowed, and the camp made ship-shape. A few fresh logs were thrown on the fire, and the men lighted their pipes and sat down to smoke and chat before turning in.

Inside the tent reserved for the ladies great preparations were going on, with an endless variety of feminine chatter that was very amusing to Dave and Jim. Finally the candle inside the tent went out, and all became silent. Evidently the ladies had gone to sleep. But about the time Dave and Jim had finished their pipes an anxious inquiry came from Miss Thackery:

"Oh, Dave, have you stretched the horse-hair lariats?"

"Yes, marm."

"Both of them, Dave?"

"Yes, marm, both of 'em wuz stretched tight." Which was quite true, for two horses were at that

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moment cropping grass at the extreme end of their tethers.

The next evening found the party camped on the edge of a beautiful natural park just at the foot of Blanca, with the cold waters of Ute Creek within fifty feet of their camp-fire. The stream came splashing and pouring over the rocks, fed by the perpetual snow of the mountain tops, clear as crystal, and sparkling as champagne.

As soon as camp was made and the horses picketed, Dave cut a willow rod for a fish-pole, took a book of flies and was off down the creek. When he returned an hour later he triumphantly held up a string of speckled beauties. He handed them over to Dolores, who soon had them frying in hot bacon-fat, to be served later on tin plates as the *piece de resistance* of the evening meal.

After breakfast the next morning Dorothy and Miss Thackery decided to explore the slopes leading up to the summit of the peaks, and arranged to be absent the entire day. Jim Parker offered to go with them, but Dorothy, with her usual independence, decided he should not go. Jim thereupon shouldered his rifle and started up the creek to look for deer. Before going he warned Dorothy not to go very far away, and under no circumstances to go out of sight of the creek cañon.

The two ladies started about eight o'clock, leaving Mrs. Stearns, Dolores and Dave to keep camp. After an hour's walk, or rather climb, they found themselves on the summit of a foot-hill overlooking Ute Creek, and from there they could distinguish the clump of aspens in which the camp was situated. As it was still early in the day they decided to continue on to the

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next foot-hill. But distances are very deceptive in Colorado, and by the time they had reached their goal it was past three o'clock. At a quarter after five Dorothy concluded to start back, consoling herself and her aunt with the statement that the most of the way was down hill and that the return would consume much less time than the upward journey.

Before they had traveled an hour, however, they came to the conclusion that they were lost. To add to their fright, the weather had suddenly changed. All day the clouds had hung around the summit of old Baldy, and in the excitement of their climb the ladies had not noticed that the masses of vapor had continued to spread until over half the sky was obscured. Now the pine forest was rapidly growing dark with the gloom of a gathering storm. The wind moaned and sighed through the tree tops with uncanny cadence, and every little while a flash of lightning tore through the shadows.

"Dorothy, Dorothy," wailed Miss Thackery, "we will be killed. Oh, why did we come? Speak to me or I shall lose my senses."

It only required this cry of distress to arouse in Dorothy all the courage of her nature. Rising from a rock where she had sunk for a moment in weakness and fear, she exclaimed: "Aunt, we are not going to be killed; it is no use to cry and wring our hands and sit here helplessly. Come, let us find the trail." Taking Miss Thackery's hand, she attempted to search for the faint deer-path by which they had reached the summit.

The darkness grew apace, the flashes of lightning more frequent, and mingling with the sighing of the

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wind through the tree-tops sounded the rolling notes of distant thunder.

"Dorothy, we shall perish!" screamed Miss Thackery. "It is so dark we can never find our way back. I cannot walk; let us get under this tree and wait."

At that moment there came a blinding glare and a crash which went echoing down the dusky slope. The storm was now upon them in all its fury.

"Auntie, please don't allow yourself to give way. I am just as badly frightened as you are, but I *won't* give up; we *must* go *somewhere*. We cannot save ourselves standing here; tall trees are so apt to draw the lightning. Lean on me; take my hand." And the brave girl threw her arm about Miss Thackery's waist and drew her onward through the underbrush.

The rain now fell in torrents, and it was so dark that Dorothy could hardly see where to place her feet. She had lost all sense of direction, but she felt that their only hope was to keep going. They struggled on, and on, until they emerged into a little open space, where they paused for a moment to rest. A vivid flash revealed two drenched and white-faced women clinging closely together, one of them utterly helpless, while the other, notwithstanding the terror shining from her eyes, still supported her companion and tried to comfort her.

Suddenly Dorothy exclaimed: "I see a light, auntie! Yes, I am sure of it. Can it be possible any one lives in this wild place? There it is again. It *is* a light—a light shining from a window. Come, auntie, let us go to it."

"Oh, I am afraid," wailed Miss Thackery; "perhaps

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some half wild creature lives there who will murder us in cold blood."

"I don't care whether he be wild or tame, so he is human. I am going to that house, or cabin, or whatever it is." And Dorothy started toward the light, with Miss Thackery still clinging to her hand.

As they approached the beacon, they saw that it was really a window. When they were within a hundred yards a flash of lightning revealed a cabin built up against the side of the mountain. Dorothy hesitated, but only for a moment; then she walked bravely up to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" came in gruff accents from within.

"Only two women. We are lost and want shelter," answered Dorothy.

The door opened, and a man peered cautiously out into the darkness. "Bless my soul! Come in. How did you get here?"

"We belong to a party camping on Ute Creek, and we wandered away and got lost," replied Dorothy, looking timidly up into the man's face.

"Come right up to the fire and sit down; I'll get you some hot coffee. I'm only an old prospector, marm, but I'll do what I can for you." The old man hurried the two shivering women into the cabin, where they sank down on a rough bench, faint and trembling.

"Here," said the prospector, "drink a sip of this; it's a little port that I always keep on hand for sickness. The wine will do you good. Drink it and pull up close to the fire-place; you must be chilled to the bone." And the kind-hearted old man piled fresh logs on the fire until the interior of the cabin fairly glowed with light and heat.

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The women soon recovered their strength and spirits. In the meantime the proprietor of the cabin made coffee and got out some tin cups and plates. As he moved about Dorothy observed him closely. His figure was somewhat bent, but he was possessed of a brisk cheeriness, notwithstanding his aged appearance. He soon had things arranged to his satisfaction, and invited his guests to partake of his hospitality. In order to appear "sociable like" he also seated himself at the table.

"So you belong to the camp down on the forks of the creek, do you? What might you be doing there?"

"We are camped there for a few days' fishing, and also to study the plants growing there. We are botanists," answered Dorothy.

"Botanists, hey? Studying plants. Well, that might do for some folks, but I like to study minerals. Did you ever study minerals? No? Well, it's my notion, begging your pardon, ladies, that studying minerals beats studying plants; but everybody to their notion. Have some more coffee, ladies?" And the old man proceeded to replenish the cups.

"How long have you been here?" asked Dorothy.

"I've lived here going on fifteen years. I've got a mine here which I kinder believe will make my fortune some day."

"But have you not heard of the revolution?" asked Miss Thackery.

"Yes, marm—a little. I heard down to Fort Garland that the big bugs and the gold bugs was knocked out, New York burnt up, and the devil—beg pardon—to pay, and that we were going to have new laws giving a poor man some rights."

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"Yes," assented Dorothy, "but your mine now belongs to the government. Had you not heard that?"

"Belong to the government," repeated the old man. "No; how's that?"

Dorothy explained the new laws, telling the old prospector that he must file his claim with the Secretary of the Interior, who would take testimony as to the length of time he had worked the mine, the assay value of his ore, etc., and that the government would then pay him the full appraised value of his claim.

The old man listened intently, vouchsafing no comments. When Dorothy had finished he still waited a few moments, his wrinkled old face betraying in its every line his anxiety. Finally he slowly ejaculated, like a man talking to himself:

"The government takes all of the mines away from us, but pays us for them. Well, that's better than having a genteel Eastern capitalist beat us out of 'em. I venture to say, marm, that the rich men down east feel pretty sore about this new law; they've sorter lost their job. What's that big bunko gambling-house in Wall street doing, I wonder? Oh, I forgot! that outfit got burnt up. Did any of the gamblers get burnt up too? Hope they did, durn 'em."

"Yes, sir," answered Dorothy, "quite a number lost their lives."

"Glad of it," replied the prospector: "Wish they'd all got it."

Dorothy saw that the conversation was taking an unpleasant turn, so she changed the subject.

"And so you have lived here all alone for fifteen years; it must be a very lonesome life."

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"Oh, no, marm, not very. You see I have my wife with me most of the time."

"Your wife? Why, I did not know. Where is she?" replied Dorothy in surprise.

"My wife has been dead for many years now, but she knows I'm lonesome; so every night she comes here and sits down in that chair. You noticed that I didn't let you sit down in that chair, didn't you?" indicating a chair at the head of the rough table. "That's my wife's chair."

Miss Thackery and Dorothy looked at the old man in astonishment, not unmixed with fear. Their host was quick to see this, and hastened to say:

"Don't think I'm crazy, ladies. My wife is dead, but her spirit lives, and so, when my day's work is done, her spirit comes to my cabin. She always sits in that chair—she talks to me, and tells me what to do in this world—and oh, you cannot know how much comfort her presence gives me. I am what some folks call a spiritualist, but I believe in it—I know it. Some people don't believe in spiritualism, just as some don't believe in religion. My religion is spiritualism, as it is called. Tonight a spirit told me to build a big fire in the fire-place. This time of year I 'most always build a little one. I know now that the spirit told me to build the big fire so that it would shine out through the window and show you the way to safety. If the spirit had not told me to do as I did, you would now be out in the storm.'

Dorothy and Miss Thackery were no longer afraid, for the appearance of the man indicated honesty and simplicity. Kindness looked out from his eyes and dissipated fear. The ladies arose from the table and

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moved nearer to the fire-place. Their clothing was still damp, but under the influence of the heat was rapidly becoming dry. The prospector opened the door and looked out into the night. The storm was almost over. Through the open door came the sound of falling water from the swollen rill flowing down the mountain-side.

"Pretty heavy sprinkle, but it is over now; and I reckon you folks want to get back to your camp."

"Indeed we do," answered Dorothy, "for our friends must be very anxious about us."

The sharp crack of a rifle rang out from down the cañon.

"Hello," said the old man, "that shot came from the camp. Your friends are uneasy, and are firing to let you know which way to go. Wait! I'll answer them." And the prospector took down a Winchester from the wall, stepped to the door, pointed the weapon skyward and fired.

Instantly there came an answering shot, and the old man fired again, came inside and leaned the rifle against the wall.

"Now, ladies, if you are not afraid to stay alone for a half hour or so, I'll hunt up my ponies. It's too mucky for you to walk. I reckon you can ride?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I can, but Auntie—"

"Dorothy, I can ride, if this gentleman will keep a close hold of the bridle rein," interrupted Miss Thackery.

"Very well, auntie, our friend will do that, I know."

"Yes, I will, marm, but Betty is a gentle animal anyway. Now, you're sure you ain't afraid to stay here a little while?"

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"Not in the least. We will do very nicely."

The old man vanished into the darkness, calling his ponies as he went, and soon returned leading two wiry bronchos. On each of them he placed a folded blanket, and then assisted the ladies to mount.

Before the start was made, however, the quick ear of the old miner caught the sound of human voices, apparently coming from the trail which led down the cañon.

"I really believe that your friends are coming up the mountain in search of you," said the prospector. "Don't you think we had better wait for them? If we started now we might pass them in the dark."

"By all means it is best to wait," answered Dorothy. "Let us call to them, so they will be sure to come this way."

"All right." And the old man gave voice to a wild halloo, which was immediately answered by one of the searching party.

By this time the storm clouds had passed and the moon lit up the open spaces of the forest with a strange splendor. Nearer and nearer came the party from the camp. Now they are hidden by the thicket of willows around the bend in the trail. Now they begin to appear, crossing a clearing in the bright moonlight.

The first to emerge from the shadows is Jim Parker, carrying his rifle. Dorothy and Miss Thackery are watching closely, and they note that beside the guide three other figures are coming rapidly up the trail. Who can they be? Some persons, no doubt, that Jim and Dave have asked to assist in finding the truants. And yet there is something very familiar about the figure or gait of each of them.

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"Oh, Auntie, look!" ejaculates Dorothy, "there is Wesley, and Mr. McDermott, and Mr. Short!" And, darting like a flash to meet the party, she soon finds herself clasped closely in Wesley's arms. It takes no longer for the rest of the party to meet and exchange excited questions and greetings, and soon they are brought back to earth by the loud voice of Jim Parker reminding them that they had all better get back to camp, in order to relieve the anxiety of Mrs. Stearns, who had been left behind with Dolores and Dave.

"If we don't git back thar *poco tiempo*, the old lady will go clar off the hooks. It ain't right hardly for us to be standin' here gassin', and the old lady left behind in camp, worryin'."

"All right, Jim," said Dorothy, "we will start at once. But before we go, Auntie, we must thank the old gentleman for his kindness."

The old prospector had tied his ponies to a convenient sapling, and from the door of his cabin he witnessed the demonstrations which followed the arrival of the new comers. The lines of his grizzled old face softened, and his eyes grew moist as he gazed on the joyous group. It was an oasis in the desert of his life. It had been many a long year since he had known the caress of a woman or felt the handclasp of a friend. He had been permitted a transient glimpse of heaven, and he yearned for more of that which for so many years had been denied him—human companionship.

Dorothy came up and held out her hand to him. Seeing the tears in his eyes, her womanly heart prompted her to bestow two swift kisses on his withered cheek. Then, before the bewildered prospector

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could grasp her meaning, she took him by the arm and escorted him to the group of friends.

"I wish to make you acquainted with the man who sheltered us from the storm. He has been very kind to us, and before we go we must express our gratitude to him."

"It was nothing at all, marm," interrupted the prospector, as he shook hands all around. "I would have been a queer man if I had turned two helpless women from my cabin, on a night like this."

"It would have been queer indeed, Dorothy," interposed McDermott suddenly, "if John Dever should have turned you away, for he never yet, to my knowledge, denied his hospitality to friend or foe. John Dever, don't you know me?" And McDermott sprang forward and caught both of the old prospector's hands in his own.

The old man straightened up and, without speaking, looked long and earnestly into McDermott's face; then drew him close.

"It is you, Jack; it's you, Jack McDermott! At last we meet again." Finally turning to the little group, the prospector said: "My friends, when the storm which has just passed broke over my little cabin I did not think it would be the means of bringing to my door my old partner, the friend who twenty odd years ago shared with me both fortune and disaster. Since I parted from you in Denver, I have been out of luck, and I just came up here—as near the sky as I could get—to wait for the end. I lost my nerve, but now that you have found me out, I feel as young as I did when you and I were together. Do you ever think of the old

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days, Jack, when we were both of us so full of hope and faith in the future?"

The group of listeners stood awed and silent. The earnest manner of Dever and the unconscious sadness of his voice touched their hearts. As for McDermott, a lump came into his throat and it was with a visible effort that he finally controlled himself:

"Yes, I do remember the old days. I have always felt I should some day find you; and now, John Dever, you tell me that luck has deserted you; and I tell you it is not so, for from now on there is to be no more loneliness in your life. A new era has dawned, and for the sake of old friendship I invite you to come with us when we leave this place, and let me try to repay the kindness you showed me in the days gone by. Will you come?"

For a time the prospector remained silent. Then he slowly replied: "I am too old to leave the hills, Jack, and I am of no account any more. I can't work as I used to."

"You need not leave the hills for good, Dever," said McDermott. "What I mean is, to come with us back east, visit around for a while, and then I will come back here with you."

"I am too upset to answer you. Give me time to think it over. I will come down to camp in the morning. But tonight, Jack, you must get the ladies back to shelter. I will see you tomorrow. Good night."

On arriving at the camp, Mrs. Stearns welcomed the truants with tears of joy. Dolores compelled them to swallow some curious herb mixtures intended to dispel any ill effects of their adventure, and the entire party were soon in the land of Nod.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE CAMP.

THE beauty of the spot where the tents were pitched, and the delightful weather which followed the storm, proved potent enough to keep the picnickers for several weeks. Mr. Short, McDermott and the two guides spent the time mainly in fishing. Mrs. Stearns and Miss Thackery found their chief pleasure in looking after the housekeeping of the camp where Dolores taught them many of the mysteries of camp cooking, among other things the process of baking bread, or camp biscuits, with an out-door fire, and without an oven of any kind. The camp stove baked bread beautifully, but Dolores enjoyed showing how nicely cooking could be done under adverse circumstances.

Her black eyes snapping with amusement, she simply divided the one camp-fire into two fires, and placed the pan of biscuits between them, with the bake pan tipped up on edge, while the intent watchers saw the biscuits begin to bake, rising up light and browning beautifully.

Dorothy went away every day on botanical excursions, and Wesley, of course, went with her, to study the science of botany, under the agreeable tutorship of the scientist herself. One afternoon when the September haze wrought beautiful and curious atmospheric effects, tinting the distant peaks and the nearer foot-hills in a thousand varying shades of purple and

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azure, the pair sat down on a fallen log ostensibly to arrange specimens for the blotting-books.

"Dorothy," said Wesley, "are you glad you are going back to Chicago?"

"I am glad, and I am sorry," answered Dorothy. "Glad to return, yet sorry to leave these grand old mountains. Besides," she continued, "I have found some very warm friends in the West. They are so true, so honest and sympathetic, one cannot help loving them."

"I have heard that said of Western people before," said Wesley. "It must be true. But how could it be otherwise? Look at these awe-inspiring mountains, the almost measureless extent of rolling plains, the grandeur and immensity of nature spread before them day by day. No one can dwell among these wonders and remain narrow, petty or inordinately selfish. Historians agree that mountaineers are more noble than the dwellers of the lowlands, and experience teaches that city life brings to the surface all the meanness in human nature. Did you ever stop to think, Dorothy, that the large cities seldom turn out a man or woman who becomes great, and then only in some special line, but that nearly all of our broad-minded philanthropists and statesmen are either country-bred or dwellers in the West?"

"Mr. Short holds to that view," replied Dorothy, "and he has been a close student of human nature. My own experience in Colorado has certainly opened my eyes to the breadth of character shown by the average Westerner."

After an interval Wesley said: "Dorothy, do you

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remember the promise you made that evening out on the veranda?"

Dorothy looked up with a smile. "Did you suppose I had forgotten it, Wesley?"

"No, I did not"—and here Wesley began to speak very rapidly—"but, Dorothy darling, I have come to ask you to fulfill your promise. I have come to take you home. And, sweetheart, we must never part again this side of the grave. Ever since that night in Evanston when we plighted our troth, I have been so lonely, so hungry for your love and companionship. Tell me, Dorothy, will you consent to be my own dear wife as soon as we reach Chicago?"

Dorothy did not answer with words, but in the depths of her glorious eyes Wesley read her consent, and drawing her close they sealed their sweet compact with a kiss.

The sun was dropping behind the mountain tops when the laggard lovers reached the camp in the aspens. Mr. Short looked up from where he lay stretched out on a blanket near one of the tents and hailed them:

"Ah, this is enjoying life. If the people of the crowded cities of the East could only know of this delightful place. I have been away the whole afternoon. I found a shady spot on yonder hillside, and for fully two hours watched the play of light and shadow on that grand old peak. I almost wish we could stay here forever. Did you see McDermott? He and Mr. Dever went away together. I tell you, Wesley, you have a rival now for McDermott's affection. John Dever is going back with us to Chicago."

"Why, no," answered Wesley.

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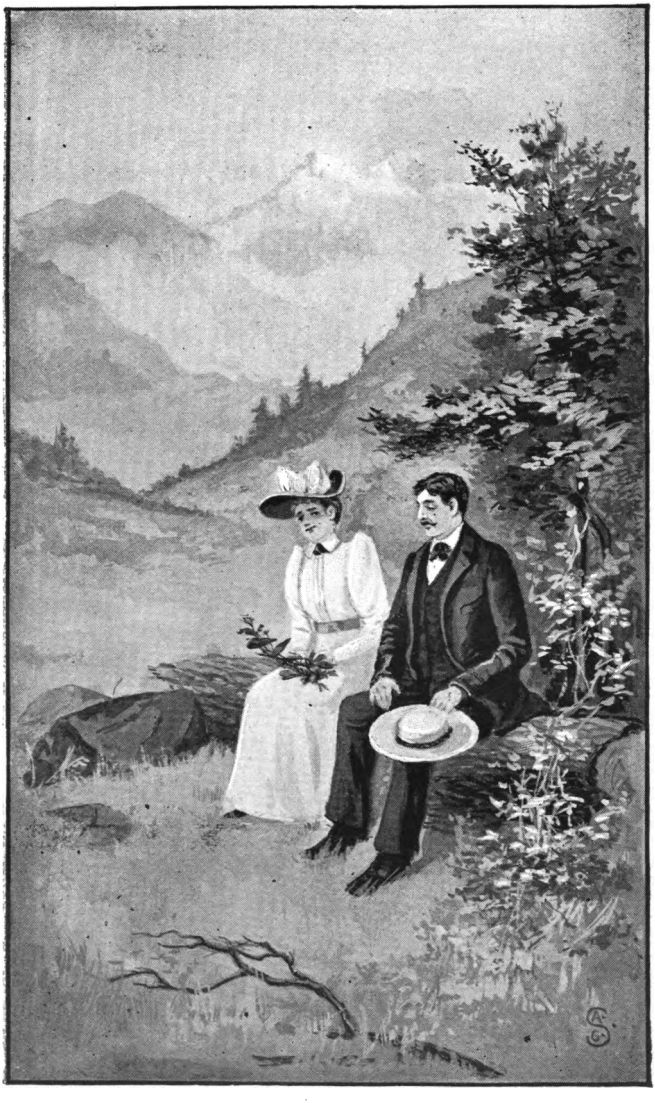

"'Did you suppose I had forgot'en it, Wesley?'" *P. 388.*

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"Well, it is true. McDermott has persuaded him to present the proof of his mineral discoveries to the government; he feels sure they will have no difficulty in proving their right, by virtue of original discovery, to the Spirit Lode, which they opened up over twenty years ago, a mine of fabulous richness. Under the rules, our friends will undoubtedly receive as remuneration a hundred thousand dollars or so, which, in these days, comes perilously near the limit. I rather think we will have to classify them from now on as plutocrats."

"In order to escape such an epithet we have decided to divide with our friends," interrupted McDermott, who, with Dever, had come up in time to hear the last part of Mr. Short's remarks. "That is," continued McDermott, "if the appraisal board is as liberal as we expect it will be, and we have anything to divide."

Mr. Short looked rather puzzled at this, but before he could speak, McDermott resumed:

"Perhaps you think I am joking, but I was never more serious. We mean every word, don't we, Dever?"

Dever's old face lighted up as he replied: "Jack's right, folks. If we get a fair deal, we will have more money than we need, and I feel that I owe my share to you for the effort you have made in the great cause of human liberty. I believe that is all I have to say." And the old man seated himself by the camp-fire, and began to talk to Dorothy and Mrs. Stearns. The ladies never tired of Dever's tales of his life in the hills, and his experiences with his spirit companions.

It was hard for the campers to leave Ute Creek,

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but one evening orders were issued to Dave and Jim to arouse the camp early in the morning, so that an early start could be made for the return journey; and by eight o'clock the next day the camp wagon emerged from the shade of the aspens and swung down into the road leading toward Fort Garland. Dave, of course, was on the front seat, driving, with Dorothy beside him; Miss Thackery, Mr. Short and Mrs. Stearns were in the body of the wagon, while Jim Parker, Wesley, McDermott and Dever brought up the rear on horseback.

* * * * * *

After their arrival at Del Norte, ten days sufficed for the ladies to make their farewell calls, and to complete all necessary preparations for the return to Chicago.

Dorothy could not restrain her tears when she took a last look at the surrounding mountains and valleys. Miss Thackery and Mrs. Stearns also shed tears, for the little town and its hospitable people had grown very dear to them.

Half of its population were at the depot to bid them good-by and to wish them a safe journey. Dave and Jim were there looking very solemn. Just before the train pulled out and before the party had embarked, Dorothy called to them. When they came up she reached out a hand to each of them, saying:

"My friends, I will say good-by and farewell. You have been very kind to us lonely women, and you have been as true to us as knights of old." As she said this, she opened her traveling bag, drew from it two gold watches, each with a heavy chain, and with her own hands placed them in the pockets of their

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leather *chapariros*. Then with another good-by and a warm hand-clasp for both of the abashed guides she sprang lightly to the car platform, just as the train began to move slowly out from the station—not so quickly, however, but that she saw something she had never seen before: two rough, hard-fisted cowboys with tears in their eyes.

"Jim Parker, she wuz an angel," said Dave, swinging his big sombrero in answer to the fluttering of the tiny piece of cambric which Dorothy was waving.

"Yer dead right, pardner," acquiesced Jim. "I say, Dave, what time yer got by yer gold watch and chain?"

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE NEW LAWS IN FORCE.

AFTER a short sojourn in Chicago, McDermott and Dever went to Washington, secured an audience with the Secretary of the Interior, and gave that gentleman a full history of the discovery and location of the Spirit Lode. The Secretary, after investigating the records of the general land office, ordered the special agent of the Leadville district to make the case the subject of an early report. Three weeks later all the facts concerning this claim, as well as the mines of Dever located on Ute Creek, were by the Secretary transmitted in the usual way to Congress, and in due time the Congressional committee charged with such matters recommended their purchase by the government. The following January McDermott and Dever executed a quit-claim deed to the United States, and in return received a check on the Treasury for the sum of $150,000.

Under the new regime this was a vast fortune, however small it would have been considered before the revolution. The system of taxation in vogue under the laws of the new government made the accumulation of a million dollars by any one an actual impossibility. As the profits of an individual, company, firm or corporation grew, so the taxes grew. Every year the internal revenue collectors called on each business house to examine its balance-sheet for the year's busi-

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ness; and if it showed a net profit of over five thousand dollars per annum, the amount of tax due the government on the excess was figured out. If the net profits fell below five thousand dollars the collector furnished an exemption certificate.

One per cent on all net profits, salaries and incomes, in excess of five thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars per annum, was levied and collected.

Over	$10,000	and not exceeding	$15,000,	2%
Over	15,000	and not exceeding	20,000,	3%
Over	20,000	and not exceeding	25,000,	4%
Over	25,000	and not exceeding	30,000,	5%
Over	30,000	and not exceeding	35,000,	6%
Over	35,000	and not exceeding	40,000,	7%
Over	40,000	and not exceeding	45,000,	8%
Over	45,000	and not exceeding	50,000,	9%
Over	50,000	and not exceeding	55,000,	10%
Over	55,000	and not exceeding	60,000,	12%
Over	60,000	and not exceeding	65,000,	14%
Over	65,000	and not exceeding	70,000,	16%
Over	70,000	and not exceeding	75,000,	18%
Over	75,000	and not exceeding	80,000,	20%
Over	80,000	and not exceeding	85,000,	22%
Over	85,000	and not exceeding	90,000,	24%
Over	90,000	and not exceeding	95,000,	26%
Over	95,000	and not exceeding	100,000,	28%
Over	100,000	and not exceeding	125,000,	30%
Over	125,000	and not exceeding	150,000,	40%
Over	150,000	and not exceeding	175,000,	50%

Incomes in excess of $200,000 were taxed 75% per annum.

The graded taxation of incomes and inheritances, together with the withdrawal from private hands of ownership in the treasures of the earth and lines of transportation, prevented that concentration of wealth

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which, prior to the revolution, menaced freedom and prosperity, and at the same time the taxes collected provided an enormous revenue. As the accumulation of funds in the treasury became burdensome, it was expended in public improvements, thus providing labor for millions of men and women, forming an endless chain of income and outgo, and setting in motion a steady flow of money into the channels of commerce.

The tax on real and personal property was also levied on a rising scale; but no taxes were levied on property under $10,000 in value; and in estimating values debts were deducted, leaving the tax to be levied on net values only. Before the revolution, in defiance of justice and equity, the money-lenders were not taxed on the money loaned to borrowers; but while borrowers were compelled to pay interest on the money loaned them, they were also required to pay full taxes on the property given as security.

McDermott and Dever divided the $150,000 received from the government into six equal parts, and the former, true to his word, deposited in the National Bank of Chicago, one of the new banks owned and operated by the government, the full sum of one portion each to the credit respectively of Mr. Short, Wesley, Mrs. Stearns, Miss Thackery, Dever, and himself.

Opposite the house of Miss Thackery in Evanston stood two neat cottages, each having a good-sized yard with lawn and shrubbery. On the day following the return of McDermott and Dever from Washington, McDermott and Wesley made a careful examination of these properties in company with a real estate agent

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from the city. The next day the placards "For Sale" were removed from the front doors, and for the next ten days the cottages were given over to painters, plumbers, and furnishers.

When the houses were ready for occupancy, Dever came out from the city with McDermott to look them over. To his eyes, so long accustomed to the rough cabins of the mountains, the modest dwellings seemed the acme of luxury After a close study of the furnishings of McDermott's house, Dever turned to McDermott and said abruptly:

"What in thunder, Mac, do you want with a new house? Ain't our rooms down in the city good enough? I can *sabe* why Wesley should want a new house, but I'll be hanged if I can make out what you want with one."

"Now, Dever," answered McDermott, apparently not heeding, "what do you think of this den of yours? These rooms opening out on the balcony are for you."

"You don't mean to tell me, Mac, that you have bought this house and fixed it up so fine just for us two to live in? Why, it's actual extravagance."

"Never mind about that, Dever. Let us go over and look at Wesley's house, and see how it compares with ours." Saying this, McDermott hustled the old man out, and, locking the door, proceeded to the dwelling next above, where they found Wesley.

Dever, strange to say, found no fault here with what he deemed in his own quarters an extravagance, because, as he said to McDermott, "Dorothy is going to live here, and there is nothing on earth too good for her, God bless her!"

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CHAPTER XL.

THE DAWN OF THE NEW DAY.

IT was the wish of Dorothy and Wesley that their marriage should be marked by simplicity, and that the gathering of guests should be limited to intimate friends. In accordance with this wish, there were present only Mr. Short, McDermott, Dever and a half dozen of Wesley's newspaper associates, together with Wesley's mother, Miss Thackery, and a few of Dorothy's girl friends.

Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded pair boarded a train bound for New Orleans, where they proposed to spend their honeymoon, after which they intended to travel some time in Mexico. This programme was adhered to, and about six months later Mr. and Mrs. Stearns were domiciled in their comfortable home in Evanston.

Six months seems a short time, but on their return both Wesley and Dorothy were struck by the manifest change in the outward appearance of Chicago. Gone were the knots of idle, scowling, discontented men so commonly seen before the revolution. The happy pair noted with pleasure the bright, cheery faces of passers-by, the extreme cleanliness of the streets, and the general air of comfort and thrift which even at this early stage of the new order pervaded the city.

A few days after their arrival, McDermott and Mr. Short called and invited the young couple out for a

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drive. During the ride Mr. Short pointed out the thousand and one evidences of gradual improvement, all made possible by the revolution. Their carriage passed numerous wagons, all painted a dark blue color, with the letters "U. S. F. D." in white letters on the side. Mr. Short explained that these were the government coal wagons loaded with coal from the government mines, and that the letters stood for "United States Fuel Department." "You can form no idea," said Mr. Short, "how much suffering this one department of the government has prevented. There is no occasion for anyone to fear Jack Frost now; the price of coal is so low that it is within the reach of all, and yet the miner receives three times as much wages as formerly. It seems queer to you, no doubt, that coal can be so cheap, and at the same time the miners receive higher wages. But you must not forget that the government owns the railroads also, and the freight is only about one-fifth of former rates."

"It certainly is a blessing," said Wesley, "that we now have cheap fuel. But how about the money question? You see, I am wofully behind the times, having been away so long."

"The money question no longer disturbs us," replied Mr. Short. "Gold, silver and paper are all kept on a parity by law, thus proving by actual demonstration that *all money is fiat—a creation of law.* It always amused me," continued Mr. Short, "before the revolution, to hear some wise-looking banker denounce fiat paper money one minute, and then reach out frantically for fiat paper bonds the next minute, never once seeing the inconsistency of his position; for both the paper money and the bonds were purely fiat. And yet the

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ignorant rabble of business men followed the lead of the banker, and, parrot-like, echoed his denunciation of fiat money. It was a case of the blind leading the blind. These same business men today are wondering why they were so long in getting their eyes opened."

"What effect on the country have the new tax laws?" asked Wesley, adding: "And how do the masses of the people like them?"

"Look around you," answered Mr. Short. "Do you not see the wonderful changes going on? Note the elegant and commodious electric cars; note the new pavements. Observe the trim appearance of the parked streets, and come out to Lincoln Park this afternoon and hear the music of the great symphony orchestra of over one hundred musicians, furnished to the city by the government. Besides, you surely must have noticed the new and artistic bridges in course of construction, the carefully ballasted railway tracks, the clean, comfortable coaches and sleeping-cars. All these improvements are going on in every city—aye, in every town, village, and hamlet—and all are paid for out of the surplus in the treasury. Everyone has employment, and the wages are nearly three times as high as before the revolution. Mechanics and laborers are now enabled to live well, and save money, and all branches of mercantile business are booming. Of course there are no longer the great establishments like Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s, for example, for the new tax system does not permit them to exist; but in their places are countless smaller stores whose owners are sure to acquire modest fortunes. The multi-millionaires with their lackeys, flunkeys and liveries, their vulgar display and their pretended superiority, who

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found the sweet air of liberty not to their liking, have all gone across the water—that is, such of them as were not wiped out by the change. Some are now commencing on an even footing with the balance of us, and one, no less a person than Franklin MacVeagh, assured me only yesterday that he never felt as light-hearted and happy in his life. He is living in a modest residence out on Lincoln avenue."

"Tell Wesley about New York, Mr. Short," interposed McDermott.

"Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten to tell you the New York news," said Mr. Short. "Well, the city is being rebuilt; but no more sky-scraping buildings are allowed. They were, as you know, mainly used for offices and for the accommodation of lawyers, middlemen, promoters and schemers. Since the trusts are extinguished, and the new uniform civil and criminal code is so easily understood, there is no longer use for many lawyers. New York City is being rebuilt on an entirely new scale. No buildings are higher than five stories. Here in Chicago we are puzzled to know what to do with our own tall buildings.—But what is that crowd doing in front of the *Biograph* office?—Hold on, driver!" shouted Mr. Short. "Drive close to the curb." The driver did as he was directed, and the occupants of the carriage read on the bulletin board in front of the office the following:

"Special telegrams from London, Paris, Madrid and St. Petersburg announce that the example of the United States is arousing all Europe. Terror and consternation in high official circles. Spies report that the vast armies of the continent are so impregnated with socialism that they cannot be relied on. Open

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mutiny in the German army. Enormous open-air meeting of socialists in London. Speakers address over 200,000 people."

"Hurrah!" shouted Wesley, "the universal brotherhood of man will soon be in order in king-ridden Europe."

"Oh, Mr. Short," said Dorothy, excitedly, "if the foreign nations could only have a peaceful revolution like ours!"

"I fear that is not probable," replied Mr. Short.

"I am fearful," said McDermott, "that the peasantry of Europe will wreak an awful vengeance on the aristocrats."

For over an hour the party of sight-seers continued their drive, and then they returned home.

The home life of Wesley and Dorothy was very happy. The close proximity of the homes of Miss Thackery and McDermott was a source of daily pleasure, and Dorothy was grateful that her marriage had not been the means of separating her from constant association with her dear friends.

After the wedding Miss Thackery induced Wesley's mother to take up her abode with her, and the two elderly ladies became inseparable companions. As for McDermott and Dever, while they called the cottage adjoining Wesley's dwelling their home, they still occupied their rooms in the city and left the newly furnished house to the care of a housekeeper. On Saturday afternoons, however, they always came out to Evanston and remained until Monday. The Sundays were usually marked by exchanges of visits between the neighbors.

One Saturday afternoon Dever came out from the

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city alone, and when questioned as to McDermott's absence replied that all he knew was that he had seen McDermott and Mr. Short in earnest conversation, and Mr. Short had said: "I think well of the plan, Mac, and I shall look eagerly for the telegram."

"What telegram?" demanded Wesley.

"How should I know?" retorted Dever. "I have told you all I heard."

"And Mac didn't tell you where he was going?" persisted Wesley.

"No; he only said he was off on a short trip."

"Strange," said Wesley, "and yet it is just like him. Say, Mr. Dever, can't you question the spirits on the subject?"

"If the spirits volunteer any information I'll tell you," answered Dever, "but they don't come around here as thick as they did in the old cabin on Ute Creek. Even my wife don't come as often as she used to in the hills."

Wesley noted a strangely sad look in the old man's eyes which was very pathetic, and, attributing it to McDermott's absence, tried to cheer the old man, telling him that his friend would undoubtedly return soon.

"No," replied Dever, "it ain't that. I'll just tell you, Wesley, what ails me: I'm hungry for the mountains—the blue sky—the pine-covered hills—the old life. I ain't cut out for city life. You folks are awful good to me, and I ought to be contented; but I ain't. And my wife, too—I just know she enjoyed the old cabin better."

Dorothy overheard what Dever said. Her womanly heart was touched. Going to where Dever was stand-

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ing, she took the old man's hand between her own soft palms, and, looking up into his face, said:

"I, too, am hungry for the hills, and I'll tell you, Mr. Dever, what we will do. We will go out to Colorado every summer, and spend the heated term. And we'll go to Ute Creek and live in the old cabin for two or three months at a time. We will hunt and fish and prospect; why, we will have a glorious time."

"Dorothy, do you mean it?" asked the old man eagerly.

"Of course she means it, Dever," interposed Wesley. "We are all hungry for the mountains, and you can put it down as settled that we are going to do just as my wife says." And Wesley also clasped Dever's hand.

The old man was all smiles. "Let's see," he said; "this is March. Suppose we go to Colorado about the first of July. We can be back here, say, by October."

"So be it," said Wesley. "And we will induce the government photographer to go with us and make pictures of the cabin and all the points of interest; then we can have the photographs framed and hung up in our rooms, to be constant reminders of our summer retreat."

"And now, Mr. Dever," interrupted Dorothy, with a grateful glance at Wesley, "you are not going to be lonesome any more, are you?"

"How can I be lonesome when I know I am going back to my snow-peaks?" And the old man talked long of what a good time they were going to have, the kind of fishing-tackle they would take, and how he was going to find a lode of gold and silver to name the "Dorothy Lode," to all of which Dorothy and Wesley

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listened respectfully, their hearts as light as Dever's over the prospect of the trip.

That evening as Wesley sat in the library reading the evening paper Dorothy came in, and, pushing the paper to one side, said:

"Wesley dear, I have discovered what is the cause of poor Mr. Dever's troubles, and why he has become so homesick for the hills."

"You think you have, darling?" replied Wesley, as he drew her down on his knee and kissed her. "What is it?"

"Has not even a suspicion crossed your own mind?"

"Why, no. I thought it quite natural that Dever should miss his old surroundings now that the novelty of city life has worn off."

"There may be something in that; but you must admit that it could hardly be the cause of this sudden outbreak of homesickness," said Dorothy, quickly adding: "Why, you stupid, can't you guess?"

"I confess I am not clever enough to grasp your meaning."

"Well, then, my own dear, darling, blind husband, I will tell you. Mind now, no one has told me, no one has dropped a hint. I have only been keeping my eyes and ears open, as Sherlock Holmes would say."

"Out with it, dear; don't keep your dull husband in suspense. What is the trouble?"

"Who said there was any trouble? But there, I won't tease you any longer. Wesley Stearns, where do you suppose Mr. McDermott has gone?"

A flash of intelligence passed over Wesley's face. "You don't want me to believe that he has gone away to be—"

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"Yes, I do," interrupted Dorothy.

"To be *married!*" cried out Wesley.

"Yes. I am as certain of it as I am—"

"As you are what?" put in Wesley.

"As I am sure you love me."

"Then you do believe it surely," said Wesley seriously. "My, but you would make a capital reporter."

Dorothy laughed exultingly. "Yes, I believe I would. Listen, sir. That telegram Mr. Short is to receive is to come from Mr. McDermott, announcing his marriage to Saidee and the time of their arrival in Evanston."

"And you believe poor Dever knows this?"

"He only knows it by instinct. The dear old man is jealous."

During the next two days it was very amusing to Wesley and Dorothy to observe the mysterious air assumed by Mr. Short whenever McDermott's name was mentioned.

When the newly wedded pair arrived, they found their home in readiness, with Dever and the housekeeper at hand to welcome them. Saidee went at once to her room for a short rest and to change her traveling dress for a house gown. In the meantime McDermott sent for Wesley.

"It was clever of you, Jack, to slip away so quietly; but you did not reckon on our surmising the reason of your absence, did you?" said Wesley, after he had tendered his congratulations to his friend.

"Oh, I might have known that some one would guess," answered McDermott.

"Some one did," said Wesley dryly.

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"So it seems; but where is Dorothy?"

"Here she is, you ungrateful scamp," said Dorothy, slipping from behind one of the window curtains. "How dare you have any secrets from us? But where is your wife?" And Dorothy impulsively grasped McDermott's arm.

"Mrs. Stearns," said McDermott in mock dignity, "to answer your questions consecutively, I declare I have no secrets, and Mrs. McDermott is upstairs. Shall I go after her?"

"There is no need of your doing so, dear, for here I am." The company glanced toward the open door leading to the hallway, and they saw a very sweet little woman whose blue eyes gazed appealingly on them. She held out her hands to her husband, who sprang forward and drew her into the room.

"My dear," said McDermott, "this is my chum Wesley Stearns, and this is Dorothy his wife; and this is the Mr. Dever of whom I have told you so much; and —and—where are the others?" asked McDermott, looking around the room as if expecting to see the rest of his circle of friends.

"Mr. Short has not arrived from the city yet, and mother and Miss Thackery will be here in a few minutes," answered Wesley, as he advanced and held out his hand to Saidee, saying:

"On behalf of the inmates of the three cottages, I welcome you, Mrs. McDermott. I hope you will like your new home, and come into our little circle not as a stranger—"

"No, indeed," interrupted Dorothy, throwing an arm around Saidee and kissing her. "We feel that we have really known you for a long time. Now just let

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me finish the address of welcome my husband commenced, and I will sum it all up in four words: We love you already. Now," she continued, "your first meal in Evanston is to be eaten in *our* house, and I may as well tell you that it is ready to be served."

At this moment the door-bell rang, Mr. Short, Miss Thackery and Miss Stearns were ushered into the room, and they in turn gave a hearty welcome to McDermott and his bride, after which the happy group repaired to the home of Wesley, where a delicious little dinner was served.

There is little now to add to this history. The lives of our friends were marked by no events of a stirring nature, and as the country rapidly recovered from the effects of previous bad government, they received their full share of the general happiness and peace which followed.

Mr. Short still continues to publish the *Biograph*, and the paper prospers. He spends nearly all his spare time in Evanston, where he delights to bask in the sunshine of the domestic tranquillity of the three cottages. John Dever still occupies that part of McDermott's residence which was first allotted to him, and each year spends much time in preparing for the annual trip to Colorado. His hair is turning white, but he is still hale and hearty, and his manner vigorous. Mrs. Stearns and Miss Thackery still occupy the house opposite. Wesley and Dorothy have an added care and solace in the person of a son and heir, who spends much of his time with Dever, and never gets tired listening to the old man's bear stories, or riding "pick-aback" on the stooped shoulders of his aged crony.

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McDermott and Saidee are described by the neighbors living in the vicinity as "that pair of married lovers." Saidee takes a great interest in all the plans and projects of her husband, who, ever since his resignation from the army, which occurred simultaneously with the election of Lyon, has been principally engaged in sketch-writing for the magazines. They travel extensively in search of new scenes and experiences to be used by McDermott as a base of supply for his literary efforts; but they are always glad to return to Evanston and the companionship of their friends.

General Rucker is still the commander-in-chief of the army, but the force has been reduced to twenty-five thousand men rank and file, in pursuance of an order recently issued by Congress, who could see no necessity, under present conditions, for a large standing army. In foreign lands the miseries co-existent with a plutocratic form of government are yet present; but the signs of the times point to the immediate and certain overthrow of despotism in England, Germany and Russia at least. The shining example of the United States has set the whole planet in a quiver, and the Universal Brotherhood of Man bids fair soon to prove something more than a dream.

THE END.

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